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## MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JUNE 1912

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Unmindful of her recent rite,  
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"DO YOU LIKE MY FROCK?" SHE ASKED.

*Page 808*

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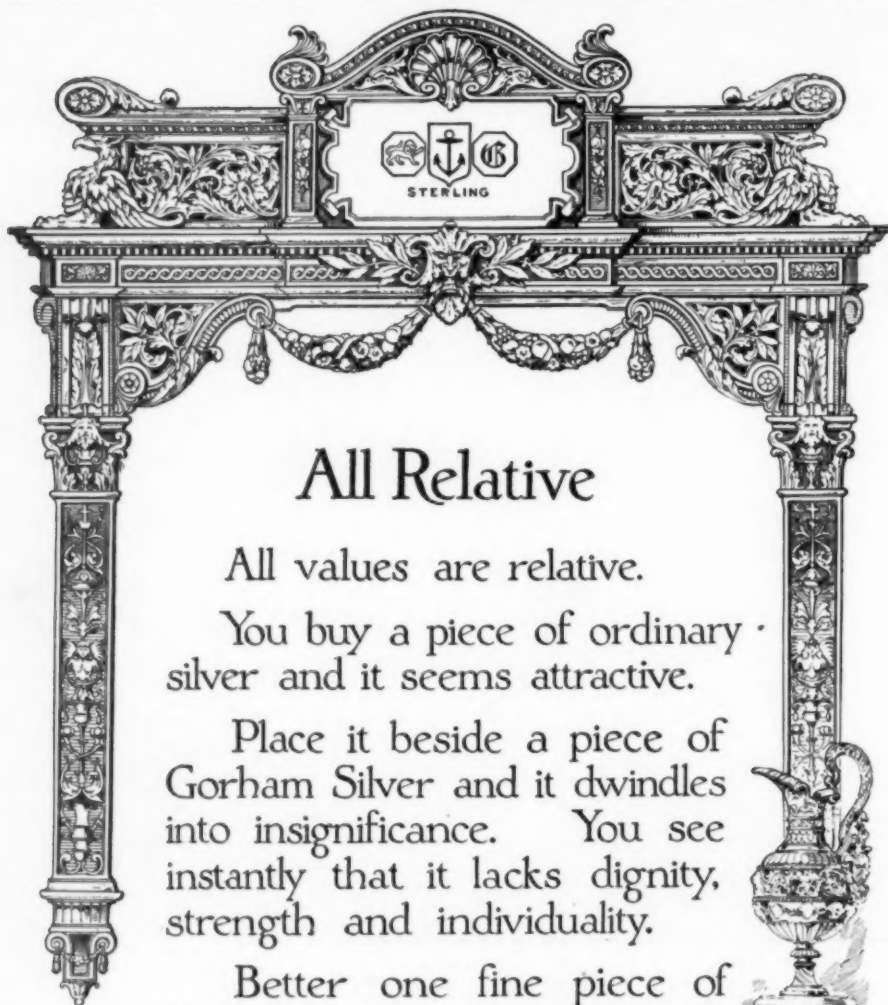
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JUNE, 1912



## HELPING HERSEY

BY

BARONESS VON HUTTEN

*Author of "Pam," "Kingmead," "The Black Patch," etc.*

### I.

**M**ICHAEL BARNES had not been in London for over fifteen years, and his first sensation, on going out into the gray, damp streets that November morning after his arrival, was a rather childish one of loneliness.

The great town was so busy, so full, and nobody knew him or wanted him. He felt insignificant and superfluous—most disagreeable things to feel, as most people know. He was stopping at Morley's, and had gone out immediately after his breakfast and walked round to the steps of the National Gallery. There he paused for a moment, trying to absorb the mental atmosphere of the place and to lose that of his distant Western home. It was as though he were attempting, after years of speaking one tongue, to attune his ears to another.

These busy folk on foot or in taxis and buses were thinking, he knew, other thoughts than their brethren in St. Mark. The subtle difference in the expression of English people from that of Americans struck him strongly, for he had never been long enough in the old country to have his keenness of vision blurred.

There was less hurry, fewer nervous lines in the faces of the citywards-hurrying men of the clerk class, but where, he wondered, was the boasted roast-beef physique, the absence of which many travelled Englishmen had written of after visiting America?

Pale and stunted, most of the men, and the few women were no more

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remarkable for the beauty of their complexions than would have been their social counterparts in St. Mark.

This pleased Barnes, for he was a thorough American, although his shoulders were not padded and the toes of his boots were not knobby and turned in. He was a tall, rather heavily-built man of something over forty, with a thin face, short, curly gray hair, and beautiful blue eyes.

His face was not handsome, but it had an arresting quality of kind alertness, and to this he owed many glances from the passers-by as he stood there in the now clearing fog, a tall figure in well-cut blue serge.

He was a successful man, and looked it. Work had drawn lines on his face, effort compressed the corners of his mouth, but the tranquil joy of achievement looked out of his eyes. He had come to London partly on a matter of business that might have been accomplished by letter, had not he felt that the time had come for him to take a holiday, and as the man he wished to see had written that he was going out of town for the week-end, Barnes had that day and the next to himself.

What should he do with his time?

He would, of course, see the Tower, the Abbey, and St. Paul's. He also wished to have a look at the Law Courts, but as he stood there in Trafalgar Square that morning, a faint stirring in him of a spirit of adventure filled him with discontent. If only something would happen! He was not, somehow, in the mood for sight-seeing; he wanted—what was it he wanted?

Unself-conscious as very concentrated men often are, the American stood there by the steps, trying to decide what it was that he did want.

Then, as two men passed him, the one talking vehemently to the other, he knew.

He had not spoken to a soul since landing the day before, at noon. He was lonely, and he wanted some one to talk with.

Barnes smiled at this simple solution to his problem. It was rather absurd; here he was in a city of God knows how many souls, and so far as he was aware of, the only creature he knew there, man, woman, or child, was Leonard Hobart, the man of Law, who was leaving before noon for the country!

Years ago Barnes had gone on lonely shooting trips in the west of America; he had camped quite alone many times, and spent days wandering about in the woods. But—he had never before felt lonely. He was a practical man, little given to introspection, but this fact impressed him strongly. It was curious, the forlorn sensation in the heart of London.

"Well," he exclaimed aloud, giving himself a shake, "this is absurd! I'll go—somewhere, anyhow."

Five minutes later he sat on top of a bus, going he had not the slightest idea where.

"Wherever the thing stops, I'll get off," he decided, the mild spirit of adventure in him gratified with the decision.

The bus rumbled along, its occupants changing kaleidoscopically. Like many Americans, Barnes was inclined to see in the humbler classes of London people created by Charles Dickens.

To-day he beheld with a sense of faëry Mrs. Gamp, a large bundle on her lap, a bottle under her shawl. Surely there *was* a Mrs. 'Arris, and Sairey was on her way to that fruitful lady?

Bradley Headstone sat next him for a time, pale and nervous, and poor Miss Flite, muttering to herself, lost her ticket and timidly accepted Barnes's, watching him with nearly black eyes as he bought another.

The sun came out, and at a street crossing he beheld poor Joe in the very act of being told to move on by a large copper.

If Charles Dickens knows how his wonderful imagination has peopled London with creatures far more real than most of the flesh and blood men and women who inhabit it, his spirit surely rejoices.

Gradually Michael Barnes's mood changed, as the magic of the old city gained on him.

The bus was jolting up Piccadilly, the park was beautiful even in November, and when they passed Apsley House, and he remembered it, something urged him to say to the man next him, "The old Duke's house, is n't it?"

The man turned. He was a pleasant-faced, rather handsome youth with a flower in his coat.

"Apsley House, yes. You're an American, are n't you?"

"Yes. Have n't been in England since—well, since *you* were a small boy."

The young man laughed, showing brilliantly white teeth. "That's not so very long ago," he returned cheerfully.

Barnes, full of the untravelled American's illusions regarding the rude reserve of the Briton at Home, felt a sensation of grateful surprise.

"Not so very," he said, "but I was as old then as you look now. Hello, here comes Mr. Dombey."

A tall, thin, starched-looking man had sat down on the seat alongside.

"Mr. Who?" asked the Englishman.

"Mr. Dombey—Paul's father."

"Oh, yes, of course, of course." But it was quite obvious that he did not know who Paul and Paul's father were.

"I guess you don't read Dickens much over here," commented Barnes good-naturedly.

"Oh, it's Dickens! No, I can't do with him, somehow. But I know whom you mean. Dombey and Son, of course. No, Dickens is a bit old-fashioned nowadays. Have you read Joseph Vance?"

"No. By whom?"

"I've forgotten the chap's name, but they say he's very like Dickens. Had enormous sales. A fine book, that."

Barnes laughed. "You read him because he's like Dickens, but you don't read Dickens!"

By the time they reached Putney Bridge the two men were very friendly. Barnes liked the young man, who was not quite a gentleman, and the young man liked Barnes, who was what he considered a typical American. The young man informed Barnes that he was a reporter on a big morning paper, and that he was on his way to interview a chap who had invented a very powerful explosive.

"Where are you going?" he added.

"Nowhere. Or—anywhere. I have a business engagement on Monday, but until then I am just amusing myself. I think I'll go to a play to-night. What had I better see?"

Before they parted, Barnes to go back to town on another bus, they had arranged to dine together at a restaurant known to the Englishman, and apparently, judging from his air of mystery, *only* to him, near Leicester Square.

"My name is Alfred Cox," he said. "I'll be there at eight sharp. If they should send me off for a 'story' somewhere, I'll let you know. Morley's, you said?"

Barnes's mood had changed; he had lost his lonely feeling, and went back rejoicing.

He visited Charles Lamb's rooms in the Temple that morning, lunched at the Cheshire Cheese, took a look at St. Olave's, where Pepys went to Church, and drank tea (which he loathed) at the Carlton in lonely splendor, because he had been told by a woman on the steamer that it was amusing. Then, at eight o'clock, he met Cox at the restaurant, and for the first time in his life drank ale out of a tankard.

Cox was in high spirits and his best clothes. He still wore the flower in his coat.

Americans are laughed at for asking questions, and Barnes asked a good many. The inner workings of the great machine that every newspaper is interested in, and about it he learned much. Cox was communicative, cheerful, and, in an inoffensive way, a little vulgar. This, Barnes, himself a gentleman by birth and education, did not mind, as he liked the man.

On his side, Cox realized Barnes's superiority and respected it as his American counterpart never would have done. He knew quite well that he himself was not a gentleman, and the knowledge was quite without bitterness. Indeed, he was innocently proud of his guest's quiet air of distinction.

The dinner was simple but good, and seemed to Barnes a traditional English dinner. They ate it in a little pen, which pleased him mightily in its likeness to those little pens drawn by Dickens. The waiter had

mutton-chop whiskers, and served them admirably grilled mutton chops, the boiled potatoes of Great Britain, and, later, the usual bad coffee of that delightful country.

"I feel," the American remarked, "as if I were in a novel."

"Dickens, of course," returned his host, laughing.

"Yes, or Thackeray. This ale—bitters, you called it?—is delicious. Colonel Newcome would have thought it low, perhaps, but dear old James Binnie would have liked it."

"H'm—yes. I say," went on the young man hastily, "it is jolly to meet a *real* American. There are a lot of you in Fleet Street, but they are all Anglicized—or think they are. Now, you are the real article!"

"Yes. I have been too busy to travel. I have lived my life, but for a fortnight fifteen years ago, in my own land, among my own people. It keeps one narrow, of course, but——" He paused reflectively. "Keeps one deeper than the overflowing into cosmopolitanism allows many Americans to be," he added. "I mean deeper politically, of course."

"You mean, you really *do* love your country?"

"I do—with all my heart. It is the only country for me."

Cox watched him for a minute.

"Yes, you are the only real dyed-in-the-wool Uncle Sam I've ever seen—I mean, Uncle Jonathan."

"Brother Jonathan," corrected Barnes, not smiling.

Then came the bad coffee, and as he stirred his Cox burst out, "I say, I *ought* to like Americans. I'm going to marry one."

"Are you?"

Barnes watched the waiter with grave delight as that worthy asked Cox if there was h'anythink else, and then turned his attention to his host's announcement.

"Are you to be married soon?"

"As soon as I can count on five hundred pounds a year. In about six months, I should say. I've been promised a rise, and I'm doing pretty well. Here's her picture."

Barnes held the little locket for a moment, without opening it. It offended something in him that a man should show his sweetheart's picture to a perfect stranger, in a restaurant. But Cox, he told himself, was Cox.

He opened the locket. "By George!" he said.

Cox laughed aloud. "I thought she'd surprise you. Even better than that, too, in real life. Her coloring is glorious."

"She is most beautiful," agreed Barnes heartily, returning the trinket.

"*And* the greatest darling in the world." Cox's good-looking face glowed with something that seemed to melt his slight vulgarity and show better things behind. "Mrs. Frewen must have been a beauty, too," the young man went on, "but nothing compared to her daughter."



"Mrs.—*who?*" Barnes's voice was suddenly sharp.

"Frewen—that's their name."

"Oh! Can you tell me her Christian name?"

"Can I? Of course I can. It's Hersey. A quaint name, is n't it? Suits her, somehow."

Barnes drew a sigh of relief. "A pretty name. I never heard it before. For a moment I thought it might be—some one I used to know. Americans, too, but her name was—different."

"I see."

Cox lit a cigar and offered one to his guest. Then he said, leaning back in his corner: "They may be the same people. There is some mystery about the mother—I don't know what, and I don't care. It happened years ago—out west somewhere. I believe Frewen was her second husband."

Barnes looked at his cigar. "No, the lady I was thinking of was named Violet."

"Exactly—well, so is hers—Hersey's mother, I mean to say. Oh, you thought the *daughter's* name was Violet!"

"Yes. I—I hope things are well with Mrs.—Frewen?"

There was a little vertical line between Barnes's eyes as he spoke. He looked what he was, ill at ease.

Cox shook his head.

"None too well. They live in a boarding-house in Bloomsbury, and I fancy they are pretty hard up. I suppose they were swells in your day?"

"Yes, I suppose they were."

"I thought so. They are not now," the young man concluded gaily, "as you can see—or she would not be engaged to *me*."

"Does Violet—Mrs. Frewen—approve of the engagement?" asked Barnes, unable to resist putting the question.

"Oh, yes; she seems to like me well enough, though—you see, my father is a saddler in Derby."

He said it simply—what Barnes called to himself "nicely."

Nevertheless, when he was on his way back to his hotel, Barnes was conscious of a feeling of sadness. Violet Barston's daughter should not have married the son of a Derby saddler.

## II.

BARNES had made no plan to see Cox again. The whole thing had been the outcome of one of the sudden impulses that, as he grew older, caused him some surprise in his contemplation of his own character. Why he, Michael Barnes, should have hobnobbed with a youthful reporter who had more than a streak of vulgarity in him, it was difficult to say.

He had been lonely, and Cox was attractive. These were the real reasons, but they seemed insufficient as he reflected on the matter.

And he had liked Cox for not urging a future meeting on him. There are, he mused, dozens of kinds of vulgarity, and the buoyant reporter's kind was singularly inoffensive.

"There may be a gentleman inside him, somewhere," he concluded, as he switched off his light, "but as he is an Englishman he'll go to his grave without suspecting it."

During the next few days Barnes settled the business that had been one of his reasons for coming to London, and conscientiously "saw the sights," many of them for the first time. He spent a morning at the Tower, an afternoon in the Abbey, which, like so many Americans, he loved, and one sunny morning drove to Chelsea and "went over" the Carlyle House reverently, although Carlyle's style had always bored him.

He saw a play at His Majesty's, in which he greatly admired Sir Herbert Tree; he fell in love (at a distance) with clever Miss Gertie Millar; and he sat through, with the stolidity of an American-Indian, a "show" at a music-hall.

Then he felt that he had done his duty and his London, and was on his way to engage his passage home, when Fate overtook him.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and a layer of very thin sunlight lay on the street. Barnes was swinging along Pall Mall when he heard his name called in a man's voice:

"Mr. Barnes! Oh, Mr. Barnes!"

Turning, he saw a hansom drawing up at the curb, and over the apron beamed the face of Mr. Alfred Cox. Beside him sat the prettiest girl Barnes had ever seen in his life.

She wore a large black hat, in her black furs nestled a bunch of violets, and she looked like Flora, like an angel, like—Barnes bowed ceremoniously and gave up looking for further comparisons.

"I've told her about you," Cox explained. "And she's delighted to meet you, are n't you, Hersey?"

"I am," said Hersey, smiling.

Barnes would have been, he felt vaguely, embarrassed by the meeting—for how much had the communicative Cox told her?—but for her overwhelming quality. This prevented clear thought on his part. He felt breathless.

"We're going to see the Russian Dancers," declared Cox. "I've got a box. Will you come?"

Barnes had read of the Dancers, but not seen them. He felt no wish to see them, but he felt a strong distaste for losing sight of Hersey Frewen.

So he hailed another hansom and rejoined the young couple at the doors of the Palace.

Cox was vastly proud of his box, and his naïve hospitality pleased Barnes. The boy *was* nice. But Pavlova and Mordkin had one blind observer that day. Barnes glanced at them occasionally, and the rest

of the time watched Violet Barston's daughter. Violet had never been so beautiful as this, even in her first youth.

Presently the girl turned to him and began to talk in an undertone.

"Are n't they perfect?" she murmured.

"Who?"

"Why, the dancers."

"Oh, yes, of course."

She asked him questions about his doings in London. Had he seen dear Charles Wyndham's play? And did he loathe the fogs? *She* did, but she and her mother were too disgustingly poor to go away.

He answered her, rather at random, and presently Cox turned.

"I say, you two," he commanded, good-temperedly impatient, "*do* shut up."

Miss Frewen laughed. "All right. He's perfectly mad about these people," she explained to Barnes. "They *are* good, of course, but——"

Barnes watched the dancing for a moment, and then she leaned over and whispered, "What part of America do you come from? *We* are Americans, you know."

"St. Mark," he said briefly, uneasily.

But it meant only one thing to her. "Why, I was born there, and so was Mother. How quaint!"

Evidently Cox had not told her that he knew about her mother. Barnes was glad.

"Mother *will* be interested," the girl went on, still whispering. It gave him a curious feeling of intimacy with her, the way she leaned over to avoid disturbing the enraptured Cox, who had frankly and unashamedly turned his back to her and was gazing at the stage.

When they had left the theatre, Cox hailed a taxi.

"I've got to tear down to the office, or my ears will be nailed to the door as a warning," he explained. "I'll come to-morrow night, dear. Perhaps you'll take her home," he added to Barnes.

The girl, who was already seated in the taxi, looked out and smiled invitingly.

"Oh, yes, do," she said, "if you are n't busy?"

The drive was very short, or seemed so to Barnes. When the taxi stopped before a shabby house in a shabby street near Russell Square, Miss Frewen asked him to come in.

"Mother will be delighted," she said. "We never see a soul from home, you know."

He hesitated. He did not know whether he wished to see Violet Barston, or whether Violet Barston would wish to see him. Besides, he was going home next week.

"Do come," urged the young girl cordially.

But he did not go. Without attempting to analyze his reasons, he decided that he would go back to his hotel.

As the taxi turned, he watched Violet Barston's daughter, who was still standing where he had left her, by the door. The joy and life seemed to have departed from her; her head drooped, her mouth turned down at the corners, the very feathers in her hat seemed afflicted by sudden depression.

Evidently the poor child was going to a sad home.

Barnes went to a play that evening, and after it supped at the Savoy, of which he had heard and read much.

Many interesting people were there—the heroine of the latest theatrical divorce, an Indian prince, a great tenor, Miss Phyllis Dare, an æsthetic peeress whose wan, bony face he had often seen in the papers. The place was crowded, the supper and wine excellent.

But Barnes was lonely, with a loneliness far greater than that of the desert. And always he seemed to see the exquisite face of Violet Barston's daughter.

He was glad he had not gone to see Mrs. Frewen. The girl evidently knew nothing of her mother's story, and the meeting could only have caused embarrassment. Yes, he had been wise not to go in.

And yet—

He went to bed vowing that he would sail by the first steamer.

"I am not going," he told himself severely, as he took off his boots, "to fall in love with Hersey Frewen." He had been in love once, years before, and that, he declared with much firmness, was enough for him.

The next day horror descended upon him at breakfast. He went for a walk and rushed back with a kind of terrified longing for shelter. Lunch was a nightmare. Something black, bleak, bitter, seemed to be closing in on him like darkness. He longed to die, to be dead, to be at the bottom of the sea. He wished he had never been born. He had resentful thoughts of his father and mother for having given him life.

He could not eat, he could not rest. The sense of impending calamity was so overwhelming. As he rose to leave the dining-room his waiter, a portly man who looked something like the late President McKinley, observed with a respectfully sympathetic manner,

"It is pretty bad, sir, is n't it? H'I've noticed it takes Americans worse than us as is more used to it, sir."

"What do you mean?" asked Barnes, amazed.

"The London Sunday, sir. I 'ear many people remarking that it is n't cheerful—like——"

So that was it! Barnes, enlightened, went to his room, and there found, to his surprise, a note from Violet Frewen.

DEAR MICHAEL [she wrote]:

I have just heard from Alfred Cox that the Mr. Barnes Hersey told me about yesterday really is my old friend. I half thought he might be, but was not sure. I shall be alone this afternoon, as Alfred is taking Hersey to a concert. I shall be glad to see you if you care to come.

Poor Violet! And yet it had all been her fault, and, on the whole, he remembered, he had always considered that she got off easily.

Later he wondered whether he would have gone if it had not been for his terror of the loneliness of that great institution, the London Sunday. Possibly not. However, it *was* Sunday, and, telling himself that it was hardly avoidable, and that, moreover, the dangerous Hersey was not to be there, he, like the young lady of Kent, *went*.

### III.

Mrs. FREWEN was not in her sitting-room when the untidy maid showed him in, so, to his own satisfaction, Barnes had a few moments alone, in which, with the help of his surroundings, he could come to some sort of a theory about his hostess.

The psychology of even lodging-house rooms is a very curious and subtle thing, and to an observant man like Michael Barnes every object in the room, beyond and above the ugly, shabby furniture, shed a slight light on Mrs. Frewen's character.

In a bookcase, evidently a relic of former prosperity, he observed a set of Ruskin, Tennyson's "Princess" (at which he smiled rather grimly), an incomplete set of an early edition of Dickens, Henley's poems, the works of Max Beerbohm, "Daily Help for Daily Needs," a shabby Peerage, Maeterlinck's Bee-Book, "Richard Carvel," and T. B. Aldrich's poems.

There was also a row of worn American school-books, probably those out of which Mrs. Frewen had drawn her own knowledge.

The collection of books surprised Barnes, for he remembered that at the trial her preference for shocking French novels had been dwelt upon. Perhaps Time had changed her taste.

There were flowers in the room; the small hearth was tidy, the blinds were drawn, and the electric light glowed softly in little yellow silk bags—evidently home-made. It was like her to think of the becomingness of things, and also to choose yellow. Pink would, of course, be too obvious to please her. Again Barnes smiled. There were pretty pillows on the hideously uncomfortable-looking sofa, and a linen and lace tea-cloth on the tea-table, where a few bits of brilliantly polished silver twinkled in the firelight. On the mahogany table between the windows stood several photographs in modest frames. The pictures were all strange to Barnes—all, that is, except one. The handsome, swaggering man in hussar's uniform was of course Gerald Frewen.

Barnes had seen him only once, and that was twenty years ago, but Frewen's was not a face to be forgotten, and he looked at it curiously. The man, he knew, was long since dead. What did her keeping his photograph signify? In one corner of it was written in faded ink the words,



"Yours sincerely, Gerald Frewen, Jan. 1889." That was the year before the scandal—probably just after they had met. Poor Violet!

Barnes sighed and turned to the fire, and just then an inner door opened and she came in.

"It is good to see you," she said simply, and suddenly all sorts of things that he had forgotten about her sprang into his memory.

Her voice—he remembered it at the trial, and it, at least, had not changed.

But, alas, he saw with a thrill of something absurdly like horror, her eyes were carefully pencilled, and her cheeks glowed with a delicate artificial color, while her lips were redder than God had intended any woman's lips to be.

Ah, well, she had chosen her own road long ago, and this was its logical ending. How lovely she had been as a young woman! Of course, his mind went on rapidly, the poor thing still clung to the remains of her beauty.

While she was asking him questions about his own life, his mind worked rapidly, and when the first pause came he was saying to himself, "At least, thank God, she does n't dye her hair."

He was too inexperienced in European ways to realize that the whiteness of her curly hair was probably a source of the liveliest satisfaction to the lady, or that its style of dressing was what a certain type of Parisianized American calls the "belle Marquise" style.

"How curious it was, your running up against Alfred Cox!" she said presently, when the silence had grown rather oppressive.

"Yes, was n't it? I—I like him. He's a nice boy."

"He is—very nice. Handsome, too, don't you think, Michael?"

"Yes. Where did you meet him?"

"At the house of some friends. The man is a musical critic, and he knew Alfred in the way of business. Ralph Sturge—ever hear of him?"

She pronounced the name "Rafe," in the English way, and Barnes shook his head. "No, I'm afraid I'm very ignorant about such things."

"Oh, but Sturge—he writes for the *New York Sun* every week. It was his article on Richard Strauss that made such a fuss two years ago."

"Oh!" cried Barnes. "You mean Ralph Sturge"—giving the name the value of several I's. "Of course."

She smiled, and her smile was pretty still. "They call it Rafe here," she explained, "and I have lived so long here. One—one of my brothers-in-law was 'Ralph,' too."

After a moment she went on, while he was still wondering how Frewen's people had treated her: "So Mr. Sturge introduced Alfred to us. He thinks a good deal of Alfred. Says he is really talented."

She paused again, the firelight playing on her delicately tinted face. Then she said suddenly, "I suppose they told you they are engaged?"

Barnes nodded. "Oh, yes; Cox told me the day I met him. He's very much in love."

"Yes, very much. It—it troubles me dreadfully, Michael."

He had expected her to be embarrassed when they met. The last time he had seen her had been in very strange, distressing circumstances, and he himself felt awkward and constrained. But she, to his surprise, seemed perfectly comfortable in her mind. Nothing could have been less constrained than her manner. Indeed, he almost wondered whether she had not utterly forgotten where it was that they had last seen each other.

She seemed to have gone back in her memory to still earlier days—days before Gerald Frewen had come to St. Mark, and to have taken up their old friendly acquaintance (it had been nothing more) just where it had been broken off on Frewen's appearance.

"It troubles me dreadfully, Michael," she repeated, in a thoughtful voice. "Of course he is very nice, but you can see for yourself that he is not quite——"

He looked at her. If she wished to take him so matter-of-factly into her confidence, she must at least be explicit. He would not help her out.

"Not quite what?" he asked bluntly.

Her answer, as blunt, came softened by the gentleness of her low voice: "A gentleman."

There was a long pause. Then she went on, as he gazed into the fire, "I don't quite know what to do, Michael."

Barnes frowned. It was like her as he remembered her, gently to throw herself on him for help. People had always helped her, all her life, just because of that gentle way of hers.

"She is very beautiful," he returned, outwardly irrelevant. She followed his line of thought and answered it, disregarding his words.

"Of course it is perfectly natural that she should like him—she sees so few men, and she is very young. He is attractive, you say, too. But—I don't want her to marry him, Michael."

"Why allow the engagement, then?"

"She—it is hard to explain. As I say, we know very few people, and they are none of them—well, the kind I used to know. That is natural. And he is the best of the lot."

"I know, I know. But I don't quite see how you could let them become engaged. Surely you could have waited?"

Mrs. Frewen looked up at him, her painted face very wistful. "There is nothing for us to wait for," she said simply.

He was touched. "Are—are things that bad, Violet?" It was the first time he had used her Christian name since their interview began. She noticed it, he saw, and flushed under her paint.

"Yes, Michael, they are that bad. There is no use in going into

details—some day, perhaps I will, but not to-day. But I am quite done for in that way—socially, I mean.”

“If Frewen had lived, I suppose——”

She shook her head. “Ah, no. Poor Gerald! He did his best, but—he failed. In many ways, it is a good thing he did not live.”

“You have had a hard time, Violet.”

“Yes. And yet”—her face broke into a sudden irresistible smile that wrinkled her eyes and yet, somehow, made her look younger—“and yet I *have* so enjoyed life, Michael. And do still enjoy it, I mean. Things,” she concluded vaguely, still smiling, “are so interesting.”

She was interesting, he realized. He had forgotten her charm, and here it still was, having survived the shipwreck of her youth and her beauty, with no apparent diminution.

“Yes,” he agreed slowly; “things are interesting. But—about—Miss Frewen. By the way, Violet, I suppose she is Jim’s little Goldie? I never knew her real name.”

“Yes, but she does n’t know that Gerald was n’t her father. It—was his wish.”

“I see. And better for her, too. But it must have been difficult for you to manage, was n’t it?”

“At first it was. But—we lived in Paris until she was six, and then when he died I came back here, and no one seemed to—to place me. People forget very easily.”

He nodded. “How old is Miss Frewen now?”

“She is twenty-five, but she thinks she is twenty-three.”

He marvelled at the simplicity with which she accepted her situation. The atmosphere of mystery in which she lived seemed apparently perfectly natural to her, perfectly easy to breathe in. Was it, he wondered, bravery or merely temperament?

“So you have lived in London ever since she was six. *Really* six, or six according to her own belief?”

“Oh, really *eight*. Gerald lived six years after we were married. Yes, we have lived here. At first we had a house in Kensington, and then as time went on we moved to Bayswater and here. We got poorer and poorer,” she continued blithely. “Luckily, I had some jewels.”

“You mean that you sold them?”

“Yes.”

“But you must have a fixed income?”

“Gerald did his best. He left me with four hundred pounds a year, but—well, I lost most of it.”

Barnes was a man of law. “Lost it?” he asked sharply.

“Yes. I gambled—speculated, you know. Thought I’d make money, but I lost it. I rather think the broker did me. However——” She spread out her fingers expressively and made a funny little grimace.

"Why in Heaven's name were you such a——" he broke off short.

"Because," she returned seriously, "I wanted to have money for Hersey."

Her face had changed, but he looked away impatiently. Of course that is just how she *would* look at that particular juncture. She had never made a mistake in *that* way in her life. But her look of exalted devotion did little good to the poor child of whom she spoke.

A strong sensation of pity for the girl stirred him. It was dreadful to think of that glorious young creature at the mercy of this idiot. Yes, Violet Barston had always been an idiot. And suddenly the paint on her face disgusted him. He rose, impatient.

"Well, I must go," he declared, holding out his hand. "I am very glad to have seen you, and I hope——"

"Hush," she said, disregarding his hand. "There they come, Hersey and—Alfred. Is n't her laugh lovely?"

It *was* lovely. Barnes listened, and as he listened his indignation deepened against the woman before him. Hersey came in, still laughing, her brilliant face damp with rain, her fair, curly hair spangled with it.

"It's pouring," she announced, "and we *ran* as hard as ever we could, all the way from the underground! Ugh, I'm out of breath. No tea, Mum?"

"Oh, dear me, I'd quite forgotten the tea," her mother answered with a gesture of despair. "I *am* sorry, Ducky. Ring, will you, Alfred? No, no, Michael, you must n't think of going. Tea will be ready in a moment."

While she made it and Hersey and Cox chatted, Barnes watched the girl. He was positively oppressed with pity for her. What a position for the beautiful young thing to be in! He thought resentfully of the foolishly lost four hundred pounds a year.

Cox spoke suddenly of the future, and Barnes awoke from his musings with a start.

"When we are *merried*," the young man said, his mouth just a little too full of cake—"when we are *merried*——"

Barnes winced, but when he saw that Mrs. Frewen was wincing, too, he stiffened. She had no right to object to the man's accent, once she had accepted him as her son-in-law. And no doubt she had, with her mad-dening absence of foresight, jumped at the chance of having him for her son-in-law. Barnes sat silent, stirring his tea and watching the girl.

Why had not her fool of a mother had the patience to wait? A better man would certainly have come along—the girl was too beautiful to remain unobserved. Some man would surely have come. Suddenly Barnes set down his tea-cup with a little bang. *Would* come? Good, God, had n't *he* come?

"You must all dine with me one night this week at a little French

place I know," Cox was saying. He was in wonderful spirits. For a moment Barnes hated him.

Then suddenly Mrs. Frewen spoke.

"Hersey dear, take Alfred into your den for a little while. Mr. Barnes and I have some business to discuss."

Barnes rose when they were alone. Business! She would ask him to speculate for her, or some such nonsense, he supposed.

"I really must go now," he said.

"Wait a minute, Michael." She came close to him and laid one hand on his arm, in the way she had done twenty years ago. "Michael, I have a plan, a splendid plan!"

"Yes, yes. What is it?" He took up his hat and gloves and stick as he spoke, none too courteously.

"It's this. You like Hersey, don't you? I can see you do. And you'd like to help her?"

"Oh, yes, I'd like to—to help Hersey," he answered slowly, "but——"

"Wait a minute, let me finish. Michael," she added, with a little air of triumph, "you must marry her yourself!"

#### IV.

BARNES made up his mind as he left the house and walked westward in a driving rain, never to see any of them again. They should not exist for him, Mrs. Frewen, her daughter, and young Cox.

An appalling woman, Mrs. Frewen, with her paint and her plan. Plan, indeed! Barnes almost laughed as he thought of it. The utter, cold-blooded lack of principle exposed by her voicing of her plan really horrified him. Had she *no* sense of honor, he asked himself—and poor young Cox in the next room!

"Yet what should I have expected," he asked himself, "from a woman who did what she did?"

The ugliness of the old story struck him afresh. Of course she had retrograded, and gone down morally as well as socially. It was quite natural. But he wished he had not seen her again. However, the episode was over now. He would go away, and Hersey would marry Cox, who at least was an honest young fellow, and Mrs. Frewen would go on muddling her affairs and other people's as long as she lived.

Barnes had his mind under good control, so when he had come to this conclusion he put the matter aside, ate his lonely dinner, and wrote letters till bed-time.

The next morning he engaged a passage in a steamer sailing on Wednesday, and then, after going back to Morley's for a coat, went to the Tate Gallery to look at pictures.



It had turned very cold, with the chilly coldness so disagreeable to Americans. In his taxi Barnes turned up his collar and shivered. Then he lit a cigar, for the sake of comfort. He was glad he was going home. Work, after all, was the best thing for him. His little holiday had been a disappointment to him. He had been bored most of the time, and the rest of the time he had been upset. Yes, "upset" was certainly the word. He wished he had had the sense not to go and see Violet Frewen. He wished he had never set eyes on her daughter. It was annoying to pity any one as he pitied the girl.

Before he left town he must write a note to Mrs. Frewen and apologize for the rudeness with which he had met her offer of her daughter's hand. He could not quite recall what he had said, but he had been very angry, and he remembered the fright on her face as he spoke.

"Humbug!" he said wrathfully, as he went up the steps of the museum. "She was n't really frightened at all, of course. Oh, well, it's over now, thank Heaven!"

But it was not over. The Fates had always befriended Mrs. Frewen, if only in that they had provided for her a series of emotional experiences that had prevented her from being dull, however much she might have suffered, and that morning they had intervened in her behalf. They had turned the day cold so that Barnes had gone back to his hotel for a great-coat.

They had suggested to him a visit to the Tate, a taxi to go in, and an inquiry of the hall porter as to the quickest route thither. Thus when Mrs. Frewen called at Morley's half an hour after Barnes had left, the hall porter obligingly informed her whither he had gone, and a little later she came upon him as he stood with his hands in his pockets gloomily contemplating the Beata Beatrix.

"Hello, Michael," she said.

He started, and in the first unguarded moment of his displeased surprise glared at her. Then he cleared his face, took off his hat, and they shook hands.

"I went to your hotel," she explained frankly, "and the man told me you were here. So I came, too."

"Oh!"

"You really are a funny old thing," she went on, looking up at him.

He was not a funny old thing, and he disliked being told that he was one.

She wore a charmingly simple coat and skirt, of gray homespun, and her small felt hat, with an audacious twist to its brim and a green quill in it, suited her very well. Behind her veil the paint was less apparent than it had been the day before. She looked very young and very pretty. Even Barnes, bored to death as he was by her sudden appearance, thought vaguely that she looked as if her hair were powdered.

"You want to see me?" he asked coldly. He was the kindest of men, but the slightest suggestion of pursuit on the part of a woman put, as he mentally expressed it, his back up. But she either did not see or chose to disregard his manner.

"Come and sit down for a few minutes, Michael," she said. "I *must* talk to you."

They were by chance alone in the room, and also by chance they sat facing the Beata Beatrix. While he listened to what Mrs. Frewen had to say, Barnes's eyes were subconsciously studying the picture she had found him vainly trying to admire.

"You must be a little patient with me, Michael," she began, folding her hands on her lap. "I must go back—a little way."

"All right, I'll be patient."

"You remember, of course, all about me—and Jim, and Gerald."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well—of course I was wicked—very wicked, according to your way of thinking. According to mine, I was n't, but that does n't matter. I was *really* only eighteen when Jim Barston married me, and—well, you knew him."

"Yes."

"He was," she pursued thoughtfully, "not exactly a bad man, but—he was a horrible husband. He did n't believe in God or in anything else, and of course he soon taught me not to. Then he left me alone, amused himself any way he chose, and if I even spoke to another man, he was jealous and made the most awful scenes. Why, one night——"

Barnes stirred uneasily. "Look here, Violet," he said, turning his fine blue eyes from the picture to her face, "what's the use of telling me these things?"

"I must, Michael—to make you understand. Well, then, when I was twenty-three Gerald came, and I fell in love with him. He *was* attractive," she murmured, her lips curving in an indulgent smile, "and he *was* such a dear. Jim liked him, too, at first, because poor Jim was a snob, and Gerald was an Honourable, and then for his own sake. So—we were careless. Then one night Jim got very drunk and threatened to shoot me if I ever saw Gerald again. That, of course, was perfect nonsense. I did n't believe it, and Gerald did n't—and neither did Jim! That was the week before the—the accident."

"I know," returned Barnes drily. Did he not know? Had not every detail of the story come out in every paper in the United States?

"Well—then, as you remember, he pretended to go away and came back, and, finding poor Gerald with me, fired at him without a word of warning. Gerald, of course, tried to get the revolver away, and *one* of them—God alone knows which—shot poor Jim. It was dreadful," she added, "but it was n't fair to call it murder."

"The jurors did n't," observed Barnes, still looking at the red-haired girl in the picture.

"No, but—well, you know it all. When they let him off, we came to Europe at once, and were married at Tours. Just remember all these things, Michael. They—help to explain—things."

"What things?" he asked, a little roughly.

"Well—Hersey."

"I don't see that at all. Hersey was only three years old, and can't remember a thing about it. Besides, she needs no explaining."

"Well, *we*, then. You see, when people cut me and I was thrown entirely on Gerald for companionship, I—I changed. I got very—hard, and indifferent. All Gerald's people had refused to see him—not because he had shot Jim, but because he married *me*. And he—he changed, of course. We—we were n't very happy, Michael."

He was about to murmur some word of sympathy when she went on hurriedly, "So, you see, poor Hersey grew up in a queer, anomalous position, and that——"

Barnes turned towards her, his face fierce. "You seem to be excusing the poor child," he cried angrily. "That is n't fair, Violet. It—it is *not* fair."

She stood for a moment looking hard at him. Then her lip shook, the shaking turned to a curve of laughter, and she turned away. There was a long pause.

Barnes, staring with blind eyes at the Beatrix, wondered vaguely what she was up to now. Whatever her next move might be, it was sure to be a graceful one.

"Michael"—she had come back and stood with one hand on his arm, looking down—"Michael, you are right. I have always had an awful trick of defending myself—indirectly—at *any one's* expense. That is what you have just been thinking. Oh, I never was a fool, you know, and I see it quite plainly. Well—I admit it. You are right. Poor Hersey—I was trying to make you think she was being spoilt—so you'd want to marry her and—get her away from me. Well—are you listening, Michael?"

"Yes, I am listening." She looked up, and he watched her face intently as she went on.

"Well, I do want you to marry her, Michael. But I'll tell you the truth. She is *not* spoilt. She is the sweetest child in the world; and she does her best to—to love me. It is my fault, entirely, that she can't. That's why she is marrying poor Alfred Cox. To get away from—me."

Her face was infinitely touching even to him, as she spoke. Even being what he knew her to be, he could not help pitying her. But, at the same time, her inevitable truth to type half amused him. She could not, he told himself, help playing up to her position.

"To get away from you," he murmured.

"Yes. It—it is a little hard on me, perhaps, and—that is what I wanted you to feel. I can't help it, Michael," she went on plaintively. "I am made that way. But now—I might as well tell you the truth—she, Hersey, knows too much about me."

Two Germans passed just then, and for a moment the air rang with explosive "*prachtvolls*" and "*grossartigen*."

When silence had again fallen, Michael Barnes said slowly, "Knows too much about you, Violet? What do you mean?"

"I mean—well, have you never heard about M. de Frèsnoy and—Larry Warrender?"

"No."

"Well—they were friends of mine."

Unconsciously, he drew away from her. Her face was set, and she followed him, her hand on his arm. "She was old enough to remember them. And—she does."

"You ought," he said, stepping aside so suddenly that her hand fell from his sleeve in spite of herself, "to be ashamed of yourself."

"Oh—ashamed?" She gave a shrill laugh. "Ashamed? No, I am not. I am what every other woman is—the result of the treatment of some man or men. But never mind *me*. What I want you to see is that poor Hersey is marrying Alfred Cox because it is the only way in which she can—escape from me."

"Well, I see that. What of it?"

"I have told you. Oh, I am quite frank with you *now*. I want you to marry her. I can see that you like her—why, you are half in love with her already. Are n't you?"

Barnes did not answer. He was thinking.

"Are n't you?" she persisted, reminding him of some insect, refusing to be brushed away.

"No."

"Look here, Michael. Give me your word of honor that you could n't fall in love with her, and I will—give the scheme up." Her voice was dull suddenly.

"I—how can I give my word of honor on such a point? How can I tell you whom I could fall in love with——"

She interrupted him impatiently. "Oh, bosh! You *can't* give me your word. Then—why not let yourself go and marry her? Think how—lovely she is. And she is young—you could make of her whatever you chose."

"She has promised," said Barnes slowly, "to marry Cox. Perhaps she loves him."

"No, she does not. She told me herself it was only to—get away from me."

In desperation, he pulled out his watch and looked at it. "I—I must go," he said. "I have an engagement."

Her little laugh was pathetically mirthless. "Oh, yes; I can guess what kind of an engagement you have. To eat a chop with—Michael Barnes."

He led the way out without answering, hailed a taxi, and helped her into it. Then he took off his hat, stood in the faint sunlight, looking, as Americans have a way of looking, as if he never meant to put it on again.

"Good-by, Michael," she said.

"Good-by, Violet."

## V.

THAT night, for the first time in his life, Michael Barnes did not go to sleep until day had come.

Hour after hour he lay thinking, now trying not to think his pillow a pillow of thorns, his bed a loathly place of torment. His head was confused, his thoughts unruly and indistinct. Of only one thing was he quite sure: that he hated Violet Barston—as he continued, mentally, to call her—with all his heart.

She had always been something of a fool; even when she was a most beautiful young girl, no one had ever credited her with much brain; but heretofore he had regarded her misfortunes as the outcome merely of silliness. Now he believed savagely that they were in some way a premature punishment for her incredible villainy towards him. Can women do things such as she had done? To him she appeared the most pernicious of schemers, and he hated her.

His pity for Hersey, which took its turn with his hatred of her mother, was in a way even more potent to tear at his heart-strings. The child, the beautiful little girl, good and sweet as even her scheming mother had finally been forced to admit, seemed the victim of a monstrous conspiracy on the part of the world. The mother had sinned, the child must suffer.

Barnes was a conventionally religious man, he went to church every Sunday, and believed in God as simply as a child. But he had never so listened to the words of Moses as he did now in the dark night in London. "The sins of the fathers——"

Over and over again the phrase ran through his head. That that exquisite young thing should be tied to an old reprobate of a mother, with a painted face and an utter lack of principle!

It became, towards morning, very nearly unbearable. Quite as nearly unbearable, too, was the thought of the girl's escape through marrying Alfred Cox. Cox's "niceness," that had so pleased him hitherto, became powerless to make matters better. It was indeed an im-



possible marriage—though, as he remembered Mrs. Frewen's vehement voicing of its impossibility, his mind instantly clutched once more at the "niceness."

Cox was young, honestly in love, doing well in his work, and a good fellow. Yes, emphatically a good fellow. And yet Hersey—

With a groan Barnes switched on the light for the hundredth time, and found that it was nearly seven o'clock.

It was a great relief to rise, take his bath, shave, and dress. These everyday acts seemed to quiet his nerves, and when he had drunk his coffee and eaten what he considered ham and eggs, but which went down in his bill as bacon and eggs, he was able to smoke his cigar and read the *Daily Mail* with a certain amount of interest.

After all, these people and their doings were nothing to him; they had no place in his life. He would go back to America by Saturday's steamer, and forget all about them. Heavens, what a fool he had been to lie awake all night thinking about, of all people on earth, Violet Barston!

By ten o'clock he was in Pall Mall, on his way for the second time to the shipping office. Just here it was, he remembered, that Cox and Hersey Frewen had overtaken him in their hansom that day. How lovely she had been with the violets in her dark furs!

However, this time he reached the shipping office in what seemed to him by an unconscious mental choice of words "safety," and engaged passage on Saturday's steamer. It is strange how a decided step towards some unpleasant duty seems to ease matters. The relief of really having written to one's dentist and made an appointment, for instance, how virtuous it makes one feel, and how distant the actual keeping of that same appointment!

All night Barnes had been telling himself that nothing on earth could induce him ever again to see Mrs. Frewen or her daughter. And now that he was definitely leaving London he was uncomfortably conscious that there was in the whole world nothing for which he longed as he longed for one more sight of the girl who was to marry the nice Mr. Cox.

He, Barnes, had done what he felt to be right; now let Fate do her worst—or best—for him.

Feeling exquisitely passive, beautifully on the knees of the gods, he walked towards Regent Street. He had no idea of going anywhere. He was just going—somewhere.

But the Gates were apparently busy elsewhere that morning, for nothing happened, and it was with a distinct feeling of having been what he had heard young Cox call "done in the eye," that Barnes found it was one o'clock, and that he was hungry.

"I dare say that woman will have written to me," he thought, as he went into Morley's. "Her kind always *does* write."

But Mrs. Frewen had not written, and it is astonishing how little Barnes's bad opinion of her was altered by that circumstance.

He had a beefsteak for his lunch, and fried potatoes, but drew but little joy from these succulent edibles. Thoroughly disgusted, he took a taxi after lunch and drove to Richmond Park. He had tea at the "Star & Garter" and tried to visualize Lord Kew's famous party thus. But alas, Thackeray's people had lost their power, for once, and he was constrained to listen to the conversation of an American family bent on doing London in four days, and whose racked nerves relieved themselves in furious quarrelling with one another.

For the first time Barnes heard the American Voice with the Ears of Understanding. Violet Barston and her daughter, if they had ever possessed the sharp tones of the west, had lost them, and poor Barnes listened to the voices of his countrywomen and wondered why they were so shrill, and why he was not hearing the soft, pretty ones of the ladies he was never again to see.

He dined at Simpson's in lonely splendor, and, going to bed at half-past ten, slept like a tired hound until eight the next morning.

One day was gone, thank God!

He was lingering over his breakfast when the old waiter approached him mysteriously.

"There's a lady to see you, sir," he began in a kind of hoarse undertone, "a *young* lady."

"A young lady?"

"Yes, sir. She wishes to see you—something particular, I gathered, sir."

Barnes rose. "Ask her to go into the drawing-room, will you? I'll come at once."

He stood by the window for a moment, looking out into the grayish-yellow morning, and then, with set lips, followed the waiter.

Hersey Frewen stood by the fire, looking down at it through a thick veil. She wore her furs, but no violets.

"How do you do?" she began hurriedly. "I hope you don't mind my coming. I *had* to speak to some one, and you seem—like a friend, somehow."

"I *am* a friend," returned Barnes, a trifle stiffly, glancing round the room. It was empty, save for an old lady in a white cap, whom Barnes knew to be stone-deaf. "I hope nothing has happened," he added, as they sat down and she raised her veil.

"No—that is, yes. I mean to say, it's *going* to. Oh, Mr. Barnes, there's going to be such a row!" She was excited and flustered, her beautiful eyes glowed, and her mouth quivered as she spoke.

"A row? But what about?"

"About me. I am—going on the stage!"

Barnes started, honestly horrified. "Oh, but you can't do that. You can't possibly, you know. It—it would n't do at all."

"There—that's just what they'll say—Mother and Alfred, I mean. I thought you would be more—more sympathetic." Her voice broke, and she put a corner of her handkerchief into her mouth, as if to stifle a sob—a childish gesture that seemed to him infinitely touching.

"I am sympathetic," he said gently, "indeed I am, Miss Frewen. But I really don't see how you can go on the stage."

She looked at him seriously, something very like reverence in her great eyes.

"Don't you? *Really*, I mean, when you think? Lots of girls do; nice girls, I mean."

"I know. But it's an awful life, and you are too—too—well, I don't quite know how to put it, but you *are*," he said lamely.

She turned and bent over the fire.

"Besides," he resumed, snatching frantically at his ebbing dignity, "your mother would hate it."

"I know. Oh, Mr. Barnes, I am very fond of Mother, indeed I am, but we are very unlike. I suppose I'm like my poor, darling father"—Barnes winced—"and—don't think me horrid, but—I can't stay there any longer. I must get away; I must, *really*." She clasped her hands in her lap and again looked at him.

There was a short pause, during which the old lady, whose eyes were excellent, though her ears were not quite what they should have been, watched them closely. Then Barnes said with an effort that made his face appear to the observer rather fine:

"But—Mr. Cox? When are you to be married?"

Hersey hesitated. "He—he would n't like it, of course, but—well, I might just as well tell you the *whole* truth. I—I am not going to marry him—ever."

The fire at which Barnes was looking seemed suddenly to go out, then to leap to the ceiling.

"Not to marry him ever," he repeated stupidly.

"No. Listen, Mr. Barnes. I—I know you think it horrible of me, but I don't—care for him. I never did. I only said I would marry him in order to get away from Mother. There, now it's out."

Barnes did not speak.

"I love Mother," she continued wistfully, "but we are so unlike—I simply can't go on living with her. And I *hate* Bloomsbury, and I hate being poor, and I want to see people and have a good time. I—I even want *clothes*! Now you will loathe me, but I can't help it."

Tears stood in her eyes, but did not fall as she gazed at him with a curious expression of mingled shrinking and bravado.

"I understand," he said slowly. "I understand perfectly. But Cox

is very—nice. And—excuse me for speaking plainly—he loves you, and would take good care of you.”

She shook her head impatiently, and the accumulated tears suddenly rolled down her cheeks. “He *shan’t* take care of me. I don’t love him, and I think it is—vile to marry a man one does n’t love. So there you are. I wanted to ask you to help me persuade Mother about the stage, or at least to help me through the worst of the row. She likes you—and then you knew my father. I thought,” she went on simply, “that you might help me for my father’s sake.”

Barnes rose and walked to the window. The fog was closing in now, and it was very dark. Some one behind him, presumably the old lady with the bad ears and the good eyes, switched on the light. With it, Barnes’s heart rose with a bang that nearly took away his breath. He went straight back to the fire and stood in front of the girl, thus hiding her from the old lady, whose cap-strings quivered with thwarted curiosity.

“Hersey,” he said in a low voice, “if you really can’t marry Cox—will you marry me?”

It was done, and it seemed years before she answered. There was a green wing in her little black hat, and as she sat with bowed head the green wing held Barnes’s gaze with a sort of fascination. There were eleven little black spots on it, and two larger spots of a bright orange. And time went on.

The old lady at this juncture left the room, closing the door carefully. Barnes wondered why she had gone. Was it that she had an engagement or was she just kind? Nine, ten, eleven little black spots on the wing—

Then Hersey spoke.

“I—I am going to cry,” she faltered. Then she cried, beautifully and inoffensively cried, without reddening her nose or mottling her complexion, without any ugly sounds.

“Don’t,” Barnes faltered, sitting down by her. “You must n’t. Please don’t. I—I am sorry I said it. Forget all about it. I was a fool.”

She looked up. “It is n’t that,” she said, nearly in a whisper. “It’s—it’s only that I am so—glad!”

## VI.

WHEN Barnes was again alone, he went for a walk. Hersey had gone home to write to Cox, and Barnes had no doubt but that the young man would come to see him that evening.

The interview promised to be a painful one, but Barnes was too convinced of the fairness of his act, as well as too strangely happy, to dread it overmuch.

And when Cox came, as he had expected, immediately after dinner, Barnes was able to use the words he had prepared, in a way not very usual in this world of unexpected upsettings.

"I am glad to see you, Cox," he said. "You have a right to an explanation, and you shall have it."

Cox, who looked ill and unhappy, nodded. "Oh, I'm sure you've not done anything unfair," he said. "You would n't. But—her note was very short, and I—can't see her just yet. Will you—just tell me, please?"

To secure privacy, the two men went out into the night and walked round the square, as the exigencies of our beloved tongue force us to say.

"It's this way, Cox," Barnes began abruptly. "She came to me this morning and told me she was going on the stage—wanted me to help persuade her mother. I naturally asked her what you would have to say, and then she told me that—that—"

"I know," interrupted Cox, with a fine primitive gloom, "that she does n't love me. I have known that all along. I am not *quite* a fool. But I thought—I thought perhaps she would get to. They sometimes do—women, I mean—if—if a man is good to them—to her. Oh, I can't mind my grammar now! You know what I mean."

"Yes. Well, I thought so, too, Cox. And I asked her, and—it was only when I saw that she would in no case marry you—that the alternative was her going on the stage—that I asked her to marry me."

"I see. Well, I'd rather have her marry you than go on the stage. No place for a girl like her. Oh, I know," he added, with a peculiar relish in his iniquitous knowledge. "Only—it's a bit hard, just at first."

Barnes thought him at that moment "nicer" than he had ever before thought him. It was, indeed, the American's only word for the quality Cox was showing.

"Look here, Cox, do you believe me when I say that if she had not come, I should never have seen her again? I—only half realized my own feelings, but at the back of my mind I must have known, and I had the decency to get my passage for Saturday."

Cox stood still under an electric light, his worn face sweetened by an unexpected smile. "You are a good sort, Barnes," he exclaimed, holding out his hand, "a *real* good sort!"

Before they parted, Cox had promised to buck up and join the party at dinner in a day or two, so as not to spoil poor little Hersey's happiness. Barnes, of course, had changed his ticket. In fact, he meant, when he *did* go, to enrich the Cunard people to the extent of the price of *two* passages.

Barnes went to bed enjoying to the full the Paradise of the middle-aged lover. He had even forgotten Violet Barston, her criminal attempt to secure her daughter's, and incidentally his own, happiness. "Poor



thing," he thought, as he dropped off to sleep, "it must be bitter for a mother to know that she is unworthy of her child's love."

As he waited at the door of Mrs. Frewen's boarding-house for the red-nosed slavey to open it, it was a comfort to Barnes to reflect on Mrs. Frewen's well-known adaptability. With any other woman under the sun, he would have had to undergo an awkward quarter of an hour. Any other woman would have been driven by the necessity of "talking it over," but Mrs. Frewen, he knew, would smooth all difficulties away, with an explanationless word or two, and a delightful smile. In this he was right. When he entered the sitting-room, she was standing at a little newspaper-covered table, engaged in putting into cases the flowers he had an hour before sent to his beloved.

"Ah, Michael!" she said, smiling just as she would, of course, smile (she had smiled in exactly the same way at the Gentlemen of the Jury twenty years ago). "How are you? Hersey will be back in a few minutes. Excuse my not shaking hands with you—I am dripping wet. Nasty day, isn't it?"

"Is it?" asked Barnes vaguely.

She laughed with sheer amusement this time. "It is, to all but lovers. Well, I am glad, dear Michael, and no more need be said."

She was charming and easy-mannered, and he was grateful to her for not discussing things; but even in his glowing happiness he was conscious—such is the nature of man—of her irrepressible buoyancy. Could *nothing* embarrass her, he wondered.

As she talked on about indifferent things, he continued to wonder. Had she forgotten her admissions to him of two days since? Did she not realize that he must be thinking of what she had said about Hersey—that the child knew too much about her for life with her to be any longer possible?

And did she not know that Hersey, poor little thing, must naturally have told him her real reason for wishing to escape home life by going on the stage?

And yet there she was, arranging her flowers, very pretty in the half-light with her delicately tinted cheeks and her nearly white hair, chatting as easily and pleasantly as if he knew nothing whatever about her! All men feel rather wise and subtle when they admit that they know nothing whatever about women. Barnes was no exception to the rule.

As he watched his future mother-in-law at her graceful task, he sighed vaguely, and told himself that he "gave it up."

Then Hersey came in like the Spring of the poets, and Barnes forgot all about her mother. He took the two ladies to Scott's for luncheon and gave them oysters and Chablis and other good things, and Hersey insisted on seeing the bill and was agreeably horrified by it.

"Mother and I have often lived for a week on no more than this one meal has cost, have n't we, Mother?" she asked.

Mrs. Frewen nodded gently. "Yes, dear," she said.

Barnes, the simplest-living of men, was appalled. That women were careless about their food, he knew, but that two could live for a week on fifteen dollars was news to him.

Hersey should never do it again, he told himself with a thrill of authority. Ah, what good care he would take of her! His blue eyes were very pleasant to see as he watched the girl, and Mrs. Frewen watched him with a curious expression on her face.

After lunch she sent him home with Hersey. They were to walk, she said; the exercise would do them both good, and, besides, she had things to do.

The sun had come out. Hersey said the day was fine, at which Barnes laughed, not being acquainted with the euphemisms due to the British climate. To him the weather was just *not* abominable, and that to her it was fine amused him. It also seemed to express not only the humility, in the matter of weather, innate in Londoners, but also a quite personal beauty of character on the girl's part.

They went to a jeweller's in Bond Street, and chose her ring.

"I ought, I suppose, to come to you with it in my pocket," he said, "but tastes are so different, and I don't yet know yours."

He selected, without asking their various prices, half a dozen beautiful rings from the velvet cases set before them, and then asked the girl to take her choice. There were among the rings two solitaire diamonds, a ruby, an emerald, a sapphire, and a pearl. Without an instant's hesitation Hersey took the ruby.

"If it is n't any—any more expensive," she said shyly, "I'll have this. I love rubies more than any other stone."

"Good! You shall have it. We must go to my bank now—I haven't the money with me."

On their way through the crowded streets, she said suddenly, "You are very good to me, Mr. Barnes."

He laughed, and she went on quickly, "I mean to say, Michael. It is such a pretty name."

And to him it was suddenly beautiful. While he cashed a check she wandered away from him, and presently he heard her laugh, and turned.

She was talking to a youth with a white carnation in his coat, who had evidently just come in.

"It's ages, simply ages, since I saw you," the youth was saying, in his delight dropping his glass from his young eye. "I say, it really is most awfully jolly!"

"You look fit," was her answer.

"I am, thanks, jolly fit. As to you—oh, well, words simply fail me! I say, Miss Frewen, are you stoppin' in town?"

Hersey made a face. "'Stoppin'," she answered, imitating him, "livin'—livin' in Bloomsbury. Rotten, what?"

Barnes listened, bewildered. The jargon was to his ears so extraordinary, and so extraordinarily ugly. "Rotten" he considered a low word.

On their way back to Bond Street, Hersey explained that her friend was Sir Billy Humphreys. "His father was a great surgeon, or something, and they gave him a baronetcy for cutting out something or other from some one of the R.F."

"R.F.?"

"Royal Family. Then the old man died, and Billy got the baronetcy and the beans. We knew him two years ago in Bordighera, after I had influenza. A nice boy," she added. "Oh, Michael, I am so glad you are really grown-up! I could n't have borne marrying a boy."

He laughed. "Oh, yes, I'm grown up, all right," he answered, as they reached the jewellers'. "I—I felt an old man the day before yesterday, and now you have made me a—well, years younger."

The ring was ready, and, hurrying back to Bloomsbury, Barnes put it on her pretty, slim finger.

"I will do my best to make you happy," he declared, a little solemnly. Then he added, "dear."

They sat down by the fire, and she told him how happy she was. She said not a word about her mother, but Barnes felt that a not inconsiderable part of her happiness lay in the fact that by marrying him she would put the ocean between herself and her objectionable parent. Her loyalty pleased him.

"I should have loathed the stage," she said later. "Managers are such pigs! But I simply could not marry poor Alfred. And he really is rather a dear. I had conscience-ache all the time, ever since—ever since—the last few days."

Barnes took her hand in his. "Ever since what, dearest?" he asked, a little shyly. "You can't possibly mean that——"

She leaned her head against his arm, so that he could not see her face. "I *do* mean it, though," she said. "An Englishman would have guessed it long ago. Are all Americans as modest as you?"

Even in his bliss Barnes smiled. "I guess we are n't any more modest than other men," he answered. "But, Hersey, how on earth could you care for—*me*?"

The real humility in his voice touched her. She kissed his hand, and then rested her cheek against it.

"You see, Michael dear, I am not very old—I am only twenty-three—and we don't know many people. I don't quite know why, but people

don't seem to like us long. Just at first they do, and then somehow—ah, well, people are all busy with their own affairs—so I have been rather lonely. Then Alfred came along, and—he is a dear, is n't he?"

"A very nice fellow indeed," agreed Barnes absently. He was not thinking of Alfred.

"And—and, as I told you, I thought I would like to—to leave Mother, and Alfred *was* so jolly, and—I had never seen any one I liked better. Things were n't wildly cheery, but they were better than before I was engaged. You see, Mother let me go to matinées with him, and to concerts, and sometimes we'd all go to a play together, and supper. It is fun, you know. And he gave me flowers. I really did believe I could get on all right with him, till you came."

Barnes raised his eyes and saw himself unexpectedly in a mirror that stood on a table near him. He saw himself with wonder. What was there in that ugly, bony face to attract a beautiful young creature like Hersey? He honestly wondered for a moment, and then he "gave it up" and turned again to her.

"And when I came?"

"Then—well, I suppose I just fell in love with you!"

He was about to try to answer the divine remark when Mrs. Frewen came in. She switched on the light and stood for a second watching them. Then her eyes suddenly filled with tears and she came impulsively towards them.

"Oh—oh, you dears!" she said, a little break in her voice. "It makes me so happy!"

Hersey drew back a little, and Michael felt something very like disgust. Of course she could not do without her little scene. He wondered if she were about to call them her children and bless them.

But she did not. After a little pause, in which she watched them too closely, he knew, not to know what they were thinking, she went, without a word, into the next room.

## VII.

So many things of vital importance to him having happened to Barnes during those few days, it will be understood by the experienced reader that the next fortnight raced by in such joyous uneventfulness that, on looking back on it, it was difficult to distinguish one day from the other.

The Frewens and Barnes went to several plays, they dined and supped at various restaurants, at which the beauty of the two women attracted considerable attention. Hersey took her lover to Hampton Court, and to the Temple church, and to Selfridge's, where he bought her several small gifts, and where she drank—or ate—a strawberry ice-cream soda with a childish gusto that delighted him.

Some people were invited to tea at the boarding-house to meet him, only one of whom impressed him in the least.

"You won't like Lady Gussie," Hersey told him beforehand. "She's a cat as well as a frump, but for some reason or other Mother is fond of her. She seems to like Mother, too," she added, naïvely betraying her surprise at the circumstance.

But Barnes did like Lady Gussie, a hard-featured old woman in an amazing brown wig that covered her forehead with small tight curls. She possessed, moreover, the interesting qualities of having the largest feet he had ever seen on a woman, and of wearing a single glass.

"So," she said abruptly, as they shook hands, "you are going to marry the Sleeping Beauty."

"I am going to marry Miss Frewen, yes," he returned, a little stiffly.

The old lady studied him openly for a few seconds.

"H'm! Well, I have never seen a prettier girl," was her remark, on arriving at the end of her ocular research.

"Nor I."

"Lady Gussie has known Hersey ever since she was—a very little child," explained Mrs. Frewen, pouring the tea.

"Detestable she was, too—all American children are detestable." Lady Gussie's manner admitted no contradiction, and Barnes laughed.

"Oh, it's quite true, although you don't think so! We bring up our children differently."

"How many children have you, Lady Gussie?" asked Hersey, making an absurd face at Barnes behind the old lady's back.

"Do you see? *That's* American, thoroughly American. No manners at all. None. Violet, my dear, my tea is like lye. Give me some more milk, please."

But in spite of these inauspicious beginnings, Barnes and Lady Gussie became very good friends. She invited him to dine at her old house in Kensington Square, and here for the first time he saw something of English social life.

Lady Gussie was an old frump most assuredly, but she was a well-born old frump, and her friends were worth meeting.

With the exception of the Frewens, the only person at the dinner whom Barnes had ever seen before was the youth of the eyeglass, with whom Hersey had talked at the bank, Sir William Humphreys.

"He's a kind of distant cousin of mine," the old lady told Barnes, who sat on her left. "His father cut up and sewed together again more royalties than any man who ever lived. Billy will never do anything—too rich and too spoilt."

"Oh! I thought only Americans spoilt their children," drawled Barnes with an exaggeration of his native accent that he assumed on such occasions.



Lady Gussie laughed delightedly. "You are *too* bad," she declared; "but I like you just the same. Far too good for that minx, if you ask *me*—but there, of course you don't!"

"So Hersey is a minx? Well, then, I like minxes."

"So do I. To look at. That's a rather smart frock she has on. I suppose you gave it to her?"

Barnes blushed scarlet. It was to his mind so monstrously delicate a matter, and he had engineered it so cautiously; and now to have the old woman mention it so casually!

He did not answer her at all, but ate his game in silence. She watched him for a moment, and then said with a gentleness that surprised him, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Barnes—but, you see, I know them very well. I did not mean to be—objectionable." Then she turned to the little wizened General on her right and proceeded to demolish the War Office and all its works with astonishing vigor and venom.

Hersey sat opposite Barnes, and he watched her as she chatted with her two neighbors, young Humphreys and a middle-aged soldier who had brought only one arm back from South Africa.

She was blooming like a rose, Barnes thought, no more startlingly original in his similes than other lovers. Her happiness became her. How lovely she was in the frock he, with her mother's connivance, had been able to give her, without her own knowledge! His ring glittered on her finger, and from time to time she shot a quick glance at it. She used her left hand much more than she had done before it was decorated with a ruby. Whenever she met Barnes's eyes she smiled, and she was at her loveliest when she smiled.

He was very happy.

Suddenly, as his gaze absently travelled down the table, he saw Mrs. Frewen looking at him, and he started. Her expression was a very strange one; it seemed for a moment as if it were one of regret and pity; then, as she saw him looking at her, it changed and she gave him a friendly nod.

Barnes flushed again. Was he looking too idiotically blissful for a man of his age, he wondered. But even if he were, what right had she to pity him? He was proud of being capable of feeling like a boy again. As usual, she amazed him, and he avoided looking her way during the rest of the dinner.

After it, there was an example of that strange British institution, "a little music after dinner."

Two ladies sang, and the one-armed soldier; then Lady Gussie played something of Schumann's. Nobody listened much to any of the artists, but they were all warmly thanked—on the conclusion of their efforts.

It all interested the American immensely, particularly the remark with which the first vocalist prefaced her performance: "Oh, well, I can't

really sing, you know, only just a little, enough to amuse people after dinner." Barnes had read of drawing-room music. In America it does not exist in the British sense. However, like all long-established institutions, it has its merits, and brings with it a certain friendly feeling, and it is, moreover, a well-known aid to conversation.

It was altogether a pleasant evening. At its end Barnes, after promising Lady Gussie to come to tea "one day," which he found an attractive variant from "some day," followed Mrs. and Miss Frewen down the stairs.

"Do come and see us, Sir Billy," Hersey was saying to Humphreys.

"Thanks so much. I will with pleasure."

"Ah, yes, that's what you said that day in the bank. But do come really;" she smiled up at him as she spoke.

"Er—yes, of course I will, with the greatest pleasure. Er—good-night."

The young man hurried away, with a nervous farewell smile, and as no taxi was to be had, and the ladies were returning home in a hansom, Barnes bade them good-night and followed him.

At the corner he overtook him, and as the young man was a strange type to the elder, Barnes suggested that they should walk on together.

"With pleasure. I always walk home after dinner—a fad of my governor's. Thought it good for one's tum."

"'Tum'?"

"Little Mary—inside," explained Humphreys, with a quick side-glance at the Yankee as he mentally termed the Westerner.

"Oh, yes, I see. Sound sense, I should say. It's a beautiful night too—for London, that is."

"I suppose London seems to you Americans a pretty putrid climate, what?"

"Not a very good climate, I should say." Barnes loathed the word "putrid."

"Well, it's about as rotten as they make 'em. Still, London is London, after all! Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks, I'll light a cigar."

After a long pause, Billy Humphreys said cautiously, "A real good-looker, Miss Frewen, ain't she?"

"Yes, she is very pretty. Do you live far from here?"

"Cavendish Square. 'Very pretty' doesn't begin to express it. She's—a wonder—a real wonder, the little wretch!"

"Why a 'little wretch'?" Barnes was amused. Was he to be treated to a love confidence?

"Oh, well, she turns my silly head, you see. I jolly near made an ass of myself two years ago in Italy, about her. Just got away by the skin of my teeth."

Barnes puffed placidly. The confession was coming!

"Nearly fell in love with her, did you?"

"Nearly? My dear chap, I *did* fall—absolutely, with the loudest bang you ever heard in your life! It was awful, I tell you."

Barnes laughed. "I see. Oh, well, cheer up. You'll find some one you'll like quite as well, and—if she *had* married you, you might not have got on. You are too young for her, for one thing."

Young Humphreys settled his glass more firmly into his eye, and, standing still, looked fixedly at his companion.

"I'm blown if I don't think *you* think that she refused me!"

"Well—did n't she?"

The street echoed with Humphreys's loud laughter. "My dear man, *je pense que non!* She jolly well did n't get the chance. That's just where the trouble was. I was awfully far gone, but I was bound I should n't be bagged, and bagged I was n't. She's a clever little devil, though, and it took some doing, I can tell you!"

Barnes threw away his cigar. "You mean me to believe that Mrs. Frewen tried to—capture you for her daughter? If you were a little older I should kick you well for that speech."

As he spoke, he was conscious that at the back of his brain he believed the young man, cad though he was, but he could not hear a woman lightly spoken of. Humphreys's face changed, and became very nasty.

"Oh, you'd kick me, would you? Well, my youth is a good asset for *you*, is n't it? And as you are so safe I will tell you that I did n't mean the mother at all. I mean the girl herself. You heard her urging me to call, did n't you? And I said I would. Well, I won't. I am afraid! She'd marry me in a week if I did. And I'd rather be shot than—— Oh, good-night!" he called after Barnes, who had hailed a taxi. "Too bad I'm not a little older, is n't it?"

## VIII.

"THE gentleman wants to know will the ladies see him?" The grinning maid held out the salver on which lay a card, and Mrs. Frewen rose.

"Oh," she said, "it's Sir William Humphreys."

Hersey, who had a cold and was huddled over the fire, patted her curly hair hastily. "Good! Ask the gentleman to come up, Gwendolyn."

"Wait a moment, dear. I should have told you at once—the other night after leaving Lady Gussie's—well, he is not a nice man, Humphreys. He—he said things that disgusted me. I should have warned you, only I hoped he would not turn up again. He is—not at all nice."

"Sir Billy?" Hersey opened her eyes wide. "Oh, I like him so much! A very decent infant, we thought him."

"But he is n't very decent, darling. Please say you are not at home," urged Barnes.

"Oh, Michael! Surely you don't want me to tell lies? I thought——"

"It is n't a lie, dear," protested her mother gently, "and if Michael dislikes him——"

"Nonsense! Ask the gentleman to come up, Gwendolyn," she repeated to the servant, adding to Barnes, as the door closed, "He'll have heard our voices, and knows quite well that we are at home. We need n't see him again—if your reasons are *really* good, old dear!"

"They are good, or I should not have spoken." Barnes instinctively looked for help to the girl's mother, but Mrs. Frewen was sewing, and did not look up. The mental atmosphere had been electric all the afternoon. Barnes was sure that there had been a quarrel shortly before his arrival. Hersey's eyes were redder than a simple cold should have made them, and her manner to her mother was one of irrepressible reproach.

Mrs. Frewen, on the other hand, was plainly put out. There was a pucker between her eyebrows, and she had been very silent ever since Barnes's arrival.

Young Humphreys, when he had greeted the ladies, turned to Barnes and recognized him with a start.

"Ah!—glad to see you again," he said, obviously lying horribly. "I did n't know you knew Mrs. and Miss Frewen——"

"So I gathered," returned Barnes drily. "As it happens, I have known them both all their lives."

"Oh, Lord!" Then Humphreys laughed. "If I had known you were here, I should not have inflicted my loathsome presence on you. As I did not know, shall we call it a truce?"

Hersey watched them with a half-smile. Mrs. Frewen, on the contrary, flung herself conversationally between them and talked rapidly until the young man turned to Hersey. It was early, and tea would not be coming for nearly an hour.

Suddenly Hersey said, "You look pale, mum darling."

And Barnes saw that the lady was indeed very white.

"Yes, I am tired, but I shall be all right, dear."

A few minutes later the girl repeated her remark. "May n't I get you some aspirin or something? You *are* so pale. I can see your head is bad."

Mrs. Frewen raised her hand to her brow. "No, no, dear," she answered nervously. "I'm quite all right, really."

Hersey's face hardened into a curious immobility that Barnes had once or twice before seen. "Mother dear, I am sure you are not well," she insisted.

Mrs. Frewen rose. "All right, then. I give in. It is warm here—I'll go for a turn in the square. The air will cure me."

No one moved or spoke for a second. Then Hersey said, "I don't like you to go all alone, darling."

Mrs. Frewen turned to Barnes. "Perhaps you would n't mind coming with me, Michael? Sir William will excuse us, and——"

"Dear lady," Sir William hastened to say, "but of course, of course. You are really looking very seedy."

"Thank you," murmured Hersey, giving her hand to Barnes for a second. "It is the only thing that ever helps her—fresh air."

Barnes went out on to the landing while Mrs. Frewen put on her hat, and as she joined him he gave a slight start. On passing the sitting-room door, Hersey's voice reached him, plaintively sweet: "ever since I was a little child," she was saying. "He is *such* an old dear!"

Evidently she preferred not to tell Humphreys of their engagement. That suited him perfectly, but—Barnes did not quite like being called "an old dear."

"I am *so* sorry to—to have made such a fuss about a little headache," Mrs. Frewen said, as they went out into the dull afternoon; "but——"

"You did n't make a fuss at all," he answered, anxious as he always was to be just. "I hope the air will do you good."

But the air was powerless to bring the color back to her wan little face. Barnes glanced at her once with real concern.

"I must look awful," she said, trying to smile. "You actually look sorry for me!"

"Why should n't I be? You are plainly not well."

"No, I am not well, but, as I say, I must look really very seedy for *you* to notice it."

Good Lord! was she going to try to flirt with him? The impatient sensation she so often gave him came back with a jerk. She was really a fool; she never could let well enough alone.

With an effort, he answered her words, disregarding his own feelings: "I am not very observant, it is true. But—I hope the air is helping your head."

"Michael," she burst out suddenly, "it was n't my head at all. I—I am worried—that is why I got so white. I—I did n't wish Sir William Humphreys to come to see us. I dislike him."

"Do you? So do I. He is a detestable creature. I tried to tell Hersey, but she would n't listen to me. That is why I did n't at once offer to come out with you. I—I did n't want to leave her alone with him."

They had come back to their own door, and Barnes was about to put her key into the keyhole when she arrested him by a sigh.

"You—you went to work the wrong way—with *her*, I mean. She—



she is a little headstrong—like all young girls. But try to make her promise not to see him. I did n't like his influence on her when we were in Italy. Not that it was anything of importance, but—you know, Michael."

"I'll tell *you* why I dislike him," said Barnes, mentally trying to plan how inoffensively he could repeat his conversation with Humphreys, "and you tell her."

She gave a short laugh. "How blind you are! Can't you see that I am powerless?" Something in her face made him very sorry for her for a minute. Then he remembered, and all his pity swung back to Hersey's side.

"It was only—the young cad told me that—that Hersey had tried to—to 'bag' him at Bordighera."

She drew a deep breath. "Is that all?"

"All?"

"I mean to say, of course, that's what he thought. She—she liked him, she was very young, and bored to death. I was ill and could n't go out——"

"I thought she said it was she who had been ill," he interrupted sharply. He was sorry for her, but being lied to dried up the spring of his kindness.

"Oh, yes, she had been," she assented, in a vague voice. "It was dull for her, and—she was too young to know what he, a very rich young man, not well bred, would think. You must n't mind what he said, Michael."

"I mind! My dear Violet, you don't think for a moment that I believed it? Absurd!"

"Of course, of course. I think that if you tell her what he said," she continued as they went up the stairs, "she may promise not to see him."

"I'll tell her."

Hersey was sitting by the fire when they entered, her cheeks very red, her hands fluttering restlessly over her lap. Humphreys greeted them with effusion. He hoped Mrs. Frewen's head was better; he was so glad to have found them in; he was glad to have seen them again after such a long time. He might be in Bordighera again before long—he was going abroad in a day or two——

"Are you?" asked Hersey, in obvious surprise. "Why, you said you were going to hear 'Butterfly' next week!"

"Yes, yes, I forgot, for the moment. Fact is, I am going off for a lark with two other fellows—Monte and Nice. This rotten climate is too much for me."

Suddenly remembering an urgent engagement, he took his leave, and a short silence fell.

"Michael does n't like him, Hersey," Mrs. Frewen said at length, "and men are the best judges of each other."

Hersey flushed suddenly. "Oh, I don't for a minute doubt that you know more about men than I do, Mother," she began; "but——"

"*Hersey!*"

The girl turned and stared at her lover, hardly able, it was plain, to believe her ears. "Wh-what is it, Michael?" she asked, as the door closed, very quietly, behind her mother.

"That is not how you ought to speak to your mother," said Barnes sternly. "Go and beg her pardon."

"Go and—— I will do nothing of the kind, Michael," she answered hotly, "and I think you ought to beg mine. I was never so spoken to in my life."

"I do beg your pardon, dear; but your voice and manner—frightened me."

She was unappeased. "Frightened you, did they? I can only repeat that you owe me an apology."

He looked at her in surprise. "I did beg your pardon. Did n't you hear me?"

"Then say it again." She was trembling from head to foot. "Say it again. I—I *hate* you. You are an—a—a boor, a—a——"

The door opened, and Violet Frewen came in. "Hersey, darling, come to me," she said, in a voice Barnes had never heard her use. She put her arms round the girl and stroked her hair gently. "Hush, dear," she murmured, her white curls pressed against Hersey's brown ones. "Try not to tremble so. It is all right—you misunderstood."

Suddenly Hersey burst into such violent sobs that her mother could hardly hold her.

"Go, Michael," Mrs. Frewen said hastily. "*Please* go. She is not well—she has been very nervous for days. I—I will write to you to-night and tell you how she is. Please go."

"Hersey dear," he said, disregarding her, and laying his hand on the girl's shoulder, "don't cry. You will make yourself ill. Come and—forgive me. I should have seen that you are not well, darling."

But she clung frantically to her mother, shaking him off in a fury.

"Go away—go away! I hate you! I—I——"

"Michael, please go," pleaded Mrs. Frewen.

And Barnes left without another word.

## IX.

BARNES was more distressed by the scene than he cared to admit, even to himself. He realized that his voice and words to the girl had been very stern, but he knew that they were no sterner than she deserved.

Her manner to her mother, even admitting everything, had been odious, and he had been honestly shocked.

If Hersey had been merely angry, he would have thought little of it, but she had behaved in a way that nearly frightened him. He was too just not to admit the possibility of the scene's having been one merely of nerves, but his justice reacted on himself, as it always does. He could judge, nay, he could not help judging, her treatment of him as fairly as he did his of her, and he knew that her furious violence was unjustified as well as unbeautiful.

He took a long walk on leaving the house, thinking it all over, and at last succeeded in bringing some kind of order into his brain. She had had no proper upbringing, she was apparently very highly-strung, and the sad fact that she did not respect her mother was not her own fault. That must be forgiven her.

He, a mature man, did not respect Violet Frewen, and he realized fully that this influenced his way of regarding her slightest act. So what could he expect of Hersey, who was, comparatively speaking, a child, and a child sore with her sad knowledge of her mother's character.

"I was too severe," he decided, erring, as all generous-minded people do, to his opponent's advantage. "What I meant was right, but my manner was wrong."

At the hotel, when he returned there just in time for dinner, he found, as he had expected, a letter from Hersey.

DEAR MICHAEL:

Can you forgive me? I am so sorry. I get like that sometimes. I did when I was a child, and I honestly can't help it. But I will try. Please forgive me.

HERSEY.

Forgive her! He smiled over the childish-worded note. If love could not forgive a fit of temper, he reflected as he dressed, it would hardly be worth the name of love.

Two hours later he rang at the door in Bloomsbury.

Yes, the ladies were in. Miss Frewen was in bed, though, Gwendolyn informed him. She 'ad been took bad that afternoon and had gone to bed.

"Oh, thanks, then I'll not come up——"

But as he spoke, Mrs. Frewen appeared on the stairs and called him by name.

"Please come up, Michael," she said, "just for a moment."

When they stood together in the sitting-room, she began hurriedly:

"I want to be able to tell her that it's all right. She's asleep now."

"Did n't she get my note? I sent it the moment I had hers. I—I went for a walk before going back to the hotel."

"Oh, yes, she got it. But—I want to talk to you for a few minutes, Michael. I am so sorry about this afternoon."

Resignedly he sat down and listened. He could have told her all that she had to say. Of late he had occasionally forgotten how much he disliked her—that was her power, her charm. Her pretty manners, her gentle voice, made for comfort, and the woman who makes a man comfortable is in a fair way towards winning his liking. And that afternoon there had been something in her way of holding her girl in her arms that gave him a little pang of sympathy, as well as of pity.

But now here she was at it again, making her graceful little scene, telling her pretty little story, rearranging matters as she fain would have them, and as they were—*not*.

"She is very nervous," she said once, and he broke in almost rudely:

"I have seen no signs of it."

"No, but she is. And this kind of weather—so damp, you know—always upsets her."

"It has n't been damp for many days."

She started. "Well, I mean to say—you can't call it *fine*, now, can you?"

"I can't, because I am an American. If I were English, I no doubt should. It's the best we've had since I came over."

She gave a little artificial laugh. "How quaint and literal you are! Can't you understand that a young girl just engaged to be married can be a little nervous and—moody, without its being a crime?"

"I have not accused Hersey of a crime—or even of a mood," he returned impatiently. "It's you who *will* talk about it."

She was about to answer when Hersey's voice reached them through the door.

"Mother? Mother, where are you? I'm not going to stay in bed another minute."

"Hush, dear; I'm coming."

As she went into the dark bed-room, the girl went on, almost savagely, "I am quite old enough to decide for myself, and I tell you I am going to-night——" She broke off short, as if she had been told that a third person could hear her.

Then she went on, "I don't care if he is. If I choose to go and see Lady Gussie, he can't mind."

Barnes caught no more, and was about to knock at the door and speak to her when a pearl that he wore in his tie fell out on the hearth-stone with a little clatter. He stooped, picked it up, saw what it was, and then, folding it in a bit of paper that lay on the rug, put it into his pocket.

"Michael?"

"Yes, dear."

"Have you forgiven me?" Her voice was the sweet voice he loved, and very close to the door.

"Dearest!—yes, of course. Come and talk to me."

The door was opened a little. "In a minute. I have been asleep. I cried my face into a jelly. Now I am going out! Aren't you curious?"

"Going out?"

"Yes. *Please* be curious!"

"Can't. I heard you tell your mother. Why go to Lady Gussie to-night? It is half-past eight already."

"I know. I'll come out in a minute."

When she appeared, she wore a frock he had never seen—a quite new one. He knew that her mother had bought it for her with money he had persuaded her to take for the purpose.

"Do you like my frock?" she asked, obviously not in the least guessing whence it came.

"I like you in anything," he answered, and she added gaily, "Except in a temper!"

Then she put her arms round his neck and for the first time kissed him of her own initiative.

"Then, you really forgive me? I am so ashamed," she whispered.

His heart seemed to melt and warm his whole being. "My dear, my beloved, of course! I love you, Hersey."

A moment later Gwendolyn appeared to tell them that the taxi was at the door.

"I hate Lady Gussie to-night," Barnes declared, "but little spoiled girls must have their own way, I suppose. I'll drive you there, and come for you—at what time?"

"No, thanks. I am not a bit afraid of going alone. And—I want you to stay with poor Mother. I—I was so beastly to her, Michael, and I don't want her to be alone all the evening."

"But, darling, I'll come back, if you like; only let me take you to Lady Gussie's door——"

She put one hand on each of his shoulders and looked seriously up into his eyes.

"Dear Michael," she said, "*please*. I have cried so, I am tired out, and I really prefer to go alone. It will rest me. And if I know poor Mother is being amused, I shall be much happier. I *was* so horrid to her."

Barnes put her into the taxi and gave the man Lady Gussie's number. Then he went slowly back into the house and up the stairs.

He was both too old and too young to love caprice for its own sake, but he was too kind to inflict himself on the girl when she so frankly admitted that she was longing for solitude. He went quietly into the



empty sitting-room and sat down by the fire. Mrs. Frewen had not returned since she had gone into the bedroom in obedience to her daughter's call.

He was in no hurry to see her, and, lighting a cigar, he leaned comfortably back in his chair and smoked. Presently something disturbed him: a short sound that he could not place before it died away into silence.

He smoked on. The quiet was unbroken save for the very semi-occasional passing of a taxi or a cab, and the ticking of the clock served, as it often does, as a recorder of rather than a breaker of the silence.

A funny freak of the child's to go tearing off across London at that time of night to see old Lady Gussie.

Possibly she was doing it as a penance. Girls have sometimes those strange little ideas, and he knew that she did not like Lady Gussie. There was the strange sound again. It came from the door on his left.

A third time it came, and this time it was unmistakable: it was a sob. Some one in the bedroom was crying. Mrs. Frewen, of course.

He rose and made for the door on the landing. She probably did not know that he was there. He would escape at once. Then as he took hold of the door-knob, words reached his ear.

"Oh, God help me, God help me! I have done my best, and now——" The sobs broke out now in piteous abandon.

For one second Barnes was conscious of a suspicion that she was "up to something," that she knew of his presence. Then with a feeling of shame he knew that he was cruel and unjust in the thought.

"I have done my best, I have lied, and lied, and schemed," went on the moaning voice, broken with sobs terrible to hear, "and I have failed, I have failed! Oh, God, let me die, let me die!"

Barnes stood still. What should he do? It would distress her, no doubt, to know that he had overheard her, and yet it seemed hardly human to go and leave her in such agony of mind.

He turned and was about to go to the other door when he heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and instinctively went to meet them, closing the door behind him.

To his amazement, it was Alfred Cox, dishevelled and excited-looking.

"You!" cried Barnes stupidly.

Cox stopped. "You? This is the first bit of luck I've had for weeks. Look here, is Mrs. Frewen here?"

"Yes, but she is—unable to see any one."

"Ill? Oh, my Lord!"

"She's not ill, but—she does n't even know I am here. Is anything the matter, Cox?"

The young man leaned against the wall, his pleasant face haggard and anxious.

"You are *sure* she's in?"

"Of course I am."

"But—she may be dressing to go out——"

"She is not. If you must know, something has happened which distresses her very much. She—she is crying in her bedroom."

"Then she really is *n't* going out?"

"No, she certainly is *n't*. For God's sake, Cox, stop being mysterious and tell me what the trouble is!"

Cox swallowed hard and feebly arranged his tie.

Then he said with an odd little laugh, "The trouble is that Hersey is at that chap Humphreys's rooms in Cavendish Square."

## X.

BARNES stared at him as if he thought he had taken leave of his senses. (Which sentence may, owing to the peculiarities of our language, be read in two ways, either of which suits the situation perfectly.)

"At Humphreys's rooms?" he repeated. "Nonsense! She is at Lady Gussie Calmady's, in Kensington Square. I saw her off in a taxi not twenty minutes ago."

"I don't care how many taxis you saw her off in. She is at Humphreys's rooms. I saw her go in, myself." Cox spoke obstinately, but quite without resentment. "I—I thought that perhaps she was meeting her mother there—it *might* have been. It was at least worth *hoping*. So I came—to see."

Barnes had gone as pale as the other man.

"Yes, it was worth hoping. You say you yourself saw her—go in?"

"Yes. I was passing on my way to interview a man in Harley Street, and I saw her pay her taxi and run up the steps."

"You—might *n't* you have been mistaken?"

"No—is it likely?" asked Cox sharply. "She was dressed in white and had on her mother's black cloak with the chinchilla collar."

"Yes, that's right. Well, what's to be done? Wait a minute." He stopped speaking, and stood for what seemed to the younger, more impatient man an absurdly long time in deep thought.

Then, at last, he said slowly, "Mrs. Frewen must come. I'll get her."

Cox nodded, and Barnes left him, going into the sitting-room without knocking, and then rapping lightly at the bed-room door, from behind which no sounds now came.

"Who is there?"

"It is I—Michael. Violet, I must speak to you. Please don't stop to—for anything. I—it is important."

For a second she was silent. "Is it about Hersey?"

"Yes. Come quickly."

She obeyed him, standing in the full light, her face red and swollen, her hair in wild disorder. "What is it?"

The extreme expressiveness of her anxiety failed for once to annoy him. She was always more expressive than was necessary, but he did not, somehow, this time doubt the reality of the terror that distended her eyes.

"Cox is here. He saw—Hersey go into Sir William Humphreys's rooms. We must go and get her, you and I, Violet."

She turned away and did not speak for a moment. He could see her figure stiffen with the effort she was making to control her disorganized nerves.

"Can you come at once?" he asked gently.

"Yes. I'll get my things."

Three minutes later they sat in Cox's taxi, speeding towards Cavendish Square. Cox had remained behind. Neither Mrs. Frewen nor Barnes spoke until the taxi had stopped. Then Barnes said, "You must be gentle with her. And if possible we must make *him* think that you knew she was coming. No, she had better have told me, perhaps. However, we shall see, and we must take our cue from what we *do* see.

. . . Is Sir William Humphreys at home?"

"No, sir."

"He is—to me," said Mrs. Frewen calmly, from behind her veil. "Tell him Mrs. Frewen, please."

The servant hesitated. Plainly he had had no orders for this contingency. Suddenly a sound of music came from upstairs, and a girl's voice singing a music-hall song.

"It is a party," whispered Mrs. Frewen, in French, "thank God!"

"Just take Mrs. Frewen's name to Sir William, will you?"

Barnes's voice clinched matters. "Very good, sir." The man let them in and switched on more light. "Will you step this way, madam? I will tell Sir William."

They sat down in a small refreshment room, which was evidently exactly as it had been in the late Sir James's time.

"It's all right, Violet, you see. It's—just a foolish freak."

"Yes, just a foolish freak," she repeated mechanically, trying to smile. "She—could n't resist a party, you see. After all, she is very young."

"You need n't try to pacify me," he said in a voice that struck himself as very kind. "I am not angry—about the party, that is."

As he spoke, the door opened and Humphreys came in. His face was flushed and his eyes bright, but he came straight to Mrs. Frewen, holding out his hand.

"Please forgive us," he said. "I met her in a cab, a taxi—hers crossed mine in Piccadilly, and we were stopped by the policeman, and she

told me she was going to Lady Gussie's, and I—well, I had one or two people coming, a married cousin among 'em, so I—I simply bagged her and brought her here. Please forgive us and come upstairs."

Barnes drew a deep breath. After all, it was very simple, and not so very heinous.

"We'll not come up, thanks," Mrs. Frewen said coldly. "And Hersey must go home with me now. I have been very badly frightened about her."

"Oh—*must* she go? And won't you come upstairs?" Barnes fancied there was a note of relief in the young man's voice.

"No. Will you kindly tell her at once? Mr. Barnes and I are in rather a hurry."

Humphreys, who had hitherto feigned not to see Barnes, bowed slightly. "Ah, how do you do? Very well, I will tell Miss Frewen at once."

When he had gone, Barnes turned to Mrs. Frewen to speak, but something in her face arrested him. What did her expression mean? It was a very strange one, apparently composed of a mixture of fear, doubt, and disgust.

"Try not to be nervous, Violet."

"I am not nervous. Ah, here she comes!"

There was a sound of low, rapid talking in the hall, then Hersey came in, her cheeks burning with anger.

"Here I am," she said roughly.

"Yes. Come."

Mrs. Frewen led the way in silence. Humphreys had disappeared; the discreet servant let them out into the darkness.

"I'll go to your door with you," Barnes said, as he helped them into the taxi. "That is, if I may."

"Please come home with us, Michael."

It was Mrs. Frewen who spoke. Hersey said nothing all the way, and in silence the three went upstairs. Barnes had forgotten Cox, and started at the sight of the young man, who was sitting staring blankly at the fire, a gone-out cigarette loose in his fingers.

"It's all right, Cox," Barnes said hastily. "It was a—party."

"A party?" repeated Cox, forgetting to bow to the women. "A party? Good God!"

There was a short pause, and then Hersey broke out sullenly:

"Look here, all of you. I've got something to say. I am sick to death of being treated——"

Mrs. Frewen interrupted her. "Darling," she said in her gentlest voice, "don't speak now while you are angry. It is unfair to yourself. Remember, we were frightened to death. If you had told us about the party——"

Here she was in her turn interrupted by Barnes.

"You forget, Violet, that Hersey did not know about the party when she started to go to Lady Gussie's."

Hersey stared at him for a moment with a peculiar expression. Then she exclaimed suddenly:

"How on earth you found out where I was, I don't know. Who told you?"

"I did, Hersey—Miss Frewen, I mean to say," answered Cox. "I happened to see you go in, and——"

"Oh, *you!*" The scorn with which she stared at him was so very insulting that Barnes stepped forwards.

"Mr. Cox was quite right in what he did, Hersey. Remember, he did not know Humphreys was giving a party; and that you met him in Piccadilly——"

There was a pause.

"Did you meet Humphreys in Piccadilly?" Cox asked, taking up his hat and stick, and looking at her in a strange way.

"Yes." Her voice was very sullen.

For a moment he continued to stare at her, a queer little smile on his lips.

"Oh, then I have only to beg every one's pardon, and say good-night."

No one attempted to stop his going, but when the house door had slammed behind him, his presence seemed to be still among them.

"Strange he did n't see Humphreys as well as you," Barnes said.

"He went to open the door, while I paid the taxi-man," explained the girl.

Mrs. Frewen said nothing.

"Oh, I see."

They had not moved from where they first stood on beginning the conversation: Hersey nearest the door, beautiful, sulky, resentful; Mrs. Frewen pale, her eyes still red, her lips set in a straight line; Barnes with a frown on his face, his hands behind him, his head bent.

Cox's spirit seemed to fill the room.

"Oh, if you don't believe me——" cried Hersey at length, turning towards the bedroom door.

"I do believe you, Hersey," Barnes heard himself say, to his infinite surprise. "It was Cox who did n't."

When she had left the room, Mrs. Frewen came to him, her hand outtheld.

"Michael," she said, "I—I thank you. You are very good. And—tomorrow she will know it, too."

"Will she? She does n't think so to-night." His voice was sad; there was even a sort of wistfulness in it.



"I know. But you remember she wrote this afternoon—can it have been this afternoon?—and asked you to forgive her. She will again to-morrow."

Her hand was still in his, her worn face upturned. A great wave of pity swept over him.

"Poor Violet!" he said, kissing her hand. "You are very tired. Go to bed and try to sleep, and don't worry about *me*. There is no real harm in her going to a party without asking. And she was on her way to Lady Gussie of all people! Remember that. Now I'll be off!"

To his horror, her eyes suddenly brimmed full of tears. If she wept, he would, he said to himself, hate her again. But she did not. Brushing the tears away with her hand, she laughed.

"You are right. I am tired out. Well, good-night. We shall see you to-morrow?"

"Yes. Good-night."

He went without more ado, and an hour later sat on the edge of his bed, thoughtfully winding his watch. As he did so, his eyes fell on a twist of paper that had dropped from his pocket as he took out his watch.

He picked it up idly and untwisted it. It contained the pearl from his tie-pin. For a moment he looked fixedly at the torn bit of paper. On it was written in a man's hand:

Come if you possibly can

..... rather jolly  
..... cerely

WILLIAM HUMPHREYS.

## XI.

WHEN Barnes, in answer to Lady Gussie's summons, came out to her carriage the next morning, the old lady stared at him in frank amazement.

"My word, you look queer!" she began. "I thought you would, but—get in and come for a drive with me, will you?"

Barnes tried to excuse himself, but the old lady was too much for him, and a few minutes later he was seated by her in her strange old yellow vehicle, rumbling solemnly through the streets, parkwards.

"I always believe," was Lady Gussie's way of opening fire, "that there is nothing like the truth. Sometimes," she qualified. "And this is one of the times. So I will tell you at once that I have just seen poor dear Violet Frewen, and that she has told me all about everything."

"Oh!" said Barnes, wishing that all interfering, helpful women were at the bottom of the sea.

"Yes, all about everything. Even that the little minx sent you a very pretty note this morning, asking to be forgiven."

Barnes was silent.

"Are you going to forgive her?"

Several people, bowing to the little old woman in her Victoria bonnet and her jetted "dolman," wondered who the man with her was. Barnes's face arrested attention that morning.

"Are you going to forgive her?"

"There is nothing to forgive in going to a party."

"Then, what is there that you can't forgive?"

After a pause she added suddenly, "Please talk to me, Mr. Barnes. I love Violet Frewen, and I want to help Hersey for her sake."

"We have all been trying to do that—to 'help Hersey,'" he returned grimly.

"Yes. People always will try, as long as she lives—until each individual one of them finds her out. As you have found her out," she added, on his remaining silent.

"What do you mean?" His voice was so stern that even her brave soul quailed a little.

"I don't quite know what I mean, Mr. Barnes. But *you* know. In some way you have found her out. And that is what is hurting you so."

"You are right. It is that that hurts. It hurts to find any one out, but when one has felt about a person as I felt about Hersey——"

"I know. What is it?" the old woman asked gently.

"A lie."

He saw a laugh flit over her face, and then she was grave.

"She is the greatest little liar on earth, Mr. Barnes." Presently she went on: "Suppose I tell you about them. All I know, I mean. Gerald Frewen was my great-nephew. Hersey does not know this, but he was. And when he married Violet, I called. None of the others did. Perhaps that's what made me. And—I liked her. I did n't see her again till after his death. She was very brave, very 'head-high,' as the Germans say, and I liked her again. Then, poor dear, she speculated, and lost most of her money. I offered to help her, but she would n't let me. And whatever your optimists may say, that is a most unusual thing."

"I don't feel particularly optimistic this morning," put in Barnes, with a gloomy laugh.

"No, but you are. Well, she, Violet, has lived in poverty all this time, denying herself everything to give a chance to—that little *beast*. Hersey is hard-hearted, selfish, and has the temper of a fiend. This, I suppose," she added, with a dash of malice, "amazes you."

"No," said Barnes slowly. "Two days ago I should n't have believed you."

"H'm! Well, you do now, which is the main point. Violet has done her level best to give the girl chances to marry. She was engaged to a very nice fellow, a Scotchman, two years ago, but *he* found her out somehow, and broke the engagement. Miss Hersey then promptly fell

very ill and had to be taken to Bordighera. Then Billy Humphreys turned up. Violet could n't bear him, and quite rightly, too. But for some reason or other he fascinated the minx, and she set all manner of traps for him. Master Billy, however, though quite off his head about her, had no idea of marrying her, and cleared out. Whereupon she behaved in the most abominable way to her mother, and ran away to Paris, with some impossible Belgians she had met in the hotel.

"Violet went and brought her home here. Then young Cox, whom I am told you deeply cherish, came along. And then when she was bored to tears by him——"

"I came along. I see."

"Yes, you see that much, but not everything. Here is the interesting part. Violet and I were discussing you in her sitting-room the day after your first appearance. She told me that you were very much taken with the girl, and I advised her to marry her to you. She told me you had money, and so on, and that you were what we benighted islanders call a decent sort. The minx was in the next room, unbeknownst to us, and heard all that we said. The next day she honored me with a call and pumped me. I let her pump," added the old lady, with a thoroughly unamiable chuckle. "I exaggerated your riches, and told her that the girl who married you would have everything in the world she wanted."

"She did n't tell me what she meant to do, but I knew that she was after you. A few days later Violet told me of the engagement, and I met you at tea. I confess that I felt a trifle ashamed of myself——"

"I don't wonder," put in Barnes.

"Oh, only because I liked you. And when Violet told me what you unconsciously betrayed to her, of the going on the stage plan—she had no more intention of going on the stage than I have—I felt what some old lady in Joseph's time—or was it Benjamin?—felt when that excellent young man was sold, with her connivance, into the hands of the Egyptians."

Barnes laughed in spite of himself. "You are too flattering to me and too hard on her. After all, she is very young," he said.

"Boosh! She's twenty-five, though she does n't know it. The trouble is not that she has schemed for a rich husband, and then told him a lie. The trouble is that she can't tell the truth to save her life, and that she will plot and scheme and lie till she is nailed down in her coffin. Well—you adored her. And you pitied her for having 'such a mother.' Oh, I know. So did young McFarlane, for a time. So did Billy Humphreys, just at first. I suppose she told you she 'did n't quite understand' about her mother. Bless your heart, she has known all about it for years! She 'wanted to get away' and so on? *Toute la lyre.*"

Barnes did not answer.

"I understand. Well, when Violet suggested your marrying the

minx, you snubbed her horribly. She told me all about it. And then I pumped her. All hands to the pumps, you see. And I found out, without her knowing, that she had seen whither your thoughts—your perfectly idiotic thoughts—were tending, and that 'to help Hersey' she encouraged you to think all sorts of things about herself. Did n't she?"

"She—she told me certain things."

"Yes. Suppose you tell me them?"

"I can't. I have no right to."

"Did she name any names to you?"

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly.

"Well, she lied to you. I gathered that she had said something of the kind. The stories were absolutely false—started by a girl who wanted to marry the Frenchman, who, mark you, asked Violet to marry him. Poor Violet, she is *such* an ass."

Poor Barnes, unused to "English as she is spoke" by the better classes in her native land, nearly fell out of the carriage, and the old lady laughed.

"Horrid old woman, ain't I?" she asked with a chuckle. "Well, let's call her a goose, then. You'll admit she's a goose?"

"I don't know what she is," he answered with a troubled face. "I feel as if I had never known her."

"Perhaps you have n't. You might find it worth while trying. As you think over the last month, you must remember many things both in her and in Hersey that puzzled you. Don't you?"

"No, nothing puzzled me at the time," he said simply. "I—just believed in Hersey. But now I see that—I remember one or two things that—" He broke off short, troubled by the realization of his own gross injustice towards Mrs. Frewen.

He had been a great fool in disbelieving every word Mrs. Frewen said, as he had been in accepting the girl's lightest utterance as Gospel truth.

"Well," concluded the old lady as the carriage stopped, "you had better take my word for it that poor Violet Frewen is a good woman, and that Hersey is, to be particularly mild, a minx. She wants to see you, Violet does. So I've brought you."

Barnes got out of the carriage obediently, and stood bareheaded in the sunlight.

"Thank you very much," he said. "I—I am sure you—I am sure—"

"That I have not meant to be so offensive as I have been." The old lady's face wrinkled into a kind laugh, and then became serious.

"Be kind to Violet," she said, pressing his hand. "She has lied, too, but it has all been because—it was her way, her poor, self-sacrificing way, of helping Hersey."

## XII.

Mrs. FREWEN was alone in the sitting-room when Barnes knocked at the door.

They shook hands somewhat constrainedly, and sat down.

The sun was stronger than usual that day, and, the curtains being drawn back, the room was more fully lighted than he had ever seen it. And for the first time he perceived how shabby it really was, and the pathos of the attempt that had been made to hide the shabbiness.

Suddenly, too, he noticed that Mrs. Frewen's gray gown was old and worn, that the lace at her throat was mended in several places.

"Hersey is out," she said. "She will be back soon. She—she wrote to you, did n't she, Michael?"

"You know that she did, Violet. You saw the letter."

"Oh, how did you—you have seen Lady Gussie," she faltered.

"Yes."

"Michael, she is a dear, but—you must n't believe quite all she says——"

Barnes burst out laughing. "So she is a liar, too!"

She shrank back in her chair as if from a blow.

"Oh, don't!"

He was watching her closely now. "I beg your pardon," he said, after a pause. "I beg your pardon, but—don't you think the time has come for us all to tell the truth, Violet?"

"What do you mean? If you mean that Hersey——"

"Hersey has lied to all of us. And you have known it. You knew last night that she was lying about having met Humphreys."

She was silent.

"I found out in a curious way, as people find out things in books. He wrote to her yesterday evening, she told you she was going, and—you quarrelled about it. Then you let her go—to Lady Gussie's!"

"Michael—I could n't help it. I tried, indeed I did."

"I am sure of that."

He paused, remembering the words he had heard her say after Hersey had gone, when she believed herself alone. Yes, she had done her best, he knew.

"But you let her go. Why did you not tell me?"

"Because—I wanted you to marry her."

"Her insisting on going to a party would not have caused me to break our engagement."

"No, but—after what you told me about Sir William—and—if I had told you, you would n't have let her go—and—and——"

She looked at him piteously, but he only said sternly, "Go on."



"There would have been a row, and—oh, you don't know how she can be! I did n't dare let you know, Michael. I did n't dare let you see her—in a rage."

"I see. You prevented it in the afternoon, I remember."

"Yes."

There was a long silence, to end which he asked gently, "And now, Violet? You don't mind my knowing now?"

Her eyes were dim as she again looked at him.

"Now either you no longer wish to marry her, or you love her so much that—nothing matters, Michael."

He rose and moved restlessly about the room.

"Which do you hope, Violet?" he asked presently, from near the window, where he stood looking out into the street.

"I hope—I hope—whichever will make you the happier."

"*Me?*"

"Yes. Oh, Michael," she went on desperately, speaking very fast, "you have been so good, you *are* so good. Although she is my own child, I must say it: unless you love her utterly, with your whole strength, you must n't marry her. She—she is not—not—"

"Don't, Violet," he broke in harshly. "For God's sake, don't say it!"

Then he saw in the street below Hersey and a man coming along together. The man was Billy Humphreys. Barnes turned away from the window and approached the fire, but he did not speak.

It seemed a long time before the girl came in.

When she did, he asked her as they shook hands, "Where have you been?"

"Shopping. Here are the things, Mother dear."

"Alone?" continued Barnes carelessly.

"Yes."

It was a small test, most unimportant in itself, he felt, but decisive at the same time.

"Hersey," he said quietly, "do you wish to marry me?"

"Do I wish——"

"Tell me truthfully exactly what you wish."

"Michael!" She looked at him, her beautiful face, so fresh and glowing and young, full of amazement. "I have asked your pardon. What do you mean?"

Violet Frewen sat quite still in her chair. Barnes glanced at her before he went on.

"Our engagement stands, if you wish it; but on one condition."

"What do you mean? On what condition?"

"If you marry me," he said heavily, "you must not lie to me."

"Michael!"

"Hush, Violet. No, please don't go. You must hear what I have to say to—your daughter. Listen, Hersey. You lied just now in saying you were alone. Sir William Humphreys was with you. You lied, or accepted his lie, and used it, last night, in saying you met him by chance in Piccadilly. As a matter of fact, he wrote and asked you to come."

"Mother knew I was going," murmured the girl sullenly.

He made a gesture of disgust. "Don't blame your mother. Before you came to me with your story of going on the stage, you heard your mother tell Lady Gussie that I—that I had fallen in love with you."

"It's that old cat——"

"Wait a moment. During our engagement you have been flirting with young Humphreys. Now, if you marry me I will stand no lying and no flirting."

The girl recovered herself suddenly. "This is," she said deliberately, "a very clever way of breaking our engagement. It is a pity that you have wasted so much brain-power in a perfectly unnecessary way. I am only too glad to give you your freedom. Here is your ring. Mother, it is quite true, I was with Billy Humphreys. And—I love him. I have always loved him. Oh, I know he's not noble and—and—*splendid*, like Mr. Barnes, but he suits my degenerated taste.

"And here's another thing. I know as well as you that he did n't want to marry me. And I also know that he *will* marry me. Here is a note he brought me to-day from his aunt, Mrs. Nevill-Curtis, asking me to visit her in the Isle-of-Wight. He is going and I am going—I am going to-morrow. The next thing you hear of me will be that he and I are engaged. O-o-o-o," she added, in a funny high key, to Barnes, "*how* you must despise me, and what a narrow escape you have had!"

She stood with a hard smile on her lips, looking at him with all the insolence she could muster. Then quite suddenly she burst into loud sobs and, rushing to her mother, knelt by her and buried her head on her waiting breast. Her crying was not natural, and it frightened Barnes.

But Mrs. Frewen said gently as she caressed her child, "Please go now, Michael."

And he obeyed her as he had obeyed her the day before. But with what different feelings! The day before he was just beginning to doubt his own distrust of her; to-day—his eyes were wet with pity for her, his heart full of remorse and shame for his long misunderstanding. Well—he was free now, and could go back to America. He went to the booking-office, and arranged to sail the next day but one.

He would go home where he belonged, and try to forget the storm and stress of the last few days. He was very tired, both mentally and physically. He would go to bed early to-night—he would——

But at dinner-time came a note from Mrs. Frewen. Would he come, please?

Of course he went. In any case he would have had to go to say good-by to her.

"Hush," she said, her finger on her lips as he went in. "She is asleep. It was a dreadful attack. She cried for two hours, and then talked and talked. Poor child, she knows she has behaved badly. She—has always lashed herself into furies like that, ever since she was old enough to speak. And—she makes herself out much worse than she is. She is—dreadfully fluent."

Barnes took her hands in his.

"Violet," he said, "I want to ask your pardon. I have misunderstood and misjudged you from the very beginning, and I am thoroughly ashamed of myself. You lied to me about yourself, but I was only too willing to believe you. I—will you forgive me?"

"Yes, Michael," she answered simply. "And you must forgive me. If I had not tried to marry Hersey to you, you would have been spared much suffering; but—I knew you were good, and kind, and wise; and she is my child."

"I have not been either good, or kind, or wise," he returned. "But—I will be in the future—I will try to be, I mean, if you will have me for a friend. Will you?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then said slowly, "Yes, Michael."

Then they sat down and he told her that he was going home.

"I thought you would. It is the best thing for you."

"The best thing for me? Yes, that is what you *would* think of."

He was lighting a cigarette, and paused to look up at her from the lighted match as she spoke.

"When does Hersey go?"

"To-morrow morning. Michael—she really does love him—God knows why, but she does."

"Yes, I believe that."

"If only you are not very unhappy," she went on.

"I? No, Violet. You see, what you said was right. If I loved her wholly and with all my strength, it would have been all right, or, as matters have turned out, all wrong. But—I didn't. If I had—well, it would all be very different now. It must have been her face that turned my silly head. God knows I *thought* I loved her, but——"

There was a long pause. "And when she has gone you will be all alone, Violet? Or Lady Gussie——"

"Lady Gussie goes to Italy on Monday."

"Oh! Well, they will be gone, and I shall be gone. Whom will you have?"

Her lip shook for a second. "I? Oh, I shall be all right."

Barnes rose. "I must go now," he said; "but I have changed my mind: I shall stay in England for another month."

"No, no, Michael," she said quickly. "You must n't—not on my account——"

"I think," he answered, "that it will be more on my own account. I am—rather lonely, Violet. I think I want—a friend. Shall we be friends, you and I?"

Half-shamefacedly he looked at her. Subconsciously he knew that he was asking for more than friendship, and, also subconsciously, he wondered if she knew it.

But she answered gravely, looking up at him:

"Yes, Michael, we will be friends."



## TRAMPS

BY ANNE McQUEEN

WHEN the feel o' summer's in your heart—the rain and the pleasant weather—

Friend, 't is the time to call up your dog, and go on the road together!

With a bit o' bread and cheese for both, and maybe a flute for playing—  
A pipe, too, if you like a smoke, and a glad, stout heart for straying.  
Nothing like it! But ahun all the ways where the feet of men grow weary,

And leave behind you the toil and heat of the cities old and dreary;  
Then go where the wood-folk love to hear your flute's soft notes a-dreaming,

When the silver sun-rays sloping fall on the golden grass a-gleaming;  
And ever the dappled shadows flit, a-glimmering and glancing,  
As if all the green leaves overhead were wood-elves blithely dancing;  
Just sauntering through the greenwood glades, and whistling soft and cheerly—

Oh, friend, there's naught like a tramping life, for tramps that love it dearly!

When the end is come, and I reach the bourne where all God's folk cross over,

I'll go to the Master of Life and say: "Dear Lord, I'm just a rover!  
Master, these pilgrim souls like mine, they were never made for homing—  
Even Heaven will never Heaven be, 'less we may go a-roaming!

Just let me pluck a reed to make sweet tunes for Heaven's playing,  
Then call up my little dog once more from where Thy dogs are straying,  
And, forever and alway, in the rain and the pleasant weather,  
With the joy that tramps and angels know, we'll go on the road together!

# THE BALANCE OF POWER

*By John Reed Scott*

Author of "The Colonel of the Red Hussars," "Beatrice of Clare," "The Woman in Question,"  
"In Her Own Right," etc.

JOE MATSON was not popular with his neighbors. He had had trouble with all of them every year for years. If Sam Peters's hogs found a defective panel of fence and foraged over in Matson's meadow, Matson promptly penned them up and demanded damages. If Silas Casey's turkeys strayed down the public road to Matson's barn and mingled with Matson's turkeys, they thereby were instantly amalgamated into Matson turkeys, and calmly claimed as such when Casey went for them. And as turkeys much resemble one another, it was hard to call his cool bluff, unless by chance they were of a special breed and easy to distinguish. In which event, Matson, instead of driving them back to Casey's, invariably drove them in the opposite direction. If Jim Paxton's cows made an excursion into Matson's corn, there was a hullabaloo that the community remembered for months. And if Dave Bason's horses at night jumped the fence into Matson's pasture, it was pretty certain that Bason would find them shut up in Matson's farthest field.

On the other hand, if Matson's hogs or turkeys or cows or horses strayed or broke into any of the neighbors' fields, he let them forage there in calm content, if he did not need them; or if he did need them, he would go and take them with the air of one who was retrieving stolen property.

All of which did not make for popularity, as has been said. But the neighbors, being neighborly—which is a duty, as well as a custom, in the country districts—bore his ugly conduct, both because they did not want to go to law about it, and because of his wife—particularly his wife. For, as is frequently the case with mean men, Matson had married an estimable woman, and their troubles with him, they knew, were as nothing when compared to hers; for she had lived with him fifteen years, and still lived with him; which, by common consent, qualified her for sainthood in the hereafter.

Lately—within the last year—she had come into a small inheritance by the death of her father, and with the money they had bought the farm of a hundred and twenty-five acres on which they had been living. Matson had assumed that the title would be put in his name, but the lawyer for the estate—who was also Mrs. Matson's lawyer—had the deed



made to her, and when Joe stormed and objected he was calmly told that Mrs. Matson's money purchased the farm and in Mrs. Matson would rest the title.

"And she has no power to deed it over to you," said the attorney. "It would n't be worth the paper it is written on. A wife can't grant her real estate to her husband." He might have added, "except by the intervention of a third party"; but he did not, for he knew something of Joe Matson's ways, being the family counsel.

Matson was mad all through—the hope of years was suddenly dashed from him. He had counted on old Mason's death, had plumed himself on acquiring the farm with the money *he* would get through his wife; and now he was little more than her tenant. Hitherto he had been an independent farmer; henceforth he was nothing—nothing but a drudge.

The ride home was not pleasant. Mrs. Matson's efforts at conversation were met with sullen silence and angry stares.

"It's just the same as though it was your'n," she protested.

"Except that it ain't!" he snarled, with a vicious cut at the mare's back, which made her plunge and jump in surprise and fear, and gave occasion for several more cuts.

"It's just the same as before," she argued, "except that we'll get everything off the place instead of half."

"We! We! Who's we?" he sneered.

"Why, me and you, Joe; who else?"

"Me and you!" he retorted. "I thought so—I come in at the tail end. I'm jest a hand on the place. You're the boss now."

"You'll get half of everything," she averred.

"I will, hey!—and you'll git the other half, I reckon. I'll be doin' all the work, and you'll be getting half. Nice thing, ain't it?"

"But you're doing it for half now; and the other half goes to Williams, the landlord."

"Yes!"

"And now the half will go to me for our use and the children's."

"Humph! Then I'm your tenant, am I?"

"No."

"Then what am I?"

"You're my husband."

"And as sich I must get my livin' from you. Nice thing, ain't it?" —with another crack of the whip. "Depending on a woman—humph!"

"But it's all in the family, ain't it? It will all go for our living, Joe. We'll have twice as much as we used to have."

"We'd 'a' had it just the same if I'd owned it—and not jest be the man about the place," he growled. "Working Williams's farm on shares is respectable, but it ain't respectable to work fur your wife."

"Ain't me and you one?" said Mrs. Matson.

"Don't seem so," snapped he. "Look at the deed. I'm not mentioned, am I?"

"I don't see what's to be done," she sighed. "Lawyer Brant says it's not allowed for me to deed to you."

"Lawyer Brant don't know everything. I wish I'd 'a' went to see somebody else."

"And Lawyer Brant said I must n't give it to you," she objected. "He said it was n't right for a woman to give everything she owns to her husband."

"Lawyer Brant's a fool!" Matson exclaimed. "It stands to reason, when a man works to make the money, he ought to own the property, not his wife."

"But I work," she argued.

"Work? You!"

She nodded. "All I'm able—from before you're up to after you've gone to bed."

He laughed sarcastically. "You do the milkin', and the housework, and the cookin', and 'tend to the chickens, and feed the pigs, and look after the garden, and sich small things—about an hour every day would do it all, if you did n't loaf." He turned into the barnyard, got out of the buggy, and let his wife crawl down as best she could. "And what's more, I'm not going to stand it!" he threatened. "I've about made up my mind to quit."

"Joe Matson, what do you mean?" was the amazed query.

"Jest what I says. I'm thinkin' of quittin'. It's your farm, so maybe you can git some one to farm it."

"Oh, Joe!" she replied sadly, and went slowly across the road to the house.

The eldest daughter met her on the back porch.

"Did you get the deed, Mamma?" she asked.

Mrs. Matson nodded. "But your pa is n't pleased."

"What's the matter now?" said Maud.

"He wanted the farm deeded to him, but Lawyer Brant said it had to be deeded to me, because my money paid for it."

"Lawyer Brant ought to know."

"That's what I told your pa; but he's awful mad about it."

"Let him be mad. He's always mad," said Maud.

Meanwhile Matson, having put up the horse, came into the house to change his clothes, kicked the cat out of the way, as a sample of what his temper was, and, having left his apparel scattered around for some of the womenfolk to pick up and put away, he went down along the public road and fell to work on a panel of fence.

Presently Dick Sowerby came driving along. He lived on a near-by place, but was not an actual adjoiner, and, as all the neighborhood knew

of the Matsons' visit to the county town and the object thereof, he promptly pulled up.

"Well, you got back, did you?" he inquired.

"We did," said Matson shortly.

"Got your deed, did you?"

"Maria got *her* deed."

"Then the farm's your'n now. It's a nice place. Going to make any improvements?"

"Don't know," was the answer. "You'll have to ask Maria. She owns it. I don't."

Sowerby smiled. He understood the situation. "That's so—it was her money what paid for it. What did you give for it, might I ask? Thirty-five hundred, was n't it?"

"I did n't give anything for it, I tell you. Maria done the buyin'. It's her place, not mine."

"Well, you're not finding fault on that account, are you?" Sowerby asked. "I'd be very glad if my wife inherited enough money to buy the place we live on."

Matson's only reply was a vicious smash at the post with the maul, and Sowerby drove on, leaving behind him this parting shot:

"I reckon you'll farm it on shares, Joe, jest as before."

Sowerby heard the angry fall of the maul until he had crossed the hill beyond the Run, and he softly chuckled to himself.

Bill Sykes came by a short time after. He was returning from town, where he had sold his wheat at a big price, and in consequence was feeling particularly amiable.

"Hello, Joe!" he called, pulling up. "I saw you in town, so I reckon you got your deed—did you?"

"Yes," said Matson curtly.

"Purty nice place you're got, Joe—and it makes a heap of difference when you own it yourself."

"Yes," Matson grunted.

"No landlord to consult about the crops. You can do as you please."

"Yes."

Sykes looked at him a moment. "Ain't you feeling good?" he asked.

"I'm not sufferin'."

"You ain't making much noise, if you are!" laughed Sykes. "Don't look as if you're happy over your purchase!"

"My purchase!"—leaning against the fence. "Was n't my purchase. I did n't buy the farm. The old woman bought it."

"What's the difference?"

"There's a heap of difference. How'd you like to be your old woman's tenant?"

"It would n't matter to me which of us had the deed for it, so long as it was in the family," Sykes replied. And he drove on, cogitating upon this phase of Matson's meanness.

Matson continued to work, and to nurse his trouble; and the trouble grew every minute, and the work decreased, until at last he stuck his hatchet into the post and sat down to brood. He was only the tenant for the family now—he would soon be simply the hired hand, without even wages. He'd have to knuckle to a woman—and that woman his wife! Have to consult her wishes as to what crops he should put out; lay aside her share of the wheat and corn and oats; haul it to market; feed only such cattle as she permitted. It would be Maria this, and Maria that, and Maria everything—with Maria having the final say. He would not tolerate such a condition. He had been in a sullen rage when he got home; now he had worked himself into a passion of determination to do something! Something!—to kill himself—to kill his wife—to leave the place and never return—to—— He could not decide what, but it was going to be something!

He was so much occupied with his thoughts, he did not see the machine coming quietly along the road, running down-grade, until it stopped in front of him, and the District Attorney inquired the shortest and best way to Squire Wilson's. Matson got up at once and politely gave him the information. The District Attorney was known the county over, and Matson was sufficiently wise not to vent his ill-temper upon him. Moreover, it had flashed upon him that here was his opportunity to ask his question. If the District Attorney said it could be done, that was an end to it—no one would dispute *him*.

"Mr. Sargeant," said he, "I'd like to ask you something. I'd like to know if my wife can make a deed to me which will stand the courts."

"Not directly to you," the District Attorney replied, "but she can through the medium of a third party." And when he saw the vague look on Matson's face: "I mean, you and she can make a deed to some one else, and then that person can make a deed to you alone."

"And it will be good?" inquired Matson eagerly.

"It will be valid. No one can successfully attack it, except your wife's creditors."

"Will you be home to-morrow?"

"I expect to be in the office all day."

"And will you act as this other fellow?"

"It is customary to have an unmarried man act as the intermediary, but I can arrange it, if you wish. However, you would better go to Mr. Brant. He is your counsel, is n't he?"

"Not any more he ain't!" said Matson. "We'll be in to-morrow, Mr. Sargeant."

The car rolled on, and Matson, in grim triumph, resumed his work.

Brant had lied. The deed *would* stand in court. It *could* be done. And it should be done—or he would know the reason why. Then the big bell rang for supper, he went in, washed his face and hands, took his seat at the kitchen table, and ate the ham, fried potatoes, and bread without a word. At the end, he poured the last of his coffee into the saucer, and, leaving it there to cool, looked across at his wife.

"We're goin' to town to-morrow," he announced.

"Why, Joe, we were just to town to-day," Mrs. Matson protested.

"That's jest why we're goin': to have fixed what we had fixed wrong to-day." He leaned forward over the table. "We're goin' to have the deed made to *me*—as it should have been."

"Did n't Lawyer Brant——"

"Lawyer Brant lied, and maybe you knowed it," he cut in. "I got other advice this afternoon."

"The District Attorney? I seen him go by."

"Maybe you seen me talkin' to him, too, did you? Well, he says as how it *can* be done; so we're goin' to have it done to-morrow morning. We'll start right after breakfast, so have your things ready. I'll take the deed now, so we don't forget it."

Mrs. Matson half arose to obey, from force of habit; then she sank back into her place and went on with her supper.

"Do you hear? Get me the deed!" he ordered.

She slowly shook her head, while her face got white and her hand trembled.

"I ain't goin' to town," she said.

"You ain't! You're doin' what I tell you. You're gettin' me the deed right now, and you're goin' to town in the morning. You hear me, Maria?"

"I hear you, Joe," she replied, "and I'll get you the deed, but I'm not going to town."

"You'll change your mind before morning, I'm a-thinkin'." He brought his fist down on the table with a bang, making the dishes leap and clatter, and the children flee to the protection of their mother—all except Maud.

She stood up and faced him. "Are n't you ashamed of yourself?" she cried.

Matson leaned over and struck her across the mouth.

"You're a coward!" said the girl.

He reached for her, but Maud was too quick for him. The door slammed in his face, and she was gone.

"Seems as how the girl is right!" his wife commented, as he swung around.

"She'll never come back here!" he shouted.

"I reckon she will—this is my house. I own this farm, you know."

He sprang forward. She gave the supper-table a quick push between them. He struck it full, stumbled; and it and the dishes and he went down in a heap together. Matson, it may be observed, was a nice man in this—he never swore. It was distinctly against his religion.

He slowly picked himself up from the mess and débris. His wife and the children had vanished. He stalked out in front of the house. The children were hurrying down the road toward Silas Casey's. Mrs. Matson was standing beside the front gate, watching them. She turned as he came up.

"Joe," she said, "I'm sorry I said what——"

"You'll be sorrier when I come back, if you don't do what I want," he interrupted, with a shake of his fist. "I'll give you two hours to think over it, and then, if you don't knuckle, I'll do something you won't forget very soon."

"Joe, you're wild!"

"I'm jest wild enough," said he, pausing in the gateway—"I'm jest wild enough to beat some sense into you if you hain't got none in two hours—do you understand?" And with another menacing gesture he went on.

Mrs. Matson watched him go across the road and through the meadow until he disappeared in the timber beyond. Then she sighed heavily and went back into the house, to the overturned table and the spoiled supper.

She wished she had never got a dollar from her father's estate—wished she had not bought the farm—wished the deed had been made to Joe, if it could be done—wished that Joe had the money instead of her—anything for peace. It had been anything for peace all their married life. She might as well give in—if the lawyer could find a way. Lawyer Brant had said she could not, and Lawyer Sargeant had said she could—she did not know; law was a queer thing to her; seemed as how the lawyers, who ought to know, always differed. Maybe it was their way.

She had cleaned up the mess, washed the dishes—only a few were broken by the fall—and reset the table. Then she discovered that the molasses jug was cracked, and she got a pitcher from the corner cupboard to take its place. She regretted the jug—it was one of her wedding presents. When she looked up, Steve Matson—Joe's brother—was coming up the walk. She had always liked Steve; he was so different from Joe; such a happy disposition; so easy-going; such a favorite with the neighbors—just what Joe was not, she reflected sadly.

"Hello, Maria!" said Steve, stretching his long length on the porch and lighting his pipe. "Did you get the deed?"

"Yes," said she.

"Where's Joe?"



"Down in the woods some place."

"Where 's the youngsters?"

"Down at Casey's."

"Joe be back soon?"

"I don't know."

He looked at her sharply. "What 's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Joe 's on one of his tantrums, is he?"

She nodded.

"Pretty bad?"

"The worst he 's ever had."

"You don't say! Is that why the youngsters put out?"

Another nod.

"Tell me about it," said he kindly. "Maybe I can do something to help you. Joe 's not a bad sort, but he 's infernal mean at times."

Mrs. Matson sat down on a rocker, rolled her arms in her ample gingham apron, and told him the story. She had not much hope of Steve's being able to help, but it was a comfort to have some one to sympathize with her; and she knew, from experience, she could depend on that.

He listened in silence; and she told him all, as best she could, from the scene at Lawyer Brant's to Joe's threat at the gate. At the end, he glanced off toward the distant woods a moment, before he replied.

"I think I can help you, Maria—leastwise I'm going to try," he remarked.

"What can you do, Steve?" she asked anxiously.

"Leave it to me, Maria. It's better you should n't know anything about it till it happens. Said he'd be back in two hours, did he? Well, you take Maud's room and leave your'n to me—and don't come in till I tell you. No difference what racket Joe makes. And, Maria, *you* keep the farm—do you hear? Don't matter what the lawyers say you can do, *don't do it*. Your money paid for the place—it's yours. You'll do what's right about the living; and if Joe gets ugly again—which I don't think—all you've got to do is to tell me. I'll straighten him out, you bet!" He leaned over and patted her hand in a brotherly way. "Now get the youngsters back from Casey's, and then go upstairs. I'll wait for Joe."

"You're awful kind, Steve," said Mrs. Matson, "but Joe's powerful mad, and there is no telling what he'll do, even if you are his own brother."

"Don't you worry about me, Maria!" Steve smiled. "I reckon I can take care of myself. I'm pretty near big enough!"

"I don't want you to get into any trouble on my account," she protested.

But he only laughed and pushed her quietly off to Casey's. When she came back with the children, he saw them safely indoors; then he went down to the barn a moment. On his return he ascended to the front bed-room—which Matson and his wife occupied—and, drawing a chair to the window, seated himself far enough back to enable him to see out without being seen.

Night had fallen, but the moon was near its full, and the country around was distinctly visible. A party of merry-makers passed on their way to a festival; several automobiles chugged by, a dozen or so buggies, with now and then a pedestrian. Presently it settled down to the country quiet.

At length, two hours and more after Steve had begun his vigil, he saw a figure crossing the field from the woods. It was Matson. He climbed the bars at the barn and disappeared in the shed. When he came out, he had a buggy whip in his hand.

"H'm—I thought as much," muttered Steve, and proceeded to crawl into bed and to pull up the covers so that only a bit of his head was visible on the pillow.

He was scarcely fixed when Joe's heavy step sounded on the stair, and he entered the room. Steve lay quiet.

"Now, Mrs. Matson," said Joe, "I've brought a rawhide with me, and I'm going to give you a beatin'—unless you've changed your mind about the farm. Have you?"

The form under the cover moved, but there was no reply.

"Answer me!" he cried angrily. "You won't? Well"—bringing the whip down on the prostrate figure with a vicious swish—"maybe this will open your mouth."

It did. It opened the covers also, and Steve sprang out and grasped him by the collar.

"Steve!" gasped Matson. "I did n't know——"

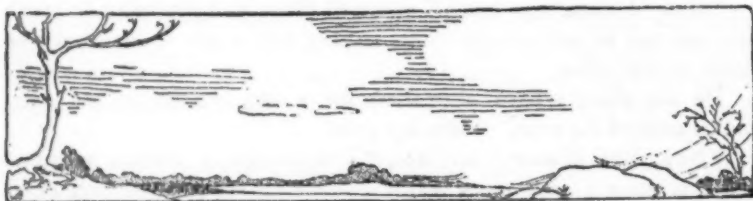
"I reckon not," said Steve quietly, as he stooped and drew a short wagon-whip—the sort teamsters use—from under the bed, where he had concealed it. "Now we're going to have a little beating on our own account, with you for the beatee, as the lawyers say. See!" and he wrapped the whip around Joe's shoulder and up his back. "How do you like it, hey? Or this?"—cutting him around the legs, while Joe yelled. "Or this?"—cutting him across the body. "It was bad enough to bully and browbeat a woman"—crack!—"and you've been doing it for years"—crack!—"but now"—crack!—"it seems"—crack!—"you're going"—crack!—"to take"—crack!—"up the beating"—crack!—"also"—crack!—"are you?"—crack!

The collar gave way under the strain, but Steve shifted his grip to Joe's elbow, and, holding him at arm's length, like a child, he belabored him until he shrieked and prayed for mercy.

"I reckon that will be enough," said Steve at last, releasing his brother and stepping back. "But if I ever hear of your getting ugly again with your wife, or if you dare to raise your hand agin' her, I'll give you such a hiding you'll eat your victuals off a mantel-piece for a month. You let your wife's property alone. It's hers, and she's a right to it. She's a good, sensible woman, and only asks to be treated decent. Do it, do you hear?—or by darn!"—a significant motion ended the sentence.

"I'll do it!" sniffled Joe sullenly. "I'll do it, Steve—if you don't tell!"

And he did. The dread of ridicule, if the story of the whipping got out, and the fear of big Steve's good right arm, were effective. Thereafter there was peace in the household. And, strange to say, Joe Matson mellowed—very gradually—into a better neighbor.



## TRANSFIGURED

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

I SAW a little twisted tree,  
 With limbs deformed and queer;  
 I wondered why the Gardener  
 Had saved it through the year.  
 But in the spring at last I knew:  
 Transfigured and unguessed,  
 Within a veil of magic hue,  
 It was of all most blest.

I saw a little crooked lad,  
 His face was pale and wan;  
 The helpless body made me sad—  
 He could not play nor run.  
 I wondered, and my eyes were dim,  
 Why God had kept this child;  
 Until, as I looked down at him,  
 He raised glad eyes,—and smiled!

# THE FLAME-BORN POET

*By La Salle Corbell Pickett*

A WRITER on Southern poets heads his article on one of the most gifted of our children of song, "Henry Timrod, the Unfortunate Singer."

At first glance the title may seem appropriate. Viewed by the standard set up by the world, there was little of the wine of success in Timrod's cup of life. Bitter drafts of the waters of Marah were served to him in the iron goblet of Fate. But he lived. Of how many of the so-called favorites of Fortune could that be said? Through the mists of his twilight life, he caught glimpses of a sun-radiant morning of wondrous glory.

Thirty years after Timrod's death a Northern critic, writing of the new birth of interest in Timrod's work, said: "Time is the ideal editor." Surely, Editor Time's blue pencil has dealt kindly with our flame-born poet.

In Charleston, December 8, 1829, the "little blue-eyed boy" of his father's verse first opened his eyes upon a world that would give him all its beauty and much of its sadness, verifying the paternal prophecy:

And thy full share of misery  
Must fall in life on thee!

In early childhood he was destined to lose the loving father to whom his "shouts of joy" were the sweetest strain in life's harmony.

Henry Timrod and Paul Hayne, within a month of the same age, were seat-mates in school. Writing of him many years later, Hayne tells of the time that Timrod made the thrilling discovery that he was a poet; that being, perhaps, the most exciting epoch in any life. Coming into school one morning, he showed Paul his first attempt at verse-writing, which Hayne describes as "a ballad of stirring adventures and sanguinary catastrophe," which he thought wonderful, the youthful author, of course, sharing that conviction. Convictions are easy at thirteen, even when one has not the glamour of the sea and the romance of old Charleston to prepare the soul for their riveting.

Unfortunately, the teacher of that school thus honored by the presence of two budding poets had not a mind attuned to poesy. Seeing the boys communing together in violation of the rules made and provided for school discipline, he promptly and sharply recalled them to the

subjects wisely laid down in the curriculum. Notwithstanding this early discouragement, the youthful poet, abetted by his faithful fellow song-bird, persevered in his erratic way, and Charleston had the honor of being the home of one who has been regarded as the most brilliant of Southern poets.

When Henry Timrod finished his course of study in the chilling atmosphere in which his poetic ambition first essayed to put forth its tender leaflets, he entered Franklin College, in Athens, the nucleus of what is now the University of Georgia. A few years ago a visitor saw his name in pencil on a wall of the old college. The "Toombs oak" still stood on the college grounds, and it may be that its whispering leaves brought to the youthful poet messages of patriotism which they had garnered from the lips of the embryonic Georgia politician. Timrod spent only a year in the college, quitting his studies partly because his health failed, and partly because the family purse was not equal to his scholastic ambition.

Returning to Charleston at a time when that city cherished the ambition to become to the South what Boston was to the North, he helped form the coterie of writers who followed the leadership of that burly and sometimes burry old Mentor, William Gilmore Simms. The young poet seems not to have been among the docile members of the flock, for when Timrod's first volume of poems was published Hayne wrote to Simms, requesting him to write a notice of Timrod's work, not that he (Timrod) deserved it of Simms, but that he (Hayne) asked it of him. It may be that Timrod's recognition of the fact that he could write poetry and that Simms could only try to write it led to a degree of youthful assumption which clashed with the dignity of the older man. However, the Nestor of Southern literature seems not to have cherished animosity, for he not only noticed Timrod favorably, but in after years, when the poet's misfortunes pressed most heavily upon him, made every possible exertion to give him practical and much needed assistance.

Upon his return from college, Timrod, with some dim fancies concerning a forensic career circling around the remote edges of his imagination, entered the office of his friend, Judge Petigru. The "irrepressible conflict" between Law and Poesy that has been waged through the generations broke forth anew, and Timrod made the opposite choice from that reached by Blackstone. Judging from the character of the rhythmic composition in which the great expounder of English law took leave of the Lyric Muse, his decision was a judicious one. Doubtless that of our poet was equally discreet. When the Club used to gather in Russell's book-shop on King Street, Judge Petigru and his recalcitrant protégé had many pleasant meetings, unmarred by differences as to the relative importance of the Rule in Shelley's Case and the flight of Shelley's Lark.

Henry Timrod was thrust into the literary life of Charleston at a time

when that life was most full of impelling force. It was a Charleston filled with memories quite remote from the poetry and imaginative literature which represented life to the youthful writers. It was a Charleston with an imposing background of history and oratory, forensic and legislative, against which the poetry and imagination of the new-comers glittered capriciously, like the glimmering of fireflies against the background of night, with swift, uncertain vividness that suggested the early extinguishing of those quivering lamps. But the heart of Charleston was kindled with a new ambition, and the new men brought promise of its fulfilment.

Others have given us a view of the literary life of Charleston, of her social position, of her place in the long procession of history. To Timrod it was left to give us martial Charleston, "girt without and garrisoned at home," looking "from roof and spire and dome across her tranquil bay." With him, we see her while

Calm as that second summer which precedes  
The first fall of the snow,  
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds  
The City bides the foe.

Through his eyes we look seaward to where

Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,  
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

We behold the Queen City of the Sea standing majestically on the sands, the storm-clouds lowering darkly over her, the distant thunders of war threatening her, and the pale lightnings of the coming tempest flashing nearer,

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,  
Unseen, beside the flood—  
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched  
That wait and watch for blood.

We see her in those dark days before the plunge into the darkness has been taken, as

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,  
Walk grave and thoughtful men,  
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade  
As lightly as the pen.

Thus he gives us the picture of the beautiful city of his love as

All untroubled in her faith, she waits  
The triumph or the tomb.

Hayne said that of all who shared the little suppers at the hospitable home of Simms in Charleston none perhaps enjoyed them as vividly as



Timrod. He chooses the word that well applies to Timrod's life in all its variations. He was vivid in all that he did. Being little of a talker, he was always a vivid listener, and when he spoke his words leaped forth like a flame.

Russell's bookshop, where the Club used to spend their afternoons in pleasant conversation and discourse of future work, was a place of keen interest to Timrod, and when their discussions resulted in the establishment of *Russell's Magazine* he was one of the most enthusiastic contributors to the ambitious publication.

While Charleston was not the place of what would be called Timrod's most successful life, it was the scene in which he reached his highest exemplification of Browning's definition of poetry: "A presentment of the correspondence of the universe to the Deity, of the natural to the spiritual, and of the actual to the ideal."

In the environments of Charleston he roamed with his Nature-worshipping mother, who taught him the beauties of clouds and trees and streams and flowers, the glory of the changeful pageantry of the sky, the exquisite grace of the bird atilt on a swaying branch. Through the glowing picture which Nature unfolded before him he looked into the heart of the truth symbolized there and gave us messages from woods and sky and sea. While it may be said that a poet can make his own environment, yet he is fortunate who finds his place where nature has done so much to fit the outward scene to the inward longing.

In Charleston he met "Katie, the Fair Saxon," brown-eyed and with

Entangled in her golden hair  
Some English sunshine, warmth and air.

He straightway entered into the kingdom of Love, and that sunshine made a radiance over the few years he had left to give to love and art.

In the city of his home he answered his own "Cry to Arms" when the "festal guns" roared out their challenge. Had his physique been as strong as his patriotism, his sword might have rivaled his pen in reflecting honor upon his beautiful city. Even then the seeds of consumption had developed, and he was discharged from field service. Still wishing to remain in the service of his country, he tried the work of war correspondent, reaching the front just after the battle of Shiloh. Overcome by the horrors of the retreat, he returned to Charleston, and was soon after appointed assistant editor of the *Daily South Carolinian*, published in Columbia. He removed to the capital, where his prospects became bright enough to permit his marriage to Kate Goodwin, the English girl to whom his Muse pays such glowing tribute.

In May, 1864, Simms was in Columbia, and on his return to "Woodlands" wrote to Hayne that Timrod was in better health and spirits than for years, saying: "He has only to prepare a couple of dwarf essays,

making a single column, and the pleasant public is satisfied. These he does so well that they have reason to be so. Briefly, our friend is in a fair way to fatten and be happy."

This prosperity came to an end when the capital city fell a victim to the fires of war, and Timrod returned to the city of his birth, where for a time the publication of the *South Carolinian* was continued, he writing editorials nominally for fifteen dollars a month, practically for exercise in facile expression, as the small stipend promised was never paid. With the paper, he soon returned to Columbia, where after a time he secured work in the office of Governor Orr, writing to Hayne that twice he copied papers from ten o'clock one morning till sunrise of the next.

With the close of the session, his work ended, and in the spring he visited Paul Hayne at Copse Hill. Hayne says: "He found me with my family established in a crazy wooden shanty, dignified as a cottage, near the track of the main Georgia railroad, about sixteen miles from Augusta." To Timrod, that "crazy wooden shanty," set in immemorial pines and made radiant by the presence of his poet friend, was finer than a palace. On that "windy, frowzy, barren hill," as Maurice Thompson called it, the two old friends spent together the spring days of '67—such days as lingered in golden beauty in the memory of one of them and have come down to us in immortal verse.

Again in August of that year he visited Copse Hill, hoping to find health among the pines. Of these last days Paul Hayne wrote years later:

In the latter summer-tide of this same year I again persuaded him to visit me. Ah! how sacred now, how sad and sweet, are the memories of that rich, clear, prodigal August of '67!

We would rest on the hillsides, in the swaying golden shadows, watching together the Titanic masses of snow-white clouds which floated slowly and vaguely through the sky, suggesting by their form, whiteness, and serene motion, despite the season, flotillas of icebergs upon Arctic seas. Like lazzaroni we basked in the quiet noons, sunk into the depths of reverie, or perhaps of yet more "charmed sleep." Or we smoked, conversing lazily between the puffs,

"Next to some pine whose antique roots just peeped  
From out the crumbling bases of the sand."

But the evenings, with their gorgeous sunsets, "rolling down like a chorus" and the "gray-eyed melancholy gloaming," were the favorite hours of the day with him.

One of those pines was especially his own, by his love and his choice of its shade as a resting place. Of it Paul Hayne wrote when his friend had passed from its shadows for the last time:

## The Flame-Born Poet

The same majestic pine is lifted high  
 Against the twilight sky,  
 The same low, melancholy music grieves  
 Amid the topmost leaves,  
 As when I watched and mused and dreamed with him  
 Beneath those shadows dim.

Such dreams we can dimly imagine sometimes when we stand beneath a glorious pine and try to translate its whisperings into words, and watch "the last rays of sunset shimmering down, flashed like a royal crown." Sometimes we catch glimpses of such radiant visions when we stand in the pine shadows and think, as Hayne did so often after that beautiful August, "Of one who comes no more." Under that stately tree he

Seemed to drink the sunset like strong wine  
 Or, hushed in trance divine,  
 Hailed the first shy and timorous glance from far  
 Of evening's virgin star.

In all his years after, Paul Hayne held in his heart the picture of his friend with head against that "mighty trunk" when

The unquiet passion died from out his eyes,  
 As lightning from stilled skies.

So through that glowing August on Copse Hill the two Southern poets walked and talked and built their shrine to the shining Olympic goddess to whom their lives were dedicated.

When summer had wrapped about her the purple and crimson glories of her brilliant life and drifted into the tomb of past things, Timrod left the friend of his heart alone with the "soft wind-angels" and memories of "that quiet eve"

When, deeply, thrillingly,  
 He spake of lofty hopes which vanquish Death;  
 And on his mortal breath  
 A language of immortal meanings hung  
 That fired his heart and tongue.

Impelled by circumstances to leave the pines before their inspiring breath had given him of their life, he had little strength to renew the battle for existence, and of the sacrifice of his possessions to which he had been forced to resort he writes to Hayne: "We have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge bedstead."

We should like to think of life as flowing on serenely in that pretty cottage on Henderson Street, Columbia, its wide front veranda crowned with a combed roof supported by a row of white columns. In its cool

dimness we may in fancy see the nature-loving poet at eventide looking into the greenery of a friendly tree stretching great arms lovingly to the shadowy porch. A taller tree stands sentinel at the gate, as if to guard the poet-soul from the world and close it around with the beauty that it loved.

But life did not bring him any more of joy or success than he had achieved in the long years of toil and sorrow and disappointment, brightened by the flame of his own genius throwing upon the dark wall of existence the pictures that imagination drew with magic hand upon his sympathetic, ever responsive mind. On the 6th of October, after that month of iridescent beauty on Copse Hill, came the day of which he had written long before:

As it purples in the zenith,  
As it brightens on the lawn,  
There's a hush of death about me,  
And a whisper, "He is gone!"

On Copse Hill, "Under the Pine," his lifelong friend stood and sorrowfully questioned:

O Tree! have not his poet-touch, his dreams  
So full of heavenly gleams,  
Wrought through the folded dulness of thy bark,  
And all thy nature dark  
Stirred to slow throbbings, and the fluttering fire  
Of faint, unknown desire?

Near the end of his last visit he had told Paul Hayne that he did not wish to live to be old—"an octogenarian, far less a centenarian, like old Parr." He hoped that he might stay until he was fifty or fifty-five; "one hates the idea of a mummy, intellectual or physical." If those coveted years had been added to his thirty-eight beautiful ones, a brighter radiance might have crowned our literature. Or, would the vision have faded away with youth?

On the seventh of October, 1867, Henry Timrod was laid to rest in Trinity Churchyard, Columbia, beside his little Willie, "the Christmas gift of God" that brought such divine light to the home only to leave it in darkness when the gift was recalled before another Christmas morn had gladdened the world. The poet's grave is marked by a shaft erected by loving hands, but a memorial more fitting to one who so loved the beautiful is found in the waving grasses and the fragrant flowers that Nature spreads for her lover, and the winds of heaven that breathe soft dirges over his lowly mound.

In Washington Square, Charleston, stands a monument erected in 1901 by the Timrod Memorial Association of South Carolina to the memory of the most vivid poet the South has given to the world. On the west panel is an inscription which expresses to us the mainspring of his character:

## The Piper Pipes

Through clouds and through sunshine, in peace and in war, amid the stress of poverty and the storms of civil strife, his soul never faltered and his purpose never failed. To his poetic mission he was faithful to the end. In life and in death he was "not disobedient unto the Heavenly vision."

On the panel facing the War Monument are three stanzas from his own wonderful Ode, sung at the decoration of Confederate graves in Magnolia Cemetery in 1867—such a little time before his passing that it seems to have mournful, though unconscious, allusion to his own early fall in the heat of earth's battle:

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves;  
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,  
Though yet no marble column craves  
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth  
The blossoms of your fame is blown,  
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,  
The shaft is in the stone.

. . . . .

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!  
There is no holier spot of ground  
Than where defeated valor lies,  
By mourning beauty crowned!

The shaft which the prophetic eye of Timrod saw "in the stone" was in time revealed, and years later that other shaft awaiting the hour for doing homage to the poet found the light. To-day the patriot soldiers asleep in Magnolia, and their poet alike, have stately testimonials of the loving memory of their people.



## THE PIPER PIPES

It takes extraordinary invention these days to sin surprisingly.

To know worth-while people, one must first qualify.

THERE is no debt so hard to meet as a prenatal one.

MARRIAGE often begins with a march, but oftener ends with a two-step.

THE friendship that will survive several unpaid loans is of sterling silver.

O'ERFEARSOME mothers have made lying a commonplace habit.

*Minna Thomas Antrim*

# THE APPLE OF PARIS

*By Annie Steger Winston*

IT was not, any more than its classic predecessor, just an ordinary, every-day apple. It had eyes, nose, and mouth carved upon it; and so, from a mere lunch apple, the fellow of which was in nearly every lunch-box in Miss Isabel's Primary School for Boys and Girls (even Dirtrude Smith often brought an apple!), it was lifted into the high region of Art.

With a masterly carelessness, the little boy in the middle seat in the middle row was always turning out precious things. Sometimes it was a red house with a chimney furiously emitting purple smoke, and a vivid green yard enclosed by a yellow fence, executed in chalks on a sheet of his arithmetic pad. Sometimes it was a plastic effort in putty—marbles, or grapes, or cherries, or a favorite device which might be either a coiled snake or a basket, as one chose by the final touch to determine. Sometimes it was—but why particularize? Always it was something that everybody desired, and which that very fact made beyond measure desirable. Only Dirtrude Smith always made faces, and said *she* did n't want it!

Dirtrude Smith was always "mad" about everything, and making faces and putting out her tongue; only, it was too "tied" to go out very far. It made her "mad as fire" even to call her Dirtrude, if one was not a primer child and had to. (She played with the primer children, if she played with anybody.) And so, of course, it was an awful lot of fun. It was like poking at a fiddler-crab to make it spit at you. Dirtrude was a chunky little, round-shouldered girl, both furtive and defiant, somehow not unsuggestive of a fiddler-crab. (Dirtrude never had seen a fiddler-crab, though she said she had seen a thousand million of them.) She even fought people sometimes; whereas all the other little girls had been brought up in a ladylike way.

It was all through a mistake that she ever got into Miss Isabel's school, which was strictly limited to "desirable" children. But there she was, and Miss Isabel tried to make the best of her. Only, it did really seem that there was no *best* to make. She might not particularly deserve the first syllable of the nickname which was held in the school to be so amazingly witty; her mother, in fact, who worked in an office,



always sent her to school very clean, in little mended dresses that had been washed over and over, and with bows of washed ribbon on her head as big as anybody's (only, the other children did not wear washed ribbon). Whatever of grime she exhibited came of a custom she had of marking up her face with lead pencil, as one more defiance to well-ordered public opinion, and perhaps an instinctive primitive expression, as well, of a state of general warfare. She was not, I say, especially dirty; but most decidedly she was rude. Why, the very day that the Apple of Paris, otherwise Mortimer Wright's embellished winesap, brought into the school a subtle element of confusion, she raised her hand at the conclusion of the morning song, in which Sarah Saunders, as usual, had borne a leading part (Sarah, it was whispered, was going to get a medal. She knew all the Presidents—and everything. She was a serious-minded little girl with very straight, drab hair, and a determination to excel, even in vocal accomplishment, for which, apparently, nature had not designed her. With Rosalie Morris and Elizabeth Gardner, she stood in the very forefront of the feminine half of the school)—Dirtrude Smith, I say, when the children finished celebrating fervently the Land where their father died—unanimously they rejected the absurdity of the plural—raised her hand for leave to speak. Her eyes, when they were not "squinched up," were blue and babyish, and her face could take on, at times, a fleetingly cherubic look. Through Miss Isabel's mind there flitted the thought that there was nothing, after all, like music for making things pleasant.

"What is it, Gertrude?" she asked kindly.

Dirtrude strenuously sought for distinctness of speech.

"Don't Tharah Thaunderth," she said, "thing like a wildcat?"

Miss Isabel's school was held in a sunny upstairs room in Miss Isabel's home; and there was a big green yard in front for the boys to play baseball in, and a flower-garden behind where the girls could play Mother and Children and Keep House, being very particular not to "hurt anything." Dirtrude Smith sometimes went around and kicked the roses to pieces, but nobody was to blame for that but Dirtrude. Why, the other little girls would n't even play with her—so far were they from any responsibility in the matter. But virtuously they made horrified report to Miss Isabel till Miss Isabel told them Never mind. Miss Isabel never was as grateful as she might have been for information like that, though she was very nice about other things. Really, it did seem to the little girls that to kick roses to pieces deserved a demerit—and condemnation in Miss Isabel's school could not further go. Only at long, long intervals did there fall upon some exceptional culprit the stupendous disgrace of a demerit, and make of him—it was never *her*, because a little girl brought up in a ladylike way could never do anything to deserve one—a person apart, one destined to a sort of immor-

talities of shame. For, I repeat, Miss Isabel reserved the capital punishment—so to speak—of a demerit for something “just awful”—which did not often occur in the Primary School for Girls and Boys.

On the whole, it was a very cheerful place—that sunny upstairs room, with its three rows of small double desks, its windows looking out upon the green yard in front and the flower-garden behind, and its walls full of pictures and “curiosities”—gray moss, a snake-skin, a starfish, a hornet’s nest, and what not. Also, there was a bowl of goldfish which would be in the window on the girls’ side one week and in the window on the boys’ side another week, and sometimes on Miss Isabel’s desk, for the especial benefit of the middle row.

It was rather a concession for a “big boy” to sit in the middle row, where society was liable to be mixed through feminine intrusion, and where, in fact, at this very time, a meek little primer girl, who has nothing to do with this story, clung to the ungracious protection of a brother keenly alive to the reproach of “sitting with girls.” Only an obliging spirit and a calm consciousness of unimpeachable position could have induced Mortimer Wright to accept assignment there, with his friend Reddy Bailey—who could hardly plead derogation of dignity if Mortimer Wright did not. One thing only Reddy Bailey stipulated—with unblushing selfishness: he would not sit on the side next to Dirt-rude Smith. As if anybody wanted to sit on the side next to Dirtrude Smith!

Mortimer Wright could say “The Village Blacksmith” very fast from beginning to end and nearly do long division—to say nothing of making things that dazzled his less accomplished peers and robbed the school of rest. His collection of cigarette pictures of baseball players was beyond comparison finest, and he was captain of the school nine—known in junior baseball circles as the Miss Isabels. Why, once the Miss Isabels had a match with the Westminsters and came near beating them all to pieces! And some of the Westminsters were more’n eleven years old! He never ran crying to Miss Isabel when he got hurt! Though it is true that when Miss Isabel read aloud at writing-time, touches of pathos which she herself had not even noticed not seldom drove him to furtive applications of the sleeve of his gray sweater to his bright brown eyes—which were set in a lean and freckled little face, flanked by ears which did not lie as close as they might to his small close-cropped head. (Not for anything would he have taken out his handkerchief like a girl!) And, after all, his copy-book, which might else have competed with that of Sarah Saunders for the prize, was sufficiently blotted to suggest the scroll of some particularly soft-hearted recording angel.

There was in the young soul of Mortimer Wright the sensitiveness of the artist, as well as the creative instinct; a sensitiveness, above all,

upon the subject of "sticking-out ears." Actually his mother thought that his manifest neglect to consult his mirror was due to carelessness of his personal appearance, whereas the case was just the opposite. When he looked in the glass he saw his ears, and the obvious thing to do was not to look in the glass. So little, sometimes, may our nearest and dearest perceive where the shoe of our life pinches.

Malignity may be clearer-sighted than love. Or why should Dirtrude Smith that morning before school, when he stood pleasantly surrounded by the imploring Fair, have suddenly descended upon him, and tweaked his ear so viciously that he had to wink hard to keep back unmanly tears? She knew *she* had no chance to get the apple; so she might as well pay him back in advance for its non-bestowal!

Rosalie Morris was back at school that day, after having had her tonsils cut out. Rosalie was always having interesting things like that done to her. Obliging, she let all the children—but Dirtrude Smith—look down her throat. Rosalie might not be so pretty as Elizabeth Gardner—who had so many little tight, honey-colored curls shaking about on her head that nobody could count them, and dancing hazel eyes, and dimples; nor did her scholarship command such profound respect as that of Sarah Saunders; but she was nice, if she *did* have skinny legs and miss her spelling; and there was about her the glamour of thrilling experience. It would seem only natural to give Rosalie the apple; yet not less natural, perhaps, to give it to Sarah or to Elizabeth.

With a fine deliberation, Mortimer Wright was divesting himself of his little shaggy gray overcoat, and reserving decision, when Dirtrude made the unprovoked attack already mentioned. And he could n't even hit her, because she was a girl!

His face was still red and indignant when Miss Isabel "called in school"; but he preferred no charges—not alone from chivalry. Some subjects are too painful for discussion. But certainly Dirtrude Smith was the awfulest girl that ever was born! When a person was n't even *thinking* about her, to do a thing like that!

He said a perfectly splendid "motto" that morning, with bigger words in it than any of the other children had in theirs. It was "Trifles make perforation, and perforation is no trifle." And the triumph so achieved sufficiently soothed his injured spirit for him to turn again to the problem, should the apple go to Rosalie, or Elizabeth, or Sarah? They were just girls, of course; but in the patronizing way befitting the primary male, he liked them; liked them all. Which did he like best? That was the question. Never before had it been brought so directly to the touch.

It was perhaps some feeling of that fact which made Elizabeth's sparkling eyes and honey-colored curls dance together more than ever; and Rosalie's tonsils to come so often affectingly into the limelight

through divers pleas to be excused from work on their account; and Sarah's heroic determination to excel in everything so exhibit itself in the opening song as to draw forth from Dirtrude the already quoted comparison—the exactitude of which tended to show that Dirtrude really had been to the circus.

It was a hopelessly rainy November day—which meant that the children could not play out at recess; and Miss Isabel had a headache. Rare indeed was so unfortunate a combination of circumstances. She could not help sighing just a little.

“Gertrude,” she said, “why can't you be pleasant?”

The bow of washed pink ribbon on Dirtrude's head bobbed pertly. The mechanical difficulties of speech might corrugate her young brow, and bring the tip of her small red tongue into a sinister prominence which gave her something of the aspect of an infant gargoyle, even when she was not sticking it out “on purpose,” but in promptitude of response she was never lacking.

“Becauteh,” she said, “I ain't a pleasant thild!”

And seemingly for the rest of the day she set herself to demonstrate that unchallenged proposition, lest there might be lingering doubt in the mind of any. Before recess she had become involved in contests of ownership preposterous in number and variety; had reduced to a strikingly apposite condition the mammoth “mushruin” proudly brought in as a curiosity by little Benny Grey; had tripped with her foot all who had to pass her desk on the way to say their lessons; had spilt ink upon Sarah Saunders's immaculate copy-book; had pulled Elizabeth Gardner's hair; had made faces at Rosalie Morris wholly incompatible with the dignity of having had one's tonsils cut out; and, upon the whole, had surpassed herself, difficult as that feat unquestionably was.

On rainy days, I repeat, the children did not go outdoors at recess, but had “splendid times” in the school-room; involving the overturning of a large proportion of the furniture; interchanges of primitive pleasantries leading to the disgusted discovery that one or another hitherto esteemed fellow-student “couldn't take any play”; and a liberal sprinkling of casualties.

Sometimes Miss Isabel stayed in and played games or read stories. But to-day she simply could not—come what would.

And what came was serious enough.

It was Dirtrude again, of course. Besides the enormity of saying that Rosalie Morris's mother was a jackass, and Elizabeth Gardner's mother was a jackass, and Sarah Saunders's mother was a jackass—beyond which it would seem there could be no further depths of turpitude—she had said a perfectly *awful* word, only to be whispered, between scooped palms, into Miss Isabel's ear, by as many reliable witnesses as could possibly obtain the privilege of rehearsing it.

And so the thunderbolt fell: Dirtrude Smith got a demerit.

For the rest of the day it was a school awed and chastened; a school in which the lightest minded and most unstudious felt the imperative necessity of arraying themselves unmistakably and emphatically upon the side of Goodness.

All worked like galley-slaves, with faces eloquently expressive of the higher virtues. Only Dirtrude Smith sat apart at her desk and did nothing but take bizarre upside-down positions like a cockatoo in its cage, and suck her lead pencil till her tongue when she stuck it out at people was all black.

Dirtrude had a desk to herself, because nobody would sit with her. But there was, in fact, hardly room for anybody else, she sprawled about so when she got sulky. To-day her attitudes seemed to defy the law of gravitation itself. If anybody looked at her—and somehow, despite the frenzy of industry that prevailed just then, every eye had a curious tendency to stray in that direction—she made worse faces than ever, and stuck out her tongue further than anybody would have thought it could go. And she kicked her feet just anywhere—so that she knocked the gold-fish bowl out of the window and broke it; and the poor darling little fish, flopping about the floor, themselves seemed gasping and shuddering with the horror of it all.

And what do you suppose Dirtrude Smith said?

Dirtrude said, "*I don't care!*" just like that. But what, indeed, was anything, beside the Demerit?

The apple smiled its broad smile forgotten among Mortimer Wright's things, till, all at once, his eye fell upon it. He took it up, and, leaning across the aisle, slipped it upon Dirtrude Smith's desk.



## SPRING FOG

BY WANDA PETRUNKEVICHT

I STOOD upon a hill, and it was spring;  
The vale lay hid beneath a snow-white pall  
As though beyond recall,  
Yet here, a robin singing; and there, his mate, a-wing!  
And then through many a sudden rift  
I saw rose-radiant islands drift  
On ebbing seas,  
A new world fashioned swift,  
Sunshine, bright grass, and blossoming cherry-trees.

# THE WRAITH AND THE STATUE

*By Alfred H. Bill*

"Flit, mocking with fantastic hands  
The frigid pose that fame demands."

—Old Play

"AND when from yonder vine-clad porch the eyes of the warrior  
grandsire——"

The speaker could not see the eyes of the Mayor fixed upon him in horrified warning—campaigns had been wrecked on blunders less serious. Nevertheless, he hesitated, warned by that extra sense which tells an orator when he has struck a jarring note.

"The eyes of the warrior grandsire," he repeated, "range forth across the flowery lawns to this, the statue of his hero grandson——"

The Mayor wiped from his forehead the sweat of the June afternoon and the packed platform, and stared unhappily at the odoriferous polish of his boots. If the Honorable Peter Washburn could not remember that old General Ashby had been stone blind for the last ten years, it was too late to help it now. The Mayor's experienced glance flickered over the audience packed on the slopes of the little natural amphitheatre, their stolid upturned faces, massed in blotches of glistening pink, seen through a restless haze of palm-leaf fans. Near the front a citizen of the town drew surreptitiously on a cheap cigar, the blue smoke curling about the curved fingers that feigned to stroke the beaded lip; a farmer's wife lifted eyes of bovine gravity to the speaker's face while her tongue extracted the kernel from the peanut shell that bulged her cheek. Perhaps not many people had noticed the orator's slip. A newspaper man caught the Mayor's eye and winked solemnly. The Mayor's glance fled from him and ranged along the front of the platform to the lean, upright figure of General Ashby. The white, sweating pitcher of ice-water on the pine table at the speaker's side hid from him the General's niece, Miss Truxton; but between the yellow legs of the table he glimpsed a slender pump of dull leather that beat a noiseless tattoo upon the flooring. There



the speaker's blunder had gone home; there, and to the newspaper man. To how many others? the nervous magistrate asked himself. A gesture from below caught his attention. He looked down guardedly, remembering the reporter's wink. The leader of the band, his face glowing with heat and embarrassment beneath his gigantic bearskin, fidgeted suggestively with his truncheon and rolled from him to the speaker eyes so imploring that the Mayor's attention snapped back upon the sense of the rolling oratory.

"And so Wilton Ashby," the Member of Congress was shouting, "after a life which, for one so young, was not destitute of civic virtue——"

Good Heavens! Did n't the Honorable Peter Washburn know anything about his constituents? Could n't any one have told him that the text and groundwork of that ceremony was, "Naught in his life became him like the ending of it"? He even paused for effect, pleased innocently by the sensation which he had produced by what were meant for safe and harmless platitudes. The Mayor heard, felt, without looking, the stir of unseemly interest that swept the crowd. His eyes were fixed on the dull leather pump, poised half an inch above the floor. He saw the General's long, thin hands, white with the intensity with which they gripped the ivory head of his cane. A slender hand in a black glove stole over them and rested. The speaker turned a page of his manuscript. Then a sweep of the bandmaster's truncheon brought his men to their feet with shining instruments lifted. Afterwards the Mayor denied the responsibility altogether; the bandmaster was just as positive that he had received the pre-arranged signal.

"But I'd have done it anyhow," he asserted. "You could n't tell what the Honorable Peter J. was going to say next, when he got onto Wilt Ashby's past."

Anyhow, just as the orator was filling his lungs for further flight the band crashed into "America"; and when that was over an urbane and properly serious Mayor placed in his hand the cord with which to release the two flags that veiled the statue of Wilton Ashby. The fervor of relief with which those about him flung themselves into the singing ought to have told him that he had been saved from making a bad blunder worse, but it did not. And in his blindness his glance was cold, and stiff was the neck he bent when General Ashby and his niece turned homeward through a lane of silent and curious gazers.

Cornelia Truxton was called a beautiful girl. She had large, regular features, the keen profile, the full neck and bust, which one sees so often on a cameo. The dark masses of her hair framed cheeks which the blood tinged exquisitely, and softened the pure severity of her

high forehead and perfect eyebrows. As she knelt before the hearth in her bedroom in the loose white robe to which she had changed after the heat and discomfort of the ceremony of unveiling her cousin's statue, she might have served as a model for a painting of a Vestal making sacrifice, or of a Roman maiden at a kinsman's pyre. The sleeve of her loose robe fell back from the full white arm extended with the match; her head was bent and averted. From where she knelt, her eyes, ranging across the low window-sill and between the branches of the trees, could see on the edge of the park the dull bronze of Wilton Ashby's statue flecked with the sunshine pouring through the leaves. The banks of the natural amphitheatre in which it lay were deserted now. Workmen had loaded the last bunting-swathed plank of the platform and driven away.

The match in Miss Truxton's hand caught with a crackle among the little heap of shavings on the hearth. The flames sprang to the three or four small sticks that crossed the andirons. Miss Truxton turned and raised her head, to look through the spirals of blue smoke at the thin packets of letters, the bundle of photographs round which the flames curled lazily. Everything was there which brought most vividly to her mind his image, the human image of the boy and man who had loved her. Beyond the window, yonder, at the edge of the public park, lay the effigy of the man she might have loved, whom at great distance she had grown to love. She checked the impulse to turn to it now, calling it weakness, thrusting from her mind the sudden doubt that in her present need it might leave her uncomfortable.

A scrap of paper, a half-sheet of the pebbly stuff which children use for arithmetic at school, unfolded stiffly in the heat. It was soiled and ready to break apart at the folds, but the pencil had scored its wretched surface: "I love you, Neelie, love you a thousand times better than my life." He had been fourteen when he slipped the scrap of paper into her pencil-box. How his boyish sarcasm had raged over the coquetries of that, her sixteenth summer! A corner of the paper blazed up, lighting a square envelope of six years later. It was the letter asking her to go to his "Junior Prom." "I shall have something else to ask you when you come." Was there a word, a mark of punctuation, in all those letters which she did not know? How much difference would it have made if she had accepted that invitation and listened, consenting, to the "something else," with faith in him and in her power to hold and guide him?

A ribbon burned, and the bundle of long, narrow envelopes slid down among the ashes. She pushed them back into the flames, shuddering. The postmark of Camp Alger, Chickamauga, in 1898, stood out clearly on one of them. And like an answer to her question was the tide of remembered grief and shame that poured over her,

the memory of her uncle's frantic efforts to shield the honorable name his grandson had disgraced. What had there ever been to build her faith upon? What possibility that where he had been faithless in a few things he would be faithful over many? Hard and cruel had been her duty: to choose, not the greatest good, but the lesser evil. And never had she considered herself. Of him had been her thought as she held herself from him, the guerdon to be won by his proved worthiness.

Now the thin blue sheets of his letters from the Philippines were crackling. When they came, one by one, her voice had thrilled as she read them to the blind old man beside the winter fire. His hand had gone out to hers at the end of every reading, his voice shaken as he spoke again of his thankfulness that Wilton Ashby's conduct was justifying his own. For he had sacrificed high-minded principles to gain a commission in the regular army for the grandson whom he had been able to save only from public disgrace in the Volunteers. Every influence he could command had gone to the task; his personal honor lay pledged to his grandson's redemption. And then the letter had come telling how Wilton Ashby was to set out next morning with a small party under his own command. Months went by before the few details reached the old blind General beside his hearth. They were gathered from prisoners brought in from time to time: there had been no survivors of the Lieutenant's party. Later came the sword, the blade broken off three inches from the hilt in that vain effort of his to cover the retreat of his men.

The fire had sunk now to a black heap of whispering ashes, save where a roll of oily flame crept slowly up the edge of a photograph. A gallant young face looked out upon Miss Truxton from the burning card. With an uncontrollable impulse, she snatched it forth, beating the lazy fire from its edge, and pressed it to her bosom. Then she thrust it back through the rustling ashes into the embers below, and went and stood by the window, looking out, unconscious of the black mark which the charred edge of the picture had left upon the breast of her white robe.

Beyond the fair curve of the avenue, framed by verdant hillsides, lay in bronze the effigy of her lover as she would have had him, as he was when he fell fighting for his country and for her, against himself and his country's foes. For a long time she stood, forcing back the tears that strove to blur her sight, driving down the surge of pity which had swept her, calling to her aid the old, swift, oft-reviewed panorama of what life would too surely have held for them together. The lesser of two evils she had been forced to choose. After all, had she not chosen the highest good? "With your shield or upon it," she had written to him with youthful enthusiasm in those brief days when he lay encamped at Chickamauga: "*Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori.*" A long

bright beam of the setting sun, lancing the tree-trunks, flashed on the bronze limbs of the half-prostrate form and gilded the head with such a crown of burnished gold as in life had covered it. Miss Truxton thought of the quotation that closed the simple epitaph: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." It was greater, nobler, more splendid, than ever she had dared to hope!

Her uncle had not left his room when Miss Truxton came down to dinner that evening. So she stepped out upon the vine-covered veranda. Across the street a man was seated upon the low pedestal of Wilton Ashby's statue, rolling a cigarette. Miss Truxton looked about indignantly for a policeman. None was in sight. At that hour there was not even a passer-by in the quiet street. With the cool, quick determination characteristic of her, she gathered her skirts about her and walked quickly across the asphalt.

"I beg your pardon," she began firmly, "but you must not—that is——" As the man turned his face toward her, and she saw that in spite of his dilapidated clothes it was not the face of an ordinary tramp, she changed her sentence.

"Please do not sit there," she begged. "It is the monument of one very dear to us."

A singular face looked into hers, a face quite young in years, but marked and scarred with pain and suffering and disease, and crowned with thick hair that was quite white, save for a lock or two from which a tinge of the ruddy gold of youth had not yet altogether vanished. He smiled slightly as Miss Truxton spoke, and rose to his feet, a look of uncertainty, almost fear, in his eyes, changing to one of covert amusement.

"I know you think I shall be busy if I try to keep people from sitting here. But it was unveiled only this afternoon; so you will understand—perhaps——"

Miss Truxton's voice died into silence at the marvel of what she heard herself saying. It must have been the smile and the hands, she thought swiftly, that made her speak to this tattered waif as if he could be her equal in mind and sensibility. Long slender hands they were, conspicuously clean. They must have been beautiful before the flesh shrank away, leaving them corded and bony. She caught herself wondering if her uncle had come downstairs. Yes, they were like her uncle's hands. She glanced over her shoulder at the house.

"I quite understand," the tramp was saying; then in a changed voice, "I quite understand, Neelie!"

Miss Truxton sank down upon the statue's low pedestal, flinging one arm across the bronze form for support. Through her mind ran maddeningly the question: how had she failed at once to recognize

him? She wished to ask herself how, why, he could be there, to think it out; and could not for the wonder at her blindness while he stood before her smiling that old half-timid smile that begged her judgment even as it deprecated her condemnation. Days when she had seen that smile before raced through her mind—his return from college without his diploma, his return from the camp of the Volunteers in all but public disgrace. And now this haggard, worn, and wasted figure rose wearing it, like a wraith from beyond the grave, mocking the noble effigy in bronze to which she clung.

"So—so, Wilton—you've—come back," she heard herself say.

Her eyes were busy with his garments, his unshaven cheeks and hollow eyes, her mind nimble amid terrible deductions.

"To find myself 'butchered to make a Roman holiday,'" he laughed—the old uncertain laugh. It ended in a paroxysm of coughing that left him gasping for breath on the base of the statue. He took the soiled handkerchief from his lips and looked at it critically. Miss Truxton's eyes embraced him with wide horror.

"You—you are not well, Wilton," she stammered. "You—you must go to a hospital—a sanitarium."

"A sanitarium?" Wilton smiled at her quizzically. "'And while he was yet a great way off,'" he quoted bitterly, "'his father saw him.' After all, the old man is blind."

"It would kill him," Miss Truxton cried passionately. "You have no right to speak so—of him. If he knew you were here, he would—he would do what he has always done; but it would kill him."

"He would do what he has always done before?" Wilton exclaimed eagerly.

"You would kill him!" she cried in a tense, low voice.

"That's all I wanted to know," he told her with a show of dignity. He took a little bag of coarse cloth from a tattered pocket and mechanically creased a slip of paper between his long fingers. "More than I wanted. Just to peep at you all without being seen was what I hoped for. And now—I know you have n't forgotten me," he ended lamely.

"Forgotten you!" Miss Truxton's arm tightened over the bronze body beneath it, and she shuddered.

"I mean the real me, not that tin demigod masquerading in my features!" he exclaimed irritably, and fell to coughing again, his head drooping among the wreaths of his cigarette smoke.

How like him it all was: the return with unformed purpose to let chance determine whether he should see them, be embraced by them, or steal away wrapped in deeper folds of self-commiseration! Then the sight of his racked shoulders touched a quick pity in her, and her hand went out to rest upon them.



"Ought you to smoke so much, with your—your cough?"

He lifted an ashen face, but with a mocking smile upon it.

"Same old practical Cornelia," he gibed when he could speak.

"Oh," she cried, "you have no right to say that!"

The ferrule of a cane grated on the pavement behind them. A dozen yards away General Ashby, erect and immaculate in his black frock coat, groped for the curb with uncertain foot. Sheer panic bound Miss Truxton's limbs or she would have leaped up and run to him.

"Cornelia," he called gently.

"Yes, Uncle, yes."

How long had he stood there? Could he have heard? Hardly, she reassured herself; their voices had been very low. He mounted the curb and came toward her. She snatched a wild glance at Wilton. He was on his feet, visibly trembling. But one eyelid drooped humorously as he met her glance. He laid a finger on his lip and nodded.

"Sessums told me you were here, talking with a stranger," said the General. "He wished to come with me, but, you see, I can still find my way about. There was some one?" His lifted face turned slowly from side to side with the pathetic expectancy of the blind.

"I was looking at the new statue, sir."

In spite of her courage, Miss Truxton's eyes closed. There was a roaring in her ears through which other sounds came faintly, though she knew that Wilton Ashby had spoken in the voice with which he had first answered herself.

"The young lady tells me it was your grandson, sir. A gallant action! I was in that fight, sir. Sergeant Burns was a brave man."

"My grandson was Lieutenant Ashby," the General returned crisply. "You must be mistaken, my man: there were no survivors of that fight; none of the bodies recovered, even."

"Yes, sir. I beg your pardon about your grandson, sir. You see, I was not at my best, as you might say, in that business, having sneaked along a bottle of my own and finished it at a sitting after 'taps.' I laid under a bush and seen it all—all that you see in that darkness. And sometimes I thought it was real, and sometimes that it was the drink in my brains. Seeing the Sergeant with—with the Lieutenant's sword made me think it was the drink. Of course nobody had had time to get a blouse on, so there were no insignia of rank. Of course it must have been the booze—the drink, sir—that made me think the Lieutenant was the Sergeant. A party of friendly natives picked me up next morning and——"

Miss Truxton sprang to her feet. Truth, *truth*, rang through every sentence of the diabolical masquerade. He, the commander, had lain drunk among the bushes while his men were butchered, while his sergeant was winning fame and honor—for him! A moment she stood



swaying, while the horror of shame swept over her. She felt rather than saw young Ashby make a step toward her in alarm. The thought of a possible touch from him steadied her.

"Wait!" Her lips hardly more than formed the word in silence. Then aloud to her uncle, "Sessums will want to speak to me a moment about dinner. I shall be back immediately."

Breathlessly she sped across the deserted street and up to her room. She snatched a pocket-book from a drawer in her dressing-table and ran the crisp bills between her fingers. How little, miserably little, was the sum! Her eyes lighted upon the small, leather-covered box in which she kept her favorite pieces of jewelry. She snatched it up, pressed the money into it, and snapped the cover as she ran down the stairs. What if she were too late; if young Ashby, relieved of her presence, had broken his silent promise; if her uncle had guessed? A minute later she stood panting on the curb.

"And so," the General was saying sharply, "the long and short of it is that you are a deserter, plain and simple."

"I'm a mighty sick man, sir."

"You're a disgrace to the army, my man," retorted the General. "The hospital of a military prison is where you belong. I've a great mind to call a policeman and send you there."

"If you think of your grandson"—the sunken eyes caught Miss Truxton's and again the left eyelid drooped—"if you think of your dead grandson, sir, you'll not do that."

Unconscious though he believed it to be, the old blind General's white head drooped an instant under the lash of the appeal.

"Oh!" Miss Truxton gasped, and again "Oh!" She sprang to Wilton Ashby, thrusting the jewel-case into his hands.

"Take this," she cried, pushing him before her, "and go—go away! Can't you see that he is an old man, that you will kill him?" They were beyond the General's hearing of their whispers now. She lifted her eyes and looked steadily into Wilton Ashby's face.

"That story—told in cruel jesting—it was—it was the truth!"

"That accounts for it." His tone was meant to be flippant, but the words trailed off wearily and the eyes wavered under her steady glance. "Accounts for it—'Dying Gladiator' and all the rest."

"And you could——"

"I *did* n't tell him."

"You told me," she whispered, carried beyond herself.

"You!" For the first time a tinge of anger deepened the hectic color of his cheeks. "You! You guessed it the minute you recognized me. You never loved me, Neelie; never trusted me. What you loved was a sort of tin-god-on-wheels you hoped to make out of me. Well, you've got him." He waved a derisive hand toward the figure

in bronze on its low granite base. "You've got him. I wish you joy with him."

"Cornelia," called General Ashby, "is that fellow trying to be troublesome?"

They were a silent pair in the soft glow of the candles at the end of dinner. The General, his coffee untasted before him, his long, slender fingers, clasped and interlaced, resting on the edge of the table, sat with knitted brows.

"Cornelia," he said at last.

"Yes, Uncle?"

Miss Truxton's eyes did not turn toward him. Beyond the gray curve of the silent avenue, just where the statue lay in the shadows of the wooded slope, a tiny point of light sank and rose, glowed red and waned to a feeble spark. All through the meal she had watched through the open window its irregular rise and fall. Twice it had described a fiery curve and disappeared; and each time, after a minute or two, the brief flare of a match lighted up the smoker's face distinctly, and the glowing dot recommenced its short, irregular journeyings.

"Cornelia, I ought to have had that fellow arrested this afternoon," General Ashby went on. "I should have done so—but for his mention of Wilton."

Miss Truxton rose and walked to the window. Evidently the watcher was alert. The ruddy point in the shadows mounted vertically the distance that a man's face rises when he stands. Then it too described its fiery parabola. Through the stillness, came the harsh, dry sound of coughing.

"I had no business to allow that to unman me as it did," continued the General severely. "My duty was clear. Where are you, Cornelia? At the window?"

"He is—the man was very ill. Yes, Uncle; I am at the window. There's not a breath stirring."

A match flamed in the darkness, moved to the left, wavered, and burned up bravely in the quiet air. Sharp and clear and dully shining stood out the bronze features of the statue: the uplifted brow, the delicate, inadequate chin into which the sculptor's wizardry had flung that look of momentary power. The light rose, the face disappeared, and another, pale, haggard, ineffectual, stared at her from deep-sunken eye-sockets. The flame expired.

"Strange that he should have struck me at that weak point," the General mused aloud. "He can hardly have known of Wilton's past, even if he served under him, which I doubt. That was a scheme to get money out of us."

"He—he asked you for money?"

Another match flamed above the statue. No face was visible this time; but a box, a small leather jewel-case, in a gaunt hand, hung above the statue's head, the lid swinging downwards, and from it fell a shower of small objects, some of which caught the light and glittered as they fell.

"Cornelia," cried the General, "is anything the matter? Are you ill, child?"

"No, Uncle; it's nothing, only—the night is so close."

She stepped quickly out upon the veranda. No one was visible on the street. Opposite, the flame of the match waved twice as in farewell, and disappeared. With light, swift steps Miss Truxton crossed the roadway. The little amphitheatre about the statue lay in silent and deserted obscurity. She followed one path, and then another, calling his name softly, desperately, into the night, in vain. That he should go thus, scorning her aid, was intolerable to her. Her heart, under the imputation of it, leaped in hot rebellion. Then the thought of her jewelry lying about the statue, at the mercy of the first chance loungers' match, rushed upon her. She imagined it already discovered, recognized; herself involved in a maddening intricacy of imaginary sneak-thieves to explain its presence there. She could have sobbed with relief when her foot touched the leather-covered box lying where it had fallen. Painfully, one by one, she gathered the shining trifles and dropped them into it, while heavy upon her lay the irony of it: that she must grovel for these glittering toys which he had made her hate. It flashed upon her that the rest of her life must be like this, that ever she must guard a treasure whose emptiness to her was like the emptiness of death. Always this bronze memorial must be her care, and she must feign a joy in it, while its mockery battered on her heart.

At last by painful count and verification she knew that her task was done. A tardy street lamp had begun to burn, and aided her. By the light she counted the money. None was missing. She rose quickly to her feet—for more than once the sound of her uncle's voice, calling her name, had floated from the house. She was turning to go when a white mark at the base of the statue made her stoop. At the end of the line stating the fact and date of Lieutenant Wilton Ashby's death four letters had been scrawled with chalk: "O. K." and in small characters beneath, "W. A.," his initials. Below ran the last line of the inscription: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." It had been underscored with a broad white line.

Miss Truxton moistened her handkerchief at her lips and, kneeling upon the ground, rubbed desperately until the tablet was clean.

# HOW CONGRESS SQUANDERS OUR MONEY\*

*By Hubert Bruce Fuller*

## II.—THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF OUR POLITICAL APPROPRIATION BILLS

EXPENDITURES for activities which are both necessary and laudable are extravagantly increased as a result of political considerations. There is no better example of the inflation of federal expenditures through the influences of politics than the appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors.

In the last hundred years we have expended approximately \$500,000,000 on river and harbor improvements. Conservatively speaking, one-third of this amount has been wasted by the extravagant system under which it has been applied. For example, \$7,000,000 has been literally wasted in the building of the Hennepin Canal, projected for the purpose of connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi River. Although an engineering triumph, this canal has been entirely worthless from the standpoint of commerce.

In an article recently published, I pointed out some characteristic examples of these river and harbor "improvements," where millions had been either thrown away on items which possessed no initial merit or wasted by piecemeal appropriations. For example, it is costing the government \$11.91 for every ton of freight carried through the Muscle Shoals Canal on the Tennessee River near Chattanooga; \$56 for every ton of freight, excluding lumber, carried through the lock in the Wabash River at Grand Rapids, Illinois; \$20 for each ton of freight carried on the Big Sandy River and its forks. In 1908 it cost the government in interest and maintenance the incredible sum of \$183 for each ton of freight carried on the Red River between its mouth and Fulton, Arkansas.

And yet there is no improvement in these bills. The last bill, that of 1910, was one of the worst in our history, and was censured in a

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\* The second of a series of three articles. The first, published in the May LIPPINCOTT'S, was entitled "The Extravagance of Patriotism," and dealt with the cost of maintaining our army and navy and the pension appropriations.

memorandum sent by the President to Congress. The \$52,000,000 carried by that bill was distributed among 296 of the 391 congressional districts. Practically every district boasting a harbor, river, or creek within its confines was provided for.

As a corollary to this we have the pernicious system of making frequent small appropriations for a large number of varied improvements without adequate provision for their completion. This is because the needs of our rivers and harbors are subordinated to the consideration of spreading the money over as many congressional districts as possible. For example, we began the construction of a breakwater at Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1888. At the present rate of appropriations, it will require still another eight years before that improvement will be completed. Work has been in progress at the Sandy Bay harbor of refuge in Massachusetts since 1885. Presumably, it will require another fifty years to complete the undertaking. Another example of the extravagant results of this system of making appropriations is the work of the James River between Richmond, Virginia, and Chesapeake Bay, where \$1,800,000 has been expended since 1884. With future appropriations of equal amounts, another fourteen years will be required before this project is completed. These are but a few examples selected at random, illustrating the extravagance of a system of expenditures which would be immediately revolutionized by any modern business house.

So long as the present system of framing our river and harbor bills prevails, we may expect the perpetuation of these evils. Only those projects which promise an adequate return in the shape of increased navigation should be undertaken, and a project once undertaken should be pushed to rapid and economical completion. The waste from frequently installing new plants to do small sections of this work is apparent. The whims of Congressmen and the political exigencies of selfish districts should give way to a scientific and economical system of improvement.

But the river and harbor bills are no more reprehensible than our public-building bills, with their geographical and political distribution of buildings, not according to public needs, but according to congressional districts.

Two or three examples illustrate the extravagant items of which these omnibus bills are composed. At Findlay, Ohio, the government has built a post-office costing, together with the land, \$54,730. A janitor and his wife are paid a salary of \$1,200 a year. The interest on the investment would be \$2,189. Thus the annual cost of maintaining this office is \$3,389, to which must be added the cost of heating, lighting, maintenance, and repairs. Suitable quarters could be rented at Findlay for half this sum. Batesville, Arkansas, has a population of 3,800 people. The post-office building cost \$72,000. Interest alone

makes the annual cost of this structure \$2,880, apart from charges for janitor services, heat, light, and repairs.

Oxford, Mississippi, with a population of two thousand, has a public building costing \$66,737. The interest on this investment is \$1.33 for each man, woman, and child in the town. At a conservative estimate, the public building at Evanston, Wyoming, costs annually \$2.05 for each inhabitant of the town.

Other examples revealing equal extravagance might be cited. And yet there are people who defend this riotous extravagance at the expense of the national treasury. During the second session of the sixty-first Congress, public-building bills were introduced calling for an aggregate expenditure of the stupendous sum of \$225,000,000. In 1909 Hon. George von L. Meyer, then Postmaster-General, said:

At the last session of Congress more than twenty millions of dollars were appropriated for the construction of public buildings for the exclusive use of post-offices in the smaller cities and towns, where the Department has made no recommendation for new buildings. The initial cost of public buildings, together with the cost of maintenance, is very much in excess of the amount required to provide suitable rented quarters properly equipped for post-office purposes in the smaller cities and towns, and from the standpoint of economy, therefore, there are no arguments worthy of consideration in favor of public buildings in these towns.

Yet while Congress has ordered the construction of expensive public buildings at such small towns as Batesville, Arkansas; Oxford, Mississippi; and Evanston, Wyoming, it has been spending more than \$500,000 annually in rentals for private property in the city of Washington alone in order to provide quarters for the conduct of public business. This sum capitalized at four per cent. amounts to \$12,500,000. For a fraction of this amount suitable buildings could be erected by the government to house the bureaus now scattered about in buildings owned by private individuals.

The popular demand for government aid for good roads opens up the vista of pork-barrel bills fully as extravagant as the public-building and river and harbor measures of the past. The national convention of good roads held at Richmond, November 24, 1911, adopted by an overwhelming vote a resolution aiming at a billion-dollar assault on the federal treasury.

In all of these various sources of extravagant expenditures, a selfish local pride, an unpatriotic local patriotism, and sometimes a strong desire not to lose emoluments or jobs for local politicians, have effectively combined to resist efforts at reform. In the words of Senator Bryan on the floor of the Senate, January 23 last:



He is considered the best member of the State legislature who leaves the most money in the State treasury, while too often he is considered the most successful Congressman who takes the most money out of the federal treasury. The one is rewarded for his economy, the other for his extravagance.

Congress is appropriating about \$250,000 a year for the congressional distribution of flower and vegetable seeds. In its inception, there was no more praiseworthy expenditure by the government. Originally, the money thus appropriated was expended for raising and experimenting with rare and valuable seeds under various conditions of soil and climate. The further object was to afford the farmers of the country an opportunity to try rare and uncommon seeds, so as to ascertain whether they had any practical value and thus do much of the experimental work at present accomplished by government and State agricultural experiment stations. But to-day these gratuities have been stripped of all such excuse. The Department of Agriculture now goes into the open market and buys the seeds necessary to fill the congressional quotas. The amounts in each package are so small as to be practically worthless. Only enough corn, peas, and beans can be raised from a single package of seeds to supply a family with these vegetables for two meals.

The Secretary of Agriculture has repeatedly recommended that the appropriation for seed distribution be discontinued. Moreover, the educational Farmers' Institute has formally called upon Congress to discontinue the practice. Apart from the general extravagance involved, many of the recipients throw away the seeds without opening the packages.

One of the most extravagant of the minor activities of the government is the printing and distribution of public documents. Most of the reports of the different bureaus and departments of the government, as well as the bulletins and documents issued by them, are distributed through members of Congress. This is done under the quota system, by which each Senator and each member of the House of Representatives receives the same number. This system encourages extravagance, and, it is estimated, wastes at least \$300,000 a year. For example, a member of Congress elected from one of the crowded east-side districts of New York City has at his disposal exactly the same number of reports upon the irrigation of arid lands as does a member representing the State of Nevada or Arizona, which has countless square miles of arid lands. A Senator from Kansas receives as many copies of the Nautical Almanac, or of the report of the Commissioner of Navigation, as does a Senator from a State with a large line of sea-coast. A member from the Fifth Avenue district of New York is allotted each year 896 copies of the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, which is the same

number allotted to a member from a rural district of North Dakota. The city member receives 174 copies of the report on the Diseases of Cattle, the same as the rural member. The city member, having them in his quota, distributes them among people to whom they can be of no real value. Not infrequently the documents remain in the storage rooms of Congress. During the sixty-first Congress the Committee on Useless Papers and Documents submitted a report to the House of Representatives, from which I quote the following:

The entire number of old pamphlets and publications which are now in the folding-room, and for which there is practically no demand, exceeds 1,000,000 copies. There is in the vaults perhaps 1,000 tons of useless paper, which cumbers the earth and is of no value to any one.

During the last three years the Public Printer has been authorized to sell as waste paper 2,868,427 documents, for which he received one-half a cent a pound. This paper alone, without any printing, illustrating, or binding, cost the government from three to seven cents a pound. An equal waste is to be found in the system of distributing documents to various public libraries known as public depositories. The libraries retain those documents which are of interest to their immediate localities and destroy all others. By a valuation system of distribution of documents among the members of Congress, by which, instead of receiving an equal quota of all documents, each member shall receive an amount to the value of \$2,500 each year, Senator Smoot estimates it would be possible to effect a saving of \$200,000 annually.

June 25, 1910, Congress appropriated \$100,000 for the purpose of enabling the President, through an economy commission, to investigate methods by which the public business might be more economically and efficiently administered. January 17, 1912, the President transmitted a preliminary report of the findings of the commission to Congress, together with a message thereon. I quote from this message:

Perhaps the part of the organization in which the greatest economy in public expenditures is possible is to be found in the numerous local offices of the government. . . . Changes in economic conditions have taken place which have had the effect of rendering certain offices not only useless but even worse than useless, in that their very existence needlessly swells expenditures and complicates the administrative system. In some instances the Congress has approved recommendations for the abolition of useless positions. In other cases, not only do the recommendations of the Executive that useless positions be abolished remain unheeded, but laws are passed to establish new offices at places where they are not needed.

Along this line the last annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury contains some startling figures relating to the cost of administer-

ing our customs service due to the maintenance of ports of entry and minor offices connected therewith at points where they are not justified by the amount of federal business which is transacted. The United States maintains one hundred and sixty ports of entry where customs are collected. It is interesting to see just what it costs the government to collect its customs at certain of these ports. The most striking example is the port of Albemarle (Elizabeth City), North Carolina. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, \$5.36 was collected at this port. It cost the government \$2,867.21 to collect this amount. In other words, the government expended \$534.92 for each dollar it collected at Elizabeth City. At Natchez, Mississippi, the aggregate receipts were \$4.50 and the expenses were \$578.15. The cost for each dollar collected at Natchez was \$128.47.

At Beaufort, North Carolina, it cost \$35.43 for each dollar; at Kennebunk, Maine, it cost \$43.68 for each dollar; at St. Mary's, Georgia, \$30.66; at La Crosse, Wisconsin, \$14.80; at Coos Bay, Oregon, \$15.26; at Brashear, Louisiana, \$109.61.

Compare these figures with the statistics of the port of New York, the largest port of entry in the United States, where it costs the government only two and one-fifth cents for each dollar collected. Is n't it about time to consolidate or abolish a few of our numerous ports of entry? Why so many ports of entry on the coast of Maine? Why a port of entry at Alexandria, Virginia, and another across the Potomac River, but four miles distant, at Georgetown, D. C.? Why pay \$5.57 for each dollar collected at Annapolis, when we have a port of entry at Baltimore? At Annapolis we collected \$57.25 in the last fiscal year, and at Baltimore the customs collections amounted to \$4,769,392.86. What private individual would maintain the Annapolis port to collect \$57.25?

As suggested in the message of President Taft, from which I have quoted, Congress has manifested a penchant for creating high-salaried offices whose tenants make but slight return for their emoluments. In this connection, Senator Borah said on the floor of the Senate in June, 1910:

We could eliminate hundreds of thousands of dollars from our expense account if we could go back over the last four or five years and eliminate the offices which in my judgment were unnecessary for the performance of the public duties which are essential to be performed in the interest of the public welfare.

We are constantly creating new offices and increasing the perquisites of old ones. The sixtieth Congress created 26,944 offices, which, together with salaries increased, added \$39,563,577.88 to the budget for the two sessions. Certain of these new offices are essential, and

others are desirable, but some are created for purely political purposes and are entirely worthless. To the last class belong those superfluous commissions created for the apparent purpose of caring for the "lame ducks" of Congress. After the close of the sixtieth Congress, a special committee was organized on "retrenchment and economy." Its principal activity consisted in furnishing certain former Senators with salaries of \$7,500 a year.

With the change in the political control of the House of Representatives in the beginning of the sixty-second Congress, there ensued a wild scramble for places at the congressional pie-counter. The patronage of the House of Representatives is estimated at approximately \$700,000 a year. Any one familiar with congressional life in Washington knows that the capitol is filled with employees who make no adequate return for the salaries they receive.

Another feature of waste and extravagance to which the President has called the attention of Congress is based upon the fact that, in many instances, almost exactly the same work is being conducted by more than one bureau of the government at a loss of efficiency and harmony as well as money. In the words of President Taft:

In the past services have been created one by one as exigencies have seemed to demand, with little or no reference to any scheme of organization of the government as a whole.

As a practical example of this condition, the President calls attention to the Revenue Cutter service, whose work could be transferred to another bureau at an annual saving of \$1,000,000 a year. The Lighthouse and Life-saving Services are administered by different bureaus, when they could be consolidated at a saving of \$100,000 annually. A portion of the forestry work of the government is under the Department of the Interior, while another portion is under the Department of Agriculture, with a consequent duplication of energies, frequent friction between the two branches, and resultant looseness and extravagance of administration.

February 21, 1910, Senator Aldrich, then chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, rose from his seat and made the following remarkable statement:

There is no intelligent observer in Congress, or out of it, who does not know that the executive departments of this government are carried on either under obsolete business methods or without any business methods at all. There is no man who has given this subject any attention whatever who does not know or believe that at least ten per cent. of the thousand million dollars which we are appropriating annually can be saved by the adoption of business

methods. This question of saving \$100,000,000 per year—and it can be demonstrated, in my judgment, that the saving will be much more than that—is a matter that should receive the serious attention of Congress. If I were a business man and could be permitted to do it, I would undertake to run this government for \$300,000,000 less than it is now run for.

As I have already suggested, the most extravagance in our enormous public expenditures arises from the insistent demand of local communities for financial assistance. "The old flag and an appropriation" is their battle-cry. This is the basis of all pork-barrel bills. Our States and municipalities are constantly turning to the federal government to perform many functions which properly belong to the local communities. Local taxation is direct, and since its burdens come home immediately to every citizen, improvements by local authorities are naturally conducted with greater economy and efficiency. Inasmuch as national taxation is indirect, the people do not appreciate the burdens imposed upon them by enormous public expenditures, and thus scrutinize less carefully their disbursement.

Hence this tendency to transfer to the national government the cost of building good roads, improving rivers and harbors, etc. Were the federal government to raise its revenues by direct taxation, as local revenues are raised, the demand for greater economy and reform in our finances would be immediate and insistent.

In brief, the greatest source of extravagance to-day is the political inspiration of our national appropriations. When large appropriation bills are passed not for the purpose of meeting an insistent public need, but for the sake of advancing the fortunes of political parties or individuals, we can expect only that this same looseness and extravagance will prevail. And yet the fault rests not with Congress or individual members of Congress, but with the people whom they represent. So long as members of Congress feel that the people of their home districts desire magnificent public buildings, and that such activities will promote their chances for reelection, we may expect extravagant public-building bills. It must be conceded that members of Congress do not enact enormous appropriation bills from any malicious desire to bankrupt the government. They pass them as matters of political expediency. Therefore it will not promote the cause of government economy to reduce the salaries of a few poorly-paid government clerks, though that might aggregate a saving of a million dollars annually, if the next day an additional \$75,000,000 is to be added to an already extravagant pension list.

The prospect is far from encouraging. Senator Burton, of Ohio, who always fights on the floor of the Senate to protect the solvency of the government, says:

I consider the outlook for economy in public expenditure extremely unfavorable. Organizations and groups of private individuals are constantly coming before Congress pressing almost irresistibly measures which involve enormous appropriations. The measures in themselves appeal to the fancy and are frequently commendable, but they involve burdens which the United States ought never to be called upon to assume. They belong rather to the State or the municipality. More and more the ability and usefulness of a legislator are gauged by his success in obtaining appropriations, or, as it is sometimes called, bringing something home to his constituents. The result is plundering legislation and the degradation of the legislator to the position of a mere solicitor for his district. Until we can successfully appeal to the national patriotism of the people rather than their local interests, there is little hope of overcoming the growing tendency to national extravagance.

A representative who gets a creek dredged or a post-office built at public expense is more popular among the people of his district than one who takes a statesmanlike view of government expenditures and votes against every pork-barrel legislation. Unfortunately, the saving of a dollar or even of a million dollars awakes no enthusiasm among the people at large.

The famous Robert Toombs of Georgia served eight years in the House and a similar period in the Senate. It was his proud boast that during these sixteen years he got not so much as a cent out of the federal treasury for Georgia. How long would such a statesman remain in Washington to-day? If the people really want a government of economy and frugality, let them send to Congress men of the Toombs type. But do the people really want a frugal government?



## TERPSICHORE

BY CLARA ODELL LYONS

**I**N far-off days, when the world was young,  
 Fair maid, ere your praises rich were sung,  
 Did you take your art from the bending grass  
 That dips and lifts as the light winds pass?  
 Did you copy the grace of a swaying bough?  
 Did a pensile leaflet teach you how  
 To dance and swing with the world atune?  
 Terpsichore, did you learn of June?



# THE UNSUCCESSFUL ALUMNUS

*By Rose Henderson*

THE dinner was a long one. There were songs between the courses, and the courses were many. The banquet hall was gay with light and color. The class of 1898 was proud of its college spirit and class loyalty. This was 1908, but there were few empty chairs at the long table. The toasts were beginning at last. The master of ceremonies rose, bland and smiling, to present the first speaker.

Arthur Hammond sat gazing at his program without seeing it. He had not attended a class dinner for years. Always he had been abroad or had had other engagements. He knew that his name was there at the bottom of the page, the last on the list, and opposite his name was the subject of his toast. The subject seemed burned into his brain, seemed to dance before his eyes in a variety of fantastic shapes. It oppressed and tortured him.

"'The Unsuccessful Alumnus'!" He muttered the words under his breath. He did not hear the voice of the toast-master, and realized in only a vague way that the man had begun speaking. Hammond was trying to recall the theme that he had worked out before he came to the banquet hall. There had been a few finely-wrought sentences, a general outline in his mind, the whole ready to be thrown off with the careless grace and impromptu wit that had made Hammond popular as an after-dinner speaker. The thing had seemed rather better than the average when he went over it before leaving his hotel. He had congratulated himself upon handling a somewhat dull and difficult subject with a novelty and dash that would pass it off cleverly. As he sat there with the lights gleaming over the faces of his friends, the whole treatment seemed trite and frivolous and unworthy of the time and place. He saw the class banner, the colors draped along the wall and about the pillars. The old songs were ringing in his ears. "'The Unsuccessful Alumnus,'" he said again, trying to arouse his brain to new action. It was as if he had overdrunk or the wines had been drugged.

He had chosen to regard the subject lightly, humorously, to show the easy, tranquil attitude of the unsuccessful alumnus. There were

no overpowering responsibilities, no insomnia, no nerve strain, for the man who was a comfortable and respectable failure.

"Yes," he thought grimly; "I'm that sort. I ought to know the advantages."

He was not generally regarded as a failure. No one knew that better than he. The charming nonchalance of his manner, the brilliant social power of the man, the inborn grace and culture, the wealth at his command—all these had been the envy and admiration of his less fortunate associates. But Hammond was regarding these attributes in a new light this evening, and the harsh revealing power of the view stunned him. The mood came suddenly and held him with merciless insistence as he sat there in the guest-filled hall.

He studied the faces of his classmates. What a noble company! He had forgotten how tremendously in earnest these fellows were. He looked down the long line on either side of the table. Some heads were already touched with gray. There was a gravity in the midst of their gaiety, a subdued dignity in their heartiest laughter. When they sang the old songs in an exuberant chorus, a sweet, new power seemed to tremble in their deep voices. These men had found the thick of the world's struggle, and they had stayed in to the finish. He was the failure, the unsuccessful alumnus. What business had he with an honored place among them?

At his right hand sat Tim Murphy, the Irish wit of class-room days; red-headed Murph, who came into college as penniless, as dauntless, and as full of jokes as he went out. It would be worth while to have wealth and honor and preferment if they came, the result of individual effort, as they had come to Murphy. At his left was Ginter, a round-shouldered "dig" with a crippled foot. Hammond sighed as he studied the clean-cut profile, and remembered that this man had stirred the world to admiration by his engineering feats. He had passed in the tests that try brain and muscle and physical endurance. His work would stand in the material and industrial progress of all time. No matter what others might accomplish, his record could not be discounted.

He saw Bobby Mathews at the foot of the table, a man with money and leisure, but no indolent weakling. His scientific writings were regarded as authority by the best men in his profession. There was E. C. Kern, fat, blonde, and dimpled—about the same old pippin, no doubt. It was not consoling to find himself in the company of this wheezy, red-faced laggard. Brown was a preacher, Beauchamp an artist, and Carter a newspaper man. Hammond did not know the careers of all of them, but the men he knew best, those who were his closest friends in the old days, seemed to have outstripped him to a man.

Hammond thought contemptuously of his own aimless life. Ten years ago he had had dreams and ambitions. He had desired places such

as these men held. They had won, and he had failed, or, what was more shameful, he had not really tried. He had trampled upon the fair ideals of his youth. He had wealth, birth, health, and a brilliant mind, and he had failed. He had been content to live with the playthings of life, had been proud of the fact that he was a desirable drawing-room accessory. He looked again at his name and, opposite, the subject of his toast. The words were galling, condemning.

"I had fixed up a bluff, a plea," he said bitterly, "and I needed one."

There was laughter and applause and the clinking of glasses. Hammond smiled at Brenner, who was speaking to him across the table. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

"I say that was a bully toast!" cried Brenner, his face beaming with boyish enthusiasm.

"Great," agreed Hammond, glancing at his program.

The master of ceremonies rose again and began a lengthy and flattering introduction. Hammond started. The words seemed descriptive of himself. Those were the things people usually said about him. He leaned forward, his lips working nervously. There had been a change in the program. Some one had failed to appear, and his toast was to come next. Hammond clutched his chair and went pale. The introductory words of his prepared speech came to his mind, but he put them away and sent his brain groping after new sentences. He studied the lines on Tim Murphy's face, and the blood came throbbing back to his temples. A rustle of expectancy seemed to follow the announcement of his name.

"'The Unsuccessful Alumnus,'" said the chairman, smiling, "by one of the most successful."

When Hammond stood up and bowed at the close of the introduction, the table rang with applause. He leaned carelessly against his chair. There was no trace of nervousness in his easy acknowledgment.

"The same old smile," whispered Tim Murphy tenderly.

Hammond never knew just what his first words were. He had put away the old speech, and the new one was yet unformulated. He felt himself halting a moment and feeling blindly for phrases. Then he was rambling reminiscently among past scenes. He recalled the glory of old contests, the fervor of forensic battles, the football field with the old yells ripping up the air that was charged with youthful enthusiasm. He saw the 'Varsity colors, glad, glorious streamers waving proudly and defiantly over struggling heroes. His sentences caught fire from the spirit of those memories.

His classmates were listening eagerly. He felt the thrill of their sympathetic attention. He looked into their eyes and decided that the thing was worth while. He had posed long enough. The greatest thing

in the world seemed at that moment simply to be true. The brave boyish standards that he had forsaken arose before him. He had been a coward, a cheat, a fraud. It was as if he had shirked on the football field with the whole team fighting toward the goal. But the old call had come back to him, and he was being game.

The men about the table leaned eagerly toward the tense, erect figure of the speaker. Their eyes were misty, and their hearts swelled with the warm love and fellowship that college men never forget. They had been jostled about in the world of business, of politics, and of finance. Some of the beautiful standards that had been cherished ten years ago had at times seemed boyish and impractical. But as they listened to the ringing words of their classman, the old vows were repledged, the old faith was again sworn to.

It was unlike Hammond, this flinging down of reserve, but something finer than the old pride shone in his eyes. The careless indifference was gone, and in its place were the buoyancy and determination of youth. He spoke of his own past with bitterness and sorrow. He praised the honor and clean effort of his classmen and faced his future with the glowing courage of new resolve. Then, lifting his glass, he said with the old winsome smile:

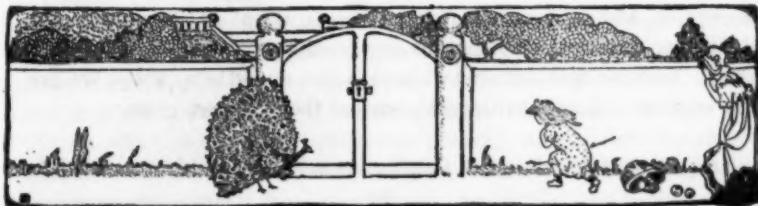
"Gentlemen, here's to the Unsuccessful Alumnus! These are the last sad rites."

The men sprang to their feet, the glasses clinked, and the applause rang tumultuously. Tim Murphy shook hands with the speaker and with every one else in his immediate neighborhood.

"What's the matter with Hammond?" cried a voice at the foot of the table, and Bobby Mathews stood on his chair, flourishing his napkin and leading the foolish old yell.

"He's all right!" thundered the rousing chorus, and Hammond felt a thrill that he had not known since the days when he came in first on the hurdles. He sank back in his chair, and the dear old songs went on. He did not sing, but he listened with new interest. He was part of the crowd once more.

The lights shone over the flowers, the class colors, and the bright banners. They were singing the old "Jubilee-song," with his name in the chorus, and the unsuccessful alumnus sat with bowed head.



## SHORT-STORY MASTERPIECES

### IX. THE MUMMY'S FOOT

*By Théophile Gautier*

DONE INTO ENGLISH, AND WITH INTRODUCTION,  
BY THE EDITOR

#### GAUTIER, LOVER OF BEAUTY

WHILE one is reading the tales of Théophile Gautier, he feels himself to be in a playhouse, confronted by a bewildering array of stage-settings, incredibly correct in detail and grouping, oppressively rich in appointment, and colorful—always colorful. At times characters are felt to be subordinated to background, yet these surroundings are so picturesque—or better, perhaps, so pictorial—that they furnish contrasts and harmonies which bring out rather than overpower the people who move amidst this very forest of accessory riches.

An examination of Gautier the man, both temperamentally and as his life was lived—if, indeed, there can be such a distinction—at once provides an explanation of this pervading love for setting: he was a passionate lover of the beautiful, and he was a persistent traveller in quest of things beautiful to look upon.

To speak of an artist, whether in pigments, marbles, or words, as a lover of the beautiful, will at once suggest to the "practical" reader a deep-eyed dreamer with soulful, upturned look, devoid of humor, and affecting a Bunthorne stride. Not so Gautier. Robust of body, almost coarse of physiognomy, and bubbling with life, he could mix his colors with humor, tone his admirations with censure, charge his prodigious memory with endless detail, and train his observation to the minutest accuracy. There was something sensual as well as sensuous in his mind, and he was saved from grovelling only by the dominance of that subtle perception and admiration for the beautiful in *all* its phases, which challenges continual comment in any consideration of the man and his work. Gautier was esthetic without being an esthete, witty yet not a wit, sentient but not sentimental, sensual though never gross.

A journey to the heart of Gautier leads by way of his outward life.



Tarbes, in the south of France—Department of the Hautes-Pyrénées—was the place of his birth, August 31, 1811. Jean-Pierre Gautier, his father, was in the revenue service, and an ardent royalist. He hailed from the Avignon of the Popes that Alphonse Daudet has chronicled so delightfully. Our author's mother, Adélaïde-Antoinette Cocard, was a tailor's daughter, and a noted beauty, whose sister had married into the nobility.

While Théophile was only three years old, his parents removed to Paris, but even at that elastic age the lad retained his love for the South, and, like his father, often repined for its warmth and color. He was a precocious youngster, beginning at five to devour books—"Paul and Virginia" and "Robinson Crusoe" among others.

The inevitable *Lycée Louis-le-Grand* was his academy, and by no means a happy prison it proved for the impressionable child, so poetic in temperament. Fortunately, his father soon took him home and entered him as a day-pupil elsewhere.

In his boyhood Théophile became a worshiper of that master romanticist, Victor Hugo, whom he was permitted to meet while yet a youth of nineteen, and who graciously encouraged the boy to publish his verses. Though Gautier afterward laughed delightedly and delightfully at the extremes of the earlier romantic school, and though both in his historical work on romanticism and in his papers on contemporaneous writers, his biting satire searched out its weaknesses, he never ceased to feel its influence and cherish a reverence for its anointed apostle, the creator of *Les Misérables*.

In those formative days the young man was physically slight and almost frail—remote as yet from the massive giant of flashing black eye and dark, leonine mane, whose physique enabled him to sustain many a bout with the wine cup, and rejoice in pleasures of table, until, his natural powers otherwise unabated, and but sixty-one years of age, he succumbed to an enlarged heart and died at Paris, October 23, 1872.

Gautier, like many another man of letters, presents some contradictions of temperament and production, but for the most part his work is infused with his own strong individuality.

Like Loti, he knew the life of many lands and wrote sympathetically of Spain, Italy, Russia, the Netherlands, and the alluring East. A painter turned art critic and journalist—and so indefatigable a journalist that he himself has estimated that it would require three hundred volumes to compass his collected writings—he pursued a painter's methods in his literary work. A poet of charm and attainment, and a dramatic critic of secure place, he informed both verse and criticism with the melodious spirit which issued from his love for music. In faithful description the precursor of the realists, he still adhered to his romanticist ideals. Word-connoisseur, and stylist of the first order,



he loved perfection of literary form because such harmonies were the outward limbs of beauty.

Here was an aggressive, positive, individual man, strong in love as in loathing, tender to all animals, living, like Balzac, joyously a life of struggle against debt, and at last winning a place greater than the forbidden seat in the Academy—a place among the most distinguished romanticists that France ever gave to the world.

Gautier's worship of beauty is not easy to formulate. M. de Sumichrast has termed it "not immoral, but unmoral." The presence or the absence of virtue or of vice made no difference to him if only the person were beautiful. He no more demanded moral qualities in his characters than he did in the lovely lines of a hill-crest. Beauty was the final flame for the adoration of this sensuous acolyte. In all life, at home and widely journeying abroad, he sought it, and when he found it, whether in human form, in relics of ancient art, in modern picture and marble, or in the unrivalled symmetry of nature, his whole being throbbed with delight.

As a youth he fell in love with the robust, fleshly women that Rubens had painted for the Louvre, and straightway pilgrimaged to Belgium to find the originals. His experiences were laughable—perhaps a trifle pathetic. The one slattern whose generous bulk met his Rubenic ideals was scrubbing. But out of this boyish episode grew that exquisite tale, "The Fleece of Gold"—a modern covering which, unlike Jason's, was a woman's wealth of blonde hair.

As the story runs, Tiburce, a young dilettante painter, had always found more beauty in the feminine creations of the great painters than in the most lovely flesh-and-blood women he ever met, so he spent much time in contemplating these exquisite creations of art. At length, from having studied certain Flemish pictures, he decided to go into Belgium "in search of the blonde"—he would love a Fleming.

In Brussels and in Laeken the quest of this new Jason was unsuccessful, so he went to Antwerp, where he was as diligent as before—and equally without reward. At length he saw in the Cathedral Rubens's masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross," and was stricken dumb by the beauty of the Magdalen in this remarkable picture. "The sight of that face was to Tiburce a revelation from on high; scales fell from his eyes, he found himself face to face with his secret dream, with his unavowed hope; the intangible image which he had pursued with all the ardor of an amorous imagination, and of which he had been able to espy only the profile or the ravishing fold of a dress; the capricious and untamed chimera, always ready to unfold its restless wings, was there before him, fleeing no more, motionless in the splendor of its beauty."

Then followed daily visits to the Cathedral, rapt, dazed, worshipping.

One day on the street Tiburce catches sight of a woman who bears a striking resemblance to the Magdalen! Her—Gretchen—he eventually meets, and to her he reluctantly gives his love. Yet, though Gretchen comes to love Tiburce, she cannot evoke in him quite the same feelings he knows in the presence of Rubens's beautiful woman—the Magdalen is still his ideal. Even when he christens the girl with the name of the Penitent, the transformation is not complete. At length Gretchen, hidden behind a pillar, overhears Tiburce sighing out his worship toward the woman of the painting: "How I would love thee to-morrow if thou wert living!"—and realizes that she is loved only vicariously.

By and by they go to Paris, where the artist feels his love for the absent Magdalen grow instead of wane, and Gretchen can bear her jealous unhappiness no longer. She breaks out into a tender eloquence of reproach: "You are ambitious to love; you are deceived concerning yourself, you will never love. You must have perfection, the ideal and poesy—all those things which do not exist. Instead of loving in a woman the love that she has for you, of being grateful to her for her devotion and for the gift of her heart, you look to see if she resembles that plaster Venus in your study . . . You are not a lover, poor Tiburce, you are simply a painter."

And so she goes on, uncovering to him his foolish delusion, ending in a passion of abandonment, of "sublime immodesty," by appearing before him like Aphrodite rising from the sea.

Swept by all this nobility of her discerning spirit, and all the ravishing charm of her beauty, Tiburce seizes his brushes and does master work—and then begs his new-found love to name the day for the crying of their banns.

Perhaps it needs no word here to emphasize one phase of Gautier's nature—he *knew* himself to be a beauty-lover, and he knew all the limitations of character that this cult rendered inevitable.

A second force in Gautier's life is his orientalism. In this he was not only conscious of the strain of eastern blood that pulsed through both body and temperament, but he was, by reason of long application, constant travel, and the varied opportunities of a critic's life, a savant on matters oriental, particularly Pompeian and Egyptian.

Here, again, "The Romance of a Mummy," a long tale, "One of Cleopatra's Nights," a short tale, and "The Mummy's Foot," which follows in translation, display the savant in his work. The movement of life in ancient Egypt in the time of the Hebrew bondage, and all that highly colored, picturesque civilization, afford him the always coveted background which he valued as much for itself as for its use as a setting.

In another of his shorter stories, "Arria Marcella," Gautier the savant is evident. The familiar but terrible theme of the vampire woman is set in an idealized reconstruction of Pompeian life; just as "The Dead Leman" (*La Morte Amoureuse*) marvellously made to live again the mediæval spirit in the poignantly pitiful mistress whose end is the heart-break of selfish passion; and "The Thousand-and-Second Night" evokes anew the indistinct, subtle, alluring odors of the Arabian Nights.

The three best-known longer tales of Gautier—technically they are not precisely novels—are "Mademoiselle de Maupin," a prose-song to beauty—immoral, daring, and beautiful; "Captain Fracasse," whose amash-'em-up, picaroon hero leads us through abundant adventures; and "Sprite," a notable contrast to the materialism displayed—almost flaunted—in his other work. "Sprite" is a story of fantasy; but it is more: with a tender delicacy and spiritual subtlety which well may surprise his public, Gautier presents the contrasting love-lure of *Lavinia d'Audefini*, a disembodied woman, and the very real but—here is the remarkable part—less attractive charms of *Mme. d'Ymbereourt*, a red-ripe woman indeed. We are indebted to Gautier for this one story as a demonstration that, while his tales are mostly as unmoral as the pigments of his literary palette, he can at will delineate the ethereal, and in so doing disclose a fine understanding of spiritual values.

## THE MUMMY'S FOOT

(LE PIED DE MOMIE)

I HAD idly entered the shop of one of those curiosity-venders who, in that Parisian lingo which is so perfectly unintelligible to the rest of France, are called *marchands de bric-à-brac*.

You have doubtless glanced through the windows into one of those shops which have become so numerous since it is the mode to buy antique furniture, and since the pettiest stockbroker thinks he must have his "mediæval room."

There is one thing that clings alike to the shop of the old-iron dealer, the wareroom of the tapestry-maker, the laboratory of the alchemist, and the studio of the artist: in these mysterious dens through whose window-shutters filters a furtive twilight, the thing that is the most manifestly ancient is the dust; there the spider-webs are more authentic than the gimps, and the old pear-wood furniture is younger than the mahogany which arrived yesterday from America.

The wareroom of my bric-à-brac dealer was a veritable Capernaum; all centuries and all countries seemed to have rendezvoused there: an Etruscan lamp of red clay stood upon a Boule cabinet whose ebony

panels were brilliantly inlaid with filaments of brass; a Louis XV. half-lounge carelessly stretched its fawn-like feet under a massive table of the reign of Louis XIII., with heavy oaken spirals, and carvings of intermingled foliage and chimeras.

In one corner glittered the striped cuirass of a damascened suit of Milanese armor; bisque cupids and nymphs, grotesques from China, *celadon* and *craquelé* vases, Saxon and old Sèvres cups, encumbered what-nots and corners. Upon the fluted shelves of several dressers glittered immense plates from Japan, with designs in red and blue relieved by gilt hatching, side by side with several Bernard Palissy enamels, showing frogs and lizards in relief work.

From disembowelled cabinets escaped cascades of Chinese silk lustrous with silver, billows of brocade, sown with luminous specks by a slanting sunbeam, while portraits of every epoch, in frames more or less tarnished, smiled out through their yellow varnish.

The dealer followed me with precaution through the tortuous passage contrived between the piles of furniture, fending off with his hand the hazardous swing of my coat-tails, watching my elbows with the uneasy attention of the antiquary and the usurer.

It was a singular figure, that of the dealer: an immense cranium, polished like a knee, and surrounded by a meagre aureole of white hair that brought out all the more vividly the clear salmon tint of the skin, gave him a false air of patriarchal simplicity—contradicted, on the other hand, by the sparkling of two little yellow eyes, which trembled in their orbits like two *louis d'or* on a surface of quicksilver. The curve of the nose presented an aquiline silhouette which recalled the Oriental or Jewish type. His hands—thin, bony, veined, full of sinews stretched like the strings on the neck of a violin, and armed with talons resembling those which terminate the membranous wings of a bat—shook with a senile movement disquieting to see. But those feverishly nail-bitten hands became firmer than lobster-claws or steel pincers when they lifted some precious piece—an onyx carving, a Venetian cup, or a plate of Bohemian crystal. This old rascal had an aspect so profoundly rabbinical and cabalistic that three centuries ago they would have burned him merely from the evidence of his face.

"Will you not buy something from me to-day, Monsieur? Here is a Malay kris with a blade undulating like a flame: see those grooves to serve as gutters for the blood, those teeth fashioned and set inversely so as to rip out the entrails when the dagger is withdrawn. It is a fine type of ferocious weapon, and would look very well among your trophies. This two-handed sword is very beautiful—it is a José de la Hera; and this *colichemarde* with perforated guard, what a superb piece of work!"

"No, I have plenty of arms and instruments of carnage. I want a

figurine, something that would do for a paper-weight, for I cannot endure those stock bronzes which the stationers sell, and which may be found on any desk."

The old gnome, foraging among his antiquities, finally arranged before me several antique bronzes—so called, at least; fragments of malachite; little Hindu or Chinese idols, a kind of poussah toys made of jade, showing the incarnation of Brahma or of Vishnu, marvellously well-suited for the sufficiently ungodlike purpose of holding papers and letters in place.

I was hesitating between a porcelain dragon all starred with warts, its jaws adorned with tusks and bristling whiskers, and a highly abominable little Mexican *fétich*, representing the god *Vitziliputaili au naturel*, when I noticed a charming foot which I at first took for a fragment of an antique Venus.

It had those beautiful tawny and ruddy tints which give to Florentine bronze that warm and vivacious look so preferable to the grayish green tone of ordinary bronze, which might be taken for statues in putrefaction. Satiny lights frisked over its form, rounded and polished by the loving kisses of twenty centuries; for it seemed to be a Corinthian bronze, a work of the best era, perhaps a casting by Lysippus!

"This foot will be the thing for me," said I to the merchant, who regarded me with an ironical and saturnine air as he held out the desired object for me to examine at will.

I was surprised at its lightness; it was not a foot of metal, but indeed a foot of flesh, an embalmed foot, a foot of a mummy; on examining it still more closely one could see the grain of the skin, and the lines almost imperceptibly impressed upon it by the texture of the bandages. The toes were slender, delicate, terminated by perfect nails, pure and transparent as agates; the great toe, slightly separate, and contrasting happily with the modelling of the other toes, in the antique style, gave it an air of lightness, the grace of a bird's foot; the sole, scarcely streaked by several almost invisible grooves, showed that it had never touched the earth, and had come in contact with only the finest matting of Nile rushes and the softest carpets of panther skin.

"Ha, ha! You wish the foot of the Princess Hermonthis!" exclaimed the merchant, with a strange chuckle, fixing upon me his owlish eyes. "Ha, ha, ha!—for a paper-weight! Original idea! Artistic idea! If any one would have said to old Pharaoh that the foot of his adored daughter would serve for a paper-weight, he would have been greatly surprised, considering that he had had a mountain of granite hollowed out to hold the triple coffin, painted and gilded and all covered with hieroglyphics and beautiful paintings of the Judgment of Souls," continued the singular little merchant, half aloud, and as though talking to himself.



"How much will you charge me for this mummy fragment?"

"Ah, the highest price I am able, for it is a superb piece: if I had its counterpart, you could not have it for less than five hundred francs; the daughter of a Pharaoh, nothing is more rare!"

"Assuredly it is not common; but still, how much do you want? In the first place, let me tell you something, and that is, my entire treasure consists of only five louis: I can buy anything that costs five louis, but nothing dearer. You might search my innermost waistcoat pockets, and my most secret desk-drawers, without finding even one miserable five-franc piece more."

"Five louis for the foot of the Princess Hermonthis! That is very little, very little, in truth, for an authentic foot," muttered the merchant, shaking his head and rolling his eyes.

"All right, take it, and I will give you the bandages into the bargain," he added, wrapping it in an ancient damask rag. "Very fine: real damask, Indian damask, which has never been redyed; it is strong, it is soft," he mumbled, passing his fingers over the frayed tissue, from the commercial habit which moved him to praise an object of so little value that he himself judged it worth only being given away.

He poured the gold pieces into a sort of mediæval alms-purse hanging at his belt, as he kept on saying:

"The foot of the Princess Hermonthis to serve as a paper-weight!"

Then, turning upon me his phosphorescent eyes, he exclaimed in a voice strident as the miauling of a cat that has swallowed a fish-bone:

"Old Pharaoh will not be pleased—he loved his daughter, that dear man!"

"You speak as if you were his contemporary; old as you are, you do not date back to the Pyramids of Egypt," I answered laughingly from the shop door.

I went home, well content with my acquisition.

In order to put it to use as soon as possible, I placed the foot of the divine Princess Hermonthis upon a heap of papers, scribbled over with verses, an undecipherable mosaic work of erasures; articles just begun; letters forgotten and mailed in the table-drawer—an error which often occurs with absent-minded people. The whole effect was charming, bizarre, and romantic.

Well satisfied with this embellishment, I went down into the street with the becoming gravity and pride of one who feels that he has the ineffable advantage over all the passers-by whom he elbows, of possessing a fragment of the Princess Hermonthis, daughter of Pharaoh.

I looked upon as sovereignly ridiculous all those who did not possess, like myself, a paper-weight so notoriously Egyptian; and it seemed to me that the true occupation of every man of sense was to have a mummy's foot upon his desk.



Happily, my meeting some friends distracted me from my infatuation with the recent acquisition; I went to dinner with them, for it would have been difficult for me to dine with myself.

When I came back in the evening, my brain slightly confused by a few glasses of wine, a vague whiff of Oriental perfume delicately tickled my olfactory nerves: the heat of the room had warmed the sodium carbonate, bitumen, and myrrh in which the paraschites, who cut open the bodies of the dead, had bathed the corpse of the princess; it was a perfume both sweet and penetrating, a perfume that four thousand years had not been able to dissipate.

The dream of Egypt was Eternity: her odors have the solidity of granite, and endure as long.

I soon drank to fulness from the black cup of sleep: for an hour or two all remained opaque. Oblivion and nothingness inundated me with their sombre emptiness.

Presently my mental obscurity cleared; dreams commenced to graze me softly in their silent flight.

The eyes of my soul were opened, and I beheld my chamber precisely as it was. I might have believed myself to be awake, but a vague perception told me that I slept and that something fantastic was about to take place.

The odor of the myrrh had intensely increased, and I felt a slight headache, which—with great reasonableness—I attributed to several glasses of champagne that we had drunk to the unknown gods, and our future success.

I peered through my room with a feeling of expectation which nothing actually justified; the furniture was precisely in place; the lamp burned upon its bracket, softly shaded by the milky whiteness of its dull crystal; the water-color sketches shone under their Bohemian glass; the curtains hung languidly: everything had an air slumbrous and tranquil.

Presently, however, this calm interior appeared to become troubled: the woodwork cracked furtively, the log enveloped in cinders suddenly emitted a jet of blue flame, and the circular ornaments on the frieze seemed like metallic eyes, watching, like myself, for the things which were about to happen.

My gaze by chance fell upon the desk where I had placed the foot of the Princess Hermonthis.

Instead of being immobile, as became a foot which had been embalmed for four thousand years, it moved uneasily, contracted itself and leaped over the papers like a frightened frog: one would have imagined it to be in contact with a galvanic battery. I could quite distinctly hear the dry sound made by its little heel, hard as the hoof of a gazelle.

I became somewhat discontented with my acquisition, preferring my

paper-weights to be sedentary, and thought it a little unnatural that feet should walk about without legs; indeed, I commenced to feel something which strongly resembled fear.

Suddenly I saw the folds of one of my bed-curtains stir, and I heard a bumping sound, like that of a person hopping on one foot. I must confess I became alternately hot and cold, that I felt a strange wind blow across my back, and that my suddenly rising hair caused my nightcap to execute a leap of several yards.

The bed-curtains parted, and I beheld coming towards me the strangest figure it is possible to imagine.

It was a young girl, of a deep *café-au-lait* complexion, like the bayadere \* Amani, of a perfect beauty, and recalling the purest Egyptian type. She had almond eyes with the corners raised, and brows so black that they seemed blue; her nose was delicately chiselled, almost Grecian in its fineness of outline, and indeed she might have been taken for a statue of Corinthian bronze had not the prominence of the cheek-bones and the slightly African lips made it impossible not to recognize her as belonging beyond doubt to the hieroglyphic race of the banks of the Nile.

Her arms, slender and turned with the symmetry of a spindle—like those of very young girls—were encircled by a kind of metal bands and bracelets of glass beads; her hair was plaited in cords; and upon her bosom was suspended a little idol of green paste, which, from its bearing a whip with seven lashes, enabled one to recognize it as an image of Isis, conductress of spirits. A disk of gold scintillated upon her brow, and a few traces of rouge relieved the coppery tint of her cheeks.

As for her costume, it was very strange. Imagine an under-wrapping of linen strips, bedizened with black and red hieroglyphics, stiffened with bitumen, and apparently belonging to a freshly unbandaged mummy.

In one of those flights of thought so frequent in dreams, I heard the rough falsetto of the 'bric-à-brac dealer, which repeated like a monotonous refrain the phrase he had uttered in his shop with an intonation so enigmatical:

"Old Pharaoh will not be pleased—he loved his daughter, that dear man!"

Strange circumstance—and one which scarcely reassured me—the apparition had but one foot; the other was broken off at the ankle!

She approached the desk where the foot was moving and wriggling with redoubled liveliness. Once there, she supported herself upon the edge, and I saw tears form and grow pearly in her eyes.

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\* An East-Indian dancing girl.

Although she had not as yet spoken, I clearly discerned her thoughts: she looked at her foot—for it was indeed her own—with an infinitely graceful expression of coquettish sadness; but the foot leaped and coursed hither and yon, as though driven by steel springs.

Two or three times she extended her hand to seize it, but she did not succeed.

Then commenced between the Princess Hermonthis and her foot—which appeared to be endowed with a life of its own—a very fantastic dialogue in a most ancient Coptic dialect, such as might have been spoken some thirty centuries ago by voices of the land of Ser: luckily, that night I understood Coptic to perfection.

The Princess Hermonthis cried, in a voice sweet and vibrant as a crystal bell:

"Well, my dear little foot, you flee from me always, though I have taken good care of you. I bathed you with perfumed water in a basin of alabaster; I smoothed your heel with pumice-stone mixed with oil of palms; your nails were cut with golden scissors and polished with a hippopotamus tooth; I was careful to select sandals for you, brodered and painted and turned up at the toes, which made all the young girls in Egypt envious; you wore on your great toe rings representing the sacred Scarabeus, and you carried about the lightest body it was possible for a lazy foot to sustain."

The foot replied, in a tone pouting and chagrined:

"You well know that I do not belong to myself any longer. I have been bought and paid for. The old merchant knew perfectly what he was doing; he always bore you a grudge for having refused to espouse him: this is an ill turn which he has done you. The Arab who robbed your royal sarcophagus in the subterranean pits of the necropolis of Thebes was sent by him: he desired to prevent you from going to the reunion of the shadowy peoples in the cities below. Have you five pieces of gold for my ransom?"

"Alas, no! My jewels, my rings, my purses of gold and silver, were all stolen from me," answered the Princess Hermonthis, with a sigh.

"Princess," I then exclaimed, "I never retained anybody's foot unjustly; even though you have not got the five louis which it cost me, I give it to you gladly: I should be in despair to make so amiable a person as the Princess Hermonthis lame."

I delivered this discourse in a tone so royal and gallant that it must have astonished the beautiful Egyptian.

She turned toward me a look charged with gratitude, and her eyes shone with bluish gleams.

She took her foot—which, this time, let itself be taken—like a woman about to put on her little shoe, and adjusted it to her leg with much address.

This operation ended, she took two or three steps about the room, as if to assure herself that she really was no longer lame.

"Ah, how happy my father will be—he who was so desolated because of my mutilation, and who had, from the day of my birth, put a whole people at work to hollow out for me a tomb so deep that he would be able to preserve me intact until that supreme day when souls must be weighed in the balances of Amenthi! Come with me to my father—he will receive you well, for you have given me back my foot."

I found this proposition natural enough. I enveloped myself in a dressing-gown of large flowered pattern, which gave me a very Pharaohesque appearance, hurriedly put on a pair of Turkish slippers, and told the Princess Hermonthis that I was ready to follow her.

Hermonthis, before starting, took from her neck the tiny figurine of green paste and laid it on the scattered sheets of paper which covered the table.

"It is only fair," she said smilingly, "that I should replace your paper-weight."

She gave me her hand, which was soft and cold, like the skin of a serpent, and we departed.

For some time we spun with the rapidity of an arrow through a fluid and grayish medium, in which faintly outlined silhouettes were passing to right and left.

For an instant, we saw only sea and sky.

Some moments afterward, obelisks commenced to rise, porches and flights of steps guarded by sphinxes were outlined against the horizon.

We had arrived.

The princess conducted me toward the mountain of rosy granite, where we found an opening so narrow and low that it would have been difficult to distinguish it from the fissures in the rock, if two sculptured columns had not enabled us to recognize it.

Hermonthis lighted a torch and walked before me.

There were corridors hewn through the living rock; the walls, covered with hieroglyphic paintings and allegorical processions, might well have occupied thousands of arms for thousands of years; these corridors, of an interminable length, ended in square chambers, in the midst of which pits had been contrived, through which we descended by means of cramp-hooks or spiral stairways; these pits conducted us into other chambers, from which other corridors opened, equally decorated with painted sparrow-hawks, serpents coiled in circles, and those mystic symbols, the *tau*, the *pedum*, and the *bari*—prodigious works which no living eye would ever examine, endless legends in granite which only the dead have time to read throughout eternity.

At last we issued into a hall so vast, so enormous, so immeasurable, that the eye could not perceive its confines. Flooding the sight were

files of monstrous columns between which twinkled livid stars of yellow flame, and these points of light revealed further incalculable depths.

The Princess Hermonthis always held me by the hand, and graciously saluted the mummies of her acquaintance.

My eyes accustomed themselves to the crepuscular light, and objects became discernible.

I beheld, seated upon their thrones, the kings of the subterranean races: they were magnificent, dry old men, withered, wrinkled, parchmented, blackened with naphtha and bitumen—all wearing golden headdresses, breast-plates, and gorgets starry with precious stones, eyes of a sphinx-like fixity, and long beards whitened by the snows of the centuries. Behind them, their embalmed people stood, in the rigid and constrained pose of Egyptian art, preserving eternally the attitude prescribed by the hieratic code. Behind these peoples, contemporary cats mewed, ibises flapped their wings, and crocodiles grinned, all rendered still more monstrous by their swathing bands.

All the Pharaohs were there—Cheops, Chephrenes, Psammetichus, Sesostris, Amenotaph—all the dark rulers of the pyramids and the nymphs. On the yet higher thrones sat King Chronos, Xixouthros, who was contemporary with the deluge, and Tubal Cain, who preceded it.

The beard of King Xixouthros had grown so full that it already wound seven times around the granite table upon which he leaned, lost in a somnolent reverie.

Further back, through a dusty cloud across the dim centuries, I beheld vaguely the seventy-two preadamite Kings, with their seventy-two peoples, forever passed away.

After allowing me to gaze upon this astounding spectacle a few moments, the Princess Hermonthis presented me to Pharaoh, her father, who vouchsafed me a majestic nod.

"I have recovered my foot again! I have recovered my foot!" cried the Princess, as she clapped her little hands one against the other with all the signs of playful joy. "Here is the gentleman who restored it to me."

The races of Kemi, the races of Nahasi, all the black, bronze, and copper-colored nations, repeated in chorus:

"The Princess Hermonthis has recovered her foot!"

Even Xixouthros was visibly affected: he raised his dull eyelids, passed his fingers over his mustache, and bent upon me his look weighty with centuries.

"By Oms, the dog of Hell, and by Tmei, daughter of the Sun and of Truth, there is a brave and worthy fellow!" exclaimed Pharaoh, extending toward me his sceptre, terminated with a lotus-flower. "What do you desire for recompense?"

Strong in that audacity which is inspired by dreams, where nothing



seems impossible, I asked the hand of Hermonthis: the hand seemed to me a very proper antithetic recompense for such a good foot.

Pharaoh opened wide his eyes of glass, astonished by my pleasantry and my request.

"From what country do you come, and what is your age?"

"I am a Frenchman, and I am twenty-seven years old, venerable Pharaoh."

"Twenty-seven years old—and he wishes to espouse the Princess Hermonthis, who is thirty centuries old!" exclaimed at once all the thrones and all the circles of nations.

Hermonthis alone did not seem to find my request unreasonable.

"If you were even only two thousand years old," replied the ancient King, "I would quite willingly give you the Princess; but the disproportion is too great; and, besides, we must give our daughters husbands who are durable—you no longer know how to preserve yourselves: the oldest people that you can produce are scarcely fifteen hundred years old, and they are no more than a pinch of dust. See here—my flesh is hard as basalt, my bones are bars of steel!

"I shall be present on the last day of the world with the body and the features which were mine in life; my daughter Hermonthis will endure longer than a statue of bronze.

"Then the winds will have dispersed the last particles of your dust, and Isis herself, who was able to recover the atoms of Osiris, would be embarrassed to recompose your being.

"See how vigorous I still am, and how well my hands can grip," he said to me as he shook my hand *à l'Anglaise*, in a manner that cut my fingers with my rings.

He squeezed me so hard that I awoke, and found it was my friend Alfred who was shaking me by the arm to make me get up.

"Ah, you maddening sleepyhead! Must I have you carried out into the middle of the street, and fireworks exploded in your ears? It's afternoon; don't you remember that you promised to take me with you to see M. Aguado's Spanish pictures?"

"*Mon Dieu!* I did n't remember it any more!" I answered as I dressed myself. "We will go there at once; I have the permit here on my desk."

I went forward to take it; but judge of my astonishment when instead of the mummy's foot I had purchased the evening before, I saw the tiny figurine of green paste left in its place by the Princess Hermonthis!





# A NIGHT FOR ROMANCE

*By Charles Harvey Raymond*

MY wife and I had spent the day unpacking and setting our house in order, and at the last moment I had slipped away to look up old friends at the Army and Navy Club. It was my first night in Manila after an absence of years.

About midnight I left the stone portico of the Club, homeward bound. The night could scarcely have been improved upon. A tropical moon cast its yellow haze through the palm-fronds that skirted the edge of the road; a million stars shone from a cloudless sky. Over all, there was that hush of expectancy one experiences during the early morning hours, in the midst of a city of sleeping thousands.

Once within the austere inclosure of the walled city, with the white light reflected down from the sides of a grim cathedral, I felt the spell of the old world take hold of me. The street-lamps were few and far dispersed, my footfalls echoed vaguely on the smooth flagstones, and, save for the occasional shifting of a bed across the hard-wood floor of some upper-story bedroom, or the stamping of horses in an inner courtyard, the silence was absolute. I might have imagined myself, at moments, alone in a city of the dead; but my eyes were open, my ears alert, at the slightest manifestation.

I came out at last upon a green square or plaza, with a lawn and a crumbling cathedral set back from the walk. Before the crypt-like door of the cathedral, a twisted mango tree of immense proportions served as a screen to the interior; there was a fount of marble on the outer wall, and in an open space between two pillars a tiny statue in ivory.

While I was busy taking in these details, the grating of a wheel against the stone curbing caused me to turn quickly. And I perceived, in the shadow of the house wall across the street, a small two-wheeled cart or *carromatta*. There was no sign of a driver on the seat; in the shafts, a piebald pony stood, munching at the few blades of grass that sprouted between the cobblestones.

I raked the shadows from street corner to street corner before I caught sight of any possible occupant for the *carromatta*. It was, in fact, the sound of voices rather than the acuteness of my own eyesight that called my attention to a slight indentation or alcove in the house wall that rose before me.

As my eyes became more accustomed to the light, I could see that the alcove contained a small postern door and a casement window. Leaning out of the casement, a thin shawl covering her head and shoulders, a young girl—a Filipina señorita—could be discerned. Under the window, a man, heavily cloaked, turned his back to me and his face to the lady. And I noted that the cloak, which was of that breadth and width known only in Spanish countries, bulged at the back, apparently with the concealment of some object of considerable dimension.

Even as I looked, the señorita leaned farther out from her window, while the man, standing on tiptoe, reached out a supplicating hand. Before I turned discreetly away, I heard the distinct clink of silver bracelets and the sound of low, musical laughter.

Not wishing to be an eavesdropper at so romantic an amour, I walked some distance down the street and took my seat on the curb. The round moon, paling ever so slightly as the heavens whitened with the day, cast a shadow of tree-trunks across the flagstones of the street. A bird carolled with liquid notes from somewhere behind the foliage of the plaza; and the warm, caressing breeze bore a pleasant, aromatic odor of tropical flowers. I felt myself thrilling at that early morning hour, by the side of that century-old cathedral, with a poignant sense of the beauty and romance of the city whose walls were already crumbling when our nation was still in its infancy. I listened attentively for the twang of a guitar from under the casement across the way; for surely, I thought, it must be that romantic instrument my troubadour conceals so carefully under the folds of his cloak.

Before I was aware that the man had left the window, I saw him bending over the *carromatta*. He was a Filipino of small stature, with a slickened ring of dark hair under his sombrero; as he straightened, I could see that his cheek was disfigured by a remarkable and livid scar.

He gazed up and down the street, seemed to hesitate, and finally, as if unable longer to restrain himself, walked hurriedly back to the window. This, thought I, is the true lover's parting; but I was not prepared for what followed.

After a delay of some minutes, I heard the click of a latch, the creaking of rusty hinges; and in the next instant, my señorita, heavily veiled as before, was hurrying toward the waiting *carromatta* on the arm of her lover.

The thing could not have been done better in a story-book. Before I could count ten, the *carromatta* had lurched around the corner and the sound of its wheels was dying away in the labyrinth of streets beyond. From the haste and precipitation of their flight, from the very nature of the episode, the two lovers must surely have been in danger of pursuit. And yet I waited in vain for some one to raise the hue and cry.

At last, with a feeling of satisfaction over the adventures of the night, with a genial sympathy for the world in general and for all lovers in particular, I turned my thoughts toward home.

With a sudden awakening, I glanced at my watch. The hour was later—or earlier—than I had imagined. The way, running on before me, lost itself in a cul-de-sac, and I retraced my steps half a square only to bring up at the intersection of several winding streets. Blank house-walls, as is the habit of the old city, abutted the sidewalk; and it occurred to me that the entrance to these same houses might be located on any one of the several streets that twisted away to the right and to the left. I could even fancy myself looking without recognition at the back elevation of my own house. And I came to the conclusion that, however familiar I might have been at one time with the city of Manila, I was lost now in the maze of its crooked byways.

There remained nothing for me to do but to wander the streets at random. This I did without result for the better part of the night. And the stars were dimming in the sky, the hot rays of an April day were already rising from the thick walls of the city, when I stopped before a front door I recognized as my own.

The number was graven on the stone of the façade, or I should have thought myself in error; for bright lights from the interior seeped through the bamboo shutters at every window, and a babel of voices, coming from the other side of the half-opened door, made me aware that the house was the scene of an extraordinary commotion. I went up the stairs two at a time.

I burst in upon a concourse of people. There were, perhaps, a score of native police—little, monkey-like brown men, who squinted under the electric light and gabbled together excitedly. In the centre of the room, towering above them all, a broad-shouldered, red-faced American, with officer's shoulder-straps, was taking notes; and, leaning against a half-empty packing-box, her hair dishevelled, a Japanese kimono drooping to her feet—my wife.

With a fine assumption of the sardonic in her manner, she led the way silently down the long hall, across an open court, past a gallery, to the room beyond. The police pattered behind, their officer bringing up the rear with dignity.

A pale light was admitted through a single casement window. Packing-boxes and crates, excelsior and scraps of old newspapers—all eloquent of our first day in Manila—littered the floor.

My wife waited until I had taken in the situation in full. Then—

"Our silver has been stolen, oh, every bit, our be-eautiful silver!"

The flood-gates broken, she sobbed incontinently. As I tried to comfort her, the police officer added an explanation.

"It was the new *muchacha* [housemaid]," he said. "These natives

steal like the devil—can't trust a one of them. She must have worked with an accomplice; apparently stationed him outside and passed the things down to him. Then they both hiked out."

Seized with a sudden inspiration, I stepped to the casement window. I found myself looking out from the back of our house upon a strangely familiar street. In the crepuscular light, I could make out a crumbling cathedral and a lawn, set back from the walk; an immense, twisted mango tree; a fount of marble; a tiny statue and pedestal.

I seemed to hear again the clink of silver, to see the bulged-out cloak of the troubadour, to hear the rumble of a fast-disappearing *carromatta*. The plaza was flooded now with yellow sunlight; its cobblestones seemed dirty; inch-thick dust covered the foliage of its trees. The stage was no longer set for romance.

Eager faces were raised toward me as I turned back into the room.

"If it will do you any good to know," I said to the officer, "the accomplice was heavily cloaked, of small stature, with a scar on his right cheek, and he rode away several hours ago in a *carromatta* drawn by a piebald pony."

"W-why," exclaimed my wife, "how in the world did you find all that out?"

But that, among other things, it took me some time to explain.



## WHEN JUNE IS HERE

BY JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD

WHEN June is here the burgeoned trees  
Yield tribute to each passing breeze;  
The ghostly dandelions white  
Sift through the air in feather flight,  
And fleck, foamwise, the grassy seas.

The lilt of birds, the drone of bees,  
And all the jocund minstrelsies  
Of nature swell for our delight,  
When June is here.

We reckon but little, at our ease,  
Of either heaven or the leas  
Of life; but with a heart as light  
As buoyant swallows in their flight,  
We cast aside care's panoplies,  
When June is here.

# "EVERYMAN" AND "EVERY- WOMAN"

*By Katherine Brégy*

OPINIONS may differ concerning the artistic merit of Walter Browne's twentieth-century morality play, "Everywoman"; but as to the lady's popularity, he who runs may read. In spite of her allegorical setting, in spite of her tendency toward abstraction and moralizing (and perhaps a little *because* of her very spectacular entourage!), she has indubitably captured the heart of the "average playgoer."

It is a sign of the times in more ways than one that the mantle of "Everyman" should have fallen so gracefully upon the shoulders of "Everywoman." It is full of significant contrasts and comparisons. Ours is a feminist age, an individualistic age; an age given to pathos rather than to tragedy, and noted more for tolerance than for definite ideals. And all of these things have gone into the making of "Everywoman." Her story is particular, where that of "Everyman" was universal—which seems psychologically suggestive. One notes, too, that whereas the more objective man learns his lesson only when confronted by Death, the subjective woman learns through the advice of Nobody, that is, through the painful disillusion of Life itself. But perhaps the most conspicuous thing about "Everywoman" is her absorption in a single idea. Now, obviously woman may—by particular training, for particular needs—become a specialist; in which case she is often a superlatively good specialist. But with the *genus* Everywoman this is not so: in concentration does the Female of the Species show both her weakness and her strength! The quest is *love*: and neither Universal Suffrage nor a Career, nor Wealth, nor Vanity, need be considered a serious rival. What are Youth and Beauty but means to the great end? Indeed, who shall say how much of Everywoman's Career (if she have a Career!) is wrought out in the service of some past or present or future King Love?

There are little cheapnesses, little superficialities, in the play of "Everywoman." There are touches of local color *so* local that one doubts a revival five centuries hence. But it carries a vast deal of fundamental truth, along with some very serviceable half-truths.

Be merciful, be just, be fair,  
To everywoman, everywhere.  
Her faults are many. Nobody's the blame!

—such is the epilogue, playful, ironic, a little piteous as well, left ringing in our ears when the curtain falls upon Everywoman's pilgrimage. Well, we are grown tender toward the weakness of the flesh. And then, we have grown to realize that often it is only through falling that man may learn to rise; only through going out that woman shall care to turn home again.

But it is interesting to set over against this the strong, bold lines, the tense elementalism, the naïve yet classic simplicity of the fifteenth-century "Everyman":

The story saith: Man, in the beginning  
Look well, and take good heed to the ending,  
Be you never so gay:  
Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,  
Which in the end causeth thy soul to weep,  
When the body lieth in clay.  
Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,  
Both Strength, Pleasure and Beauty,  
Shall fade from thee as flowers in May;  
For you shall hear how our Heaven King  
Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning:  
Give audience, and hear what he doth say!



## AS BLOWS THE WIND

It is n't wise to be up-to-date if you are going to stay in a community which is behind the times.

FEAR is hope in the wrong place.

BLESSED are the words of a diplomat, for you can forget them and yet feel that you have forgotten nothing.

It takes a bigger mind to take a joke than to make one.

EPICURUS may not live long, but he lives a lot.

THE scum of humanity is the only kind that does n't rise to the top.

SUCCESS is not one, but a series, of goals.

THE enemies of busy men usually have plenty of time.

EDUCATION may fill an empty brain, but not an empty head.

MANY a ribald song has been played on an upright piano.

*Ellis O. Jones*



# A NIGHT-LETTER SERIAL

*By Anna Rozilla Crever*

CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

TO MISS NANCY REED,  
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

DEAR SIS:

Promised to wire occasionally, so here goes. Am all right. Have section to myself. Porter shines shoes, I don't have to. Preacher in front—reads *Ecclesiastical Review*. Pretty girl across aisle—gray eyes, dark hair—it's fast and curly. Name is Alice—saw it on her suit-case.

FORD.

GRANGER, WYOMING.

All right. We introduced ourselves—was ducking around to find shoes. After a shine, Porter put them under Alice's berth by mistake. She found them. I asked whom I should thank. She said "Alice for short"—reads De Morgan. You simply have to talk to each other in a sleeper.

FORD.

OGDEN, UTAH.

I'm all right. Ran down to Salt Lake. Went sight-seeing. So did Alice—jolly luck! Both hired same carriage, and did n't know it. She knows I'm all right—my badge. Said I reminded her of her brother—more jolly luck. Imagine us doing Mormon Temple together—most jolly luck!

FORD.

PALISADE, NEVADA.

I'm right. Alice must be sick—been in berth all day. Know her head aches. Last night upper berth fell down on her. She was stooping over, or it would have killed her. Made a booby of myself with blamed wet towel. Feel blue. Desert inside as well as out.

FORD.

RENO, NEVADA.

Snowed in. You bet I look out for Alice. No diner on. Rice all there is to eat. Alice has tangerines and candy—pretend I don't like

either. She's game—eats rice like a mandarin. Her rice is served in soap-dish, mine in my hat. Alice sings—has mandolin. Plenty coal.

FORD.

RENO, NEVADA.

Still snowed in. Waiting for snow-plow to buck drifts. One wire up. Nothing to eat but rice. Alice does n't whimper. Says she's on way home to attend wedding. Lives in Sacramento. Says she guesses wedding will wait on her. I love Alice—in over my ears.

FORD.

RENO, NEVADA.

All right. Snowed in, though. Alice must have another—saw photo in her suit-case. She embroiders while I read to her. We write verses, too—make the whole car scream. Preacher wears semicircle of grin. Alice can take care of herself—thinks so, any way.

FORD.

TRUCKEE, CAL.

Out at last—sorry. Could eat rice forever with Alice. Queer about that photo. I tried twice to ask her to be my "Alice for long," but she headed me off both times. Wish we'd be snowed in some more. Have rice and preacher, if only I could have Alice.

FORD.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

I'm all in. Alice got off here. The photo and dozen girls bounced into car. Heard them say they thought she'd never get here—decorations were all ruined, caterer was mad, and mother distracted. Said they'd always told her she'd be late to her own wedding! Please send me fifty.

FORD.



# TIMBER BONDS

*By Edward Sherwood Meade, Ph.D.*

TEN years ago a proposition presented to any first-class banking house in the United States for three or five million dollars of bonds secured by a first mortgage on standing timber would have been immediately rejected. Such an undertaking would have been looked upon as hazardous in the extreme. The investor could not have been persuaded to put his money into such security. However, with the steady advance in the cost of living, and the resulting insistent demand for a higher rate of return on investments, combined with the rapid development of financial technique in investigating opportunities for investment, and in formulating plans of capitalization and financial management, the remaining standing timber in this country is rapidly becoming the basis of bonds which fully deserve the title of investment securities.

The basis of the security in timber bonds is the steadily diminishing timber supply of the United States. The consumption of lumber per capita in this country is rapidly increasing. From 1880 to 1900 the increase in population was 52 per cent., and the increase in the lumber cut was 94 per cent. In 1880 18,000,000,000 feet of timber was cut in the United States; in 1907 40,000,000,000 feet. The total of standing timber in the United States, including that which is held by the government as forest reserve, as reported by the Bureau of Forestry, is 2,500,000,000,000 feet. This supply is being exhausted at the rate of 100,000,000,000 feet a year, and the prices of all kinds of timber are steadily advancing. The average annual export price of lumber in 1896 reached its lowest figure at \$14.56 per thousand feet; in 1911 the price of the same product was \$21.54, an increase of 47.2 per cent. This rapid increase of price is an indication of the fact that at the present rate of cutting the supply of timber in the United States will be exhausted in from twenty to twenty-five years. The holders of timber land in this country possess one of the strongest natural monopolies, a monopoly whose value is certain to increase even over the present extraordinary figures.

The successful efforts of the lumber interests to raise large amounts of capital by the sale of bonds has been prompted by the change in the organization of the industry. Until recent years the logging and milling of timber were carried on by two sets of producers. An accurate

picture of the old days in the lumber industry is given in Stewart Edward White's "The Riverman." The logging firms were the owners of timber land and cut out a supply of logs each winter. These they would float down the river to the mills, where they would be sold. Prices of timber land were low and payments were easy. Only a small amount of capital was required.

This situation has now entirely changed. All branches of the industry are now concentrated under a single ownership. One company owns its own timber lands, does its own logging and milling, and in some cases sells its own product. The amount of capital required to operate a business of this character is very large. In the first place, the timber holdings must be large to warrant the construction of a modern mill, which is a very costly affair, and supply it with material for an extended period of years. The logging equipment now includes complete steam railways. The logging and the expense of getting at the logs is much greater. With the rise in the price of timber land, an enormous amount of money is tied up for a long term of years, to be collected only in small amounts as the trees are cut. The lumber operator is obliged to extend credit for periods up to six months. His taxes are constantly increasing, and he must meet his freight bills and pay-rolls promptly.

Few persons who are not conversant with lumber investments have any idea of the extent of the operations of some of these lumber companies. For example, one of the Southern lumber companies owns 550,000 acres of cypress and yellow pine, containing 3,400,000,000 feet of timber, in Georgia and South Carolina. This company has a net working capital of more than \$950,000. Its seven mills and their equipment are valued at \$1,250,000. In 1912 the output of this company will be 140,000,000 feet. Another company, operating in the far West, owns 70,000 acres of virgin timber lands in Western Oregon, which was estimated to contain over 4,300,000,000 feet of fir, cedar, and other timber. The manufacturing plant of this company is valued at \$200,000 and has a capacity of 150,000 feet for each ten-hour day. In recent years it has been found impossible by the lumber companies to handle their rapidly growing business with the capital derived from their own operations. The investment banker has been appealed to, therefore, and the result has been the issuance of a type of bond which combines high-grade security with high interest. One bond house in Chicago which has specialized on this type of security has already sold \$40,000,000 of timber bonds.

Timber bonds are peculiar among industrial securities in that they are issued against property which already exists and which can be accurately measured. A bond issued on the security of railroad property depends upon the continued profitable operation of the railroad. A rate war or a change in management, or a long-continued industrial depres-

sion, may reduce the net earnings below the level of fixed charges, and no matter how costly the property of the railroad may be, the corporation may be forced into bankruptcy and the bondholders suffer loss. The farm mortgage, which was discussed in detail in our May issue, depends for its security upon the regular and profitable operation of the farm. The bonds issued on the security of minerals, with the possible exception of anthracite coal bonds, are likely to be disturbed by the discovery of new supplies of the same mineral. The supply of timber, however, is known and fixed. The trees can actually be measured and counted. Their value is known, and that value is steadily increasing. All that is required, therefore, to make these bonds a safe investment is that they should be issued by an established company in high credit and managed by experienced lumber men; that the lands should contain a known amount of timber of good quality, the exact amount to be ascertained by timber estimators employed by the banking house; that the titles to the land should be found perfect, and that the mortgage securing the bonds should contain provisions which will provide for the repayment of a certain amount of the principal at fixed intervals, so that before the timber is exhausted the bonds will have been paid.

How carefully these requirements are complied with in the issuing of timber bonds may be seen from a recent bond offering by an important Boston house. The amount of the issue in this case was \$6,000,000 of 6 per cent. bonds. These bonds begin to mature in July, 1914, and are finally paid off in serial instalments on July 1, 1922, the instalment rising from \$250,000 to \$375,000. This is an example of the well known plan of serial bond issue. The property of the company is valued at \$16,800,000, or 2.8 times this issue. Provision for the repayment of the bonds is made by a sinking fund which places \$3.50 in the hands of the trustees for every thousand feet cut by the company's mills. Before the first instalment falls due, the accumulation of the sinking fund will amount to \$250,000. As a result of the operation of this sinking fund, the margin of security for the investor is steadily increasing. At the outside the bonds will represent \$1.76 a thousand feet. This will be reduced by the operation of the sinking fund to \$1.40 a thousand feet on January 1, 1917, to 89 cents a thousand feet on July 1, 1919, and to 27 cents a thousand feet of standing timber on July 1, 1921. This company operates in a district which has never been disturbed or seriously damaged by fire, a danger, it may be added, which is now not regarded as a serious menace to the security of timber bonds. The mortgage securing the bonds provides that the saw-mills and manufactured lumber shall be fully protected by fire insurance. It has been in successful operation for forty years. It is managed by men experienced in timber investment and saw-mill operations, who own practically the entire capital stock of the company. The proceeds of

the issue, in addition to being used for working capital, will be employed to increase the timber reserves. The net earnings of the company for the present year are estimated at \$1,000,000 as compared with the interest requirement on the bonds of \$360,000.

These statements are made by the banking house on the basis of a careful investigation. The bankers themselves verify the statements made on behalf of the management as to the history of the company and the standing of those in control of it. For the financial results of the operation, the bankers rely upon the examination of chartered accountants. The report of these accountants they submit in connection with the offering of the bonds. In this case the accountant's report showed that the average manufacturing profits for the past six years have been \$5.81 a thousand feet of lumber sold. The most important investigation made on behalf of the bankers is the amount of standing timber. This report is signed by Mr. W. E. Straight, one of the leading timber experts in the United States, whose name on a report is positive proof of a thorough preliminary examination. The method employed by Mr. Straight is described in a booklet issued by Messrs. Clark L. Poole & Co., of Chicago, one of the leading banking houses in this line, in part as follows:

All corners having been established, Mr. Straight assigned the crews to work. They were started at different points and worked to a common centre, with the intention to have all the crews meet about the same time. Each crew is furnished with plats of the different portions of the land allotted to it, the descriptions all being checked from the original deeds to the property. . . . A camp will be occupied on an average of about ten days; and the crews will cover from 10 to 18 sections of land from one camp, depending on the character of the country.

Each crew covers on foot the several portions of the woods assigned to it. The crew starts at some point on the base given by the surveyor and continues to do its work, keeping an accurate check on its base as the work proceeds. The method used is known as "horse-shoeing a 40," and is the one most commonly used by Mr. Straight, as it enables the cruiser to see every portion of the land. If the start is made at the southeast corner of a section, the cruiser will say to his compassman: "Go to tally 1 north." When the compassman who runs all the lines has gone north 125 paces, or about 375 feet, he calls out, "Tally 1 north," and stops until he is directed to move. This gives one side of a ten-acre tract. The cruiser has begun to work toward the compassman, and counts and estimates each and every tree for a distance of 25 paces on each side of his base line, making 50 paces in all. At first he measures the trees with a tape, to verify his eye judgment of the circumference and measures windfalls for length to verify his eye judgment as to the height of trees. If his eye judgment has been at fault, he keeps measuring until his eye judgment becomes accurate, then he trusts solely to his eye. He keeps tally of each tree, and at the close of the day figures out his totals by an established mathematical rule. . . . When the estimator has finished his work . . . he has an



accurate tally of each tree on eight acres of each forty acres, with its length and other dimensions. In his hand he has held a card on which he has kept a tally. He also carries a field-book in which he notes the topography of the land, the location of marshes, lakes, streams, wagon-roads, logging railroads, and everything that comes within his observation, together with notations as to the surface of the ground, general logging chance, character of soil, etc. At night he makes out from his field-book an accurate plat, or timber estimate and field report sheet, one for each section of land estimated.

It is on the basis of carefully detailed work of this sort, carried on under the eye of the supervisor, that the banking house estimates the quantity of timber on which it advances money. When this examination is supplemented by a verification of details and by the drawing of a trust deed conveying the timber and all other property of the company in trust for the payment of principal and interest of the bonds under a variety of carefully drawn restrictions which practically eliminate the risk of careless financial management, the banking house can offer the investor a 6 per cent. bond which is as safe an investment as can be furnished him.

## LOVE, THE BALL

BY WINIFRED CARTER

LOVE is like a bouncing ball,  
Where you throw it, there 't will fall,  
Then it floats in airy spaces,  
To another now it races.  
Love's a ball, a bouncing ball,  
Love's a Ball.

Love is like a bouncing ball,  
All your actions 't will forestall.  
Skims the ground with dainty grace,  
Now it's in another place.  
Love's a ball, a bouncing ball,  
Love's a Ball.

Love is like a bouncing ball.  
Catch is quickly lest it fall,  
Hold it tightly, dainty fair;  
Ah, it floats away in air!  
Love's a ball, a bouncing ball,  
Love's a Ball.



## DITHYRAMB TO AN AEROPLANE

*By Carolyn Wells*

O!

Aeroplane!

Thou product of the mighty modern brain,

Whose flight is faster than a railroad train,

To thee I sing!

For thee I set my Pegasus a-wing

And bring

A meed of praise. Although

Just how much is a meed I do not know.

But that's nor here nor there,

Aeroplane,

O!

Bird of the upper air,—

Though I admit that there

Is where

Most birds pursue their trackless way,—

I hail thy day!

I'm glad that thou hast settled down to stay,—

Well, no, I don't mean that! 'T was said in fun,—

I-mean, thy glorious day has now begun.

But tell us, wingèd one,

How is 't up there

In the high upper air?

Are the roads good? And is the scenery fair?

Is speeding fun? Or do aerial cops

Demand thy sudden stops?

## Walnuts and Wine

I may as well admit  
I'm scared a bit  
At thought of new conditions brought about  
By thine exalted route.

Must I  
Henceforward walk with eyes upon the sky,  
With head thrown back, neck strained and gaze upbent,  
Fearing thy swift descent?  
Or dreading lest thou chance to drop about  
Some rubbish thou canst do without?  
Or must I stay at home,  
Fearing abroad to roam,  
Lest careless chaps fling from those regions higher  
Lighted cigars, and set my house on fire?

O Aeroplane,  
These wonderings are vain!  
So much I want to know,  
Aeroplane, O!  
Things thou alone canst tell—  
That—well—  
With thee I fain would chin;  
So, if thou'rt passing by—drop in!

### WELL LOOKED AFTER

"Sammy, you did n't come to school yesterday afternoon."

"No, ma'am; circus was in town, and Pa and Ma and Aunt Sadie and Uncle Tom and Cousin Bob all went to take me."

*Justin Tyme*

### AT A DISADVANTAGE

While awaiting the coming of her friend, the mother, a visitor to a Baltimore household was holding a desultory conversation with one of the little girls in the drawing-room. "Where are your two little sisters?" the caller asked.

"Oh, *they*," observed the little girl, with the air of one upon whom responsibilities rest heavily—"they're out somewhere to have what mother calls 'mischief' and what they call 'fun.'"

"And why did n't you go to share in the 'fun'?" asked the caller.

The child sighed. "Mother trusts me so dreadfully," she explained, "that I can't have much fun."

*Edwin Tarriase*



## Woman's Fascination

This is a matter of the possession  
of many natural qualities, foremost  
among which may be counted the radiant  
beauty of a natural complexion, such as is assured  
by the regular daily use of

# Pears' Soap

Nature dowers almost every woman with a more or less beautiful complexion. To begin with it is soft and smooth, and fair to look upon, but, perhaps by the use of ordinary, impure toilet soaps, or other neglect, the skin gradually loses its natural beauty and becomes colorless and inanimate.

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## Walnuts and Wine

IN JUNE

*By Corinne Rockwell Swain*

Now doth the anxious graduate  
Begin to go to pieces.  
He's been a shirk, and cut his work,  
But now appears Nemesis!  
With frenzied toil, and midnight oil,  
He cultivates paresis  
By doing crams for spring exams,  
And working up his thesis.

### CONTROLLING THE SITUATION

One year, when the youngsters of a certain Illinois village met for the purpose of electing a captain of their baseball team for the coming season, it appeared that there were an excessive number of candidates for the post, with more than the usual wrangling.

Youngster after youngster presented his qualifications for the post; and the matter was still undecided when the son of the owner of the ball-field stood up. He was a small, snub-nosed lad, with a plentiful supply of freckles, but he glanced about him with a dignified air of controlling the situation.

"I'm going to be captain this year," he announced convincingly, "or else Father's old bull is going to be turned into the field."

He was elected unanimously.

*Fenimore Martin*

### EASILY PROVED

*Lady* (to small boy who is fishing): "I wonder what your father would say if he caught you fishing on Sunday."

*Boy*: "I don't know. You had better ask him. That's him a little farther up the stream."

*Joe King*

### SARAH'S SQUANDERINGS

In Concord, New Hampshire, they tell of an old chap who made his wife keep a cash account. Each week he would go over it, growling and grumbling. On one such occasion he delivered himself of the following:

"Look here, Sarah, mustard-plasters, fifty cents; three teeth extracted, two dollars! There's two dollars and a half in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I am made of money?"

*T.*

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MASS.

DALTON

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## Walnuts and Wine

### CLEVER WILLIE

A rough-looking man entered the home of a gentleman in a Western city, and, seeing no one around but a small boy named Willie, said to him, "If you don't tell me where your father keeps his money, I 'll knock your top-knot off an' afterwards eat yer."

"Please don't," said Willie. "You 'll find all the money we 've got in an old coat in the kitchen."

Two minutes later a bruised and battered wreck was pitched through the front door of Willie's home, and sat in the gutter and blinked.

"That kid 's too smart," said the man. "Never said a word about the ol' man bein' inside the coat." *Horace Zimmerman*

### REALIZATION

*By N. Parker Jones*

When winter brought its weary round  
Of fires and drifting snow  
He yearned for summer's dreamy days  
And hammocks swinging low.  
But now the lovely June is here  
With birds and blossoms gay,

So he proceeds to cut the grass, oil the automobile, freeze ice-cream, paint screens, pull weeds, sprinkle the yard, plant vines, and in sundry and divers idle pleasures of a similar innocuous character contrives

To dream the hours away!

### COMPLICATED

"During the financial depression of 1901," says a Milwaukee man, "a German farmer in Wisconsin went to his bank for some money. He was told that the bank was not paying out money, but was using cashier's checks. He could not understand this, and the officers of the bank took him in hand, one after another, with little effect. At last the president himself tried his hand, and after long and minute explanation some inkling of the situation seemed to be dawning on the farmer's mind. Much encouraged, the president said:

"You understand the idea now, do you not, Mr. Weber?"

"Yes," said Mr. Weber; "it 's like dis. ain'd it? Ven my baby vakes up at night and vants some milk, I gif him a milk ticket."

*Taylor Edwards*



## Pick Out The Ostermoor Sleepers

As we sleep, so we live. A poor night's sleep means crusty and cross business or home life the next day.

There is one way to practically guarantee perfect slumber—buy an Ostermoor.

This is a strong claim, but we can prove it—may we?

*Our 144-page book "The Test of Time," is not a mere catalogue. It is an interesting little illustrated volume on sleep. We mail it, free, on request; send your name on a postal.*

# OSTERMOOR

## MATTRESS \$15.

The superiority of the Ostermoor is in the way it is made. Any one can buy cotton, ~~and~~ of the high quality used in Ostermoor Mattress if they will, but only the exclusive patented Ostermoor processes can make the light, elastic, springy Ostermoor sheets. Only our processes can produce the comfort-giving, non-matting, resilient qualities of the genuine Ostermoor. It is germ-proof and vermin-proof and moisture-proof.

When you buy, be sure that the name "Ostermoor" and our trade-mark label is sewed on end of the mattress. Then, *and then only*, will you have a *genuine* mattress.

**Buy of your Ostermoor Dealer. If he has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received**

**30 Nights' Free Trial** granted, money returned if dissatisfied. Send for our free book, "The Test of Time," and ask for the name of our authorized dealer in your vicinity. Don't go to anybody else for an Ostermoor.

**OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 102 Elizabeth Street, NEW YORK**

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### REVERIE: AT COMMENCEMENT

*By C. R. S.*

My essay 's abstruse,  
But my gown does n't fit!  
I feel like a goose—  
My essay 's abstruse—  
Ah me! What 's the use  
Of wisdom or wit?  
My essay 's abstruse,  
But my gown does n't fit!

### TAKING CARE OF HIS FLOCK

"It 's curious to observe," says a Maryland man, "the manner in which many illiterate persons prosper. I once had business that used to take me at intervals to a certain place on the Eastern Shore. On one occasion I went into a store there, the proprietor of which could neither read nor write. While I was there a man came in—evidently a regular customer.

"'I owe you some money, don't I?' he inquired.

"The storekeeper went to the door and turned it around so that the back was visible.

"'Yes,' said he; 'you owe me for a cheese.'

"'Cheese!' exclaimed the customer. 'I don't owe you for any cheese!'

"The storekeeper gave another look at the door.

"'You 're right,' said he. 'It 's a grindstone. I did n't see the dot over the 'i' in the middle.'"

*Howard Morse*

### QUITE FRENCHY

When Mr. Levy bought "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson, he fell heir to one of the old family servants. After the new master returned from abroad, extensive improvements were made in the grounds, and this old dorky had occasion one day to show some visitors about the garden. Calling their attention with some pride and more embarrassment to the nude statues of Venus and Ceres, he said, "Them ladies is Mis' Venus an' her—her daughter. Mr. Levy knowed 'em in Paris."

*A. H.*

THERE are sermons in stones, and buttons in the contribution-box.

*Harold Susman*



The  
Man  
and the  
Factories

## Behind the Steger Piano

The success of the **Steger & Sons Piano** proves that music-lovers have been quick to recognize its excellent qualities. The Steger Institution, as in the past, is determined to perpetuate its reputation by producing a piano of artistic worth and offering it at a moderate price. As an instrument of splendid musical sound, durable construction and graceful, refined designing it reflects the sincerity of this ambition.

# Steger & Sons

## Pianos and Natural Player-Pianos

19 Story  
Steger Bldg.

Are offered at attractive prices—quality considered. Most exacting methods of manufacturing, the result of many years of experience; and the extensive Steger purchasing-power reduce remarkably the cost of each instrument. They are made in the great Steger piano-factories, at Steger, Illinois, the town founded by Mr. J. V. Steger.

*The Steger & Sons Catalog is a real necessity to those contemplating the purchase of a piano*

### PLANS FOR PAYMENT THAT MAKE BUYING CONVENIENT

Secure our new catalog—it will give you valuable information. Liberal allowance made for old pianos.

**Steger & Sons**  
Piano Manufacturing Co.  
STEGER BUILDING,  
CHICAGO, ILL.



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### TRAVELLERS' TALES

A gentleman whose travel-talks are known throughout the world tells the following on himself:

"I was booked for a lecture one night at a little place in Scotland four miles from a railway station.

"The 'chairman' of the occasion, after introducing me as 'the mon wha's coom here tae broaden oor intellects,' said that he felt that a wee bit of prayer would not be out of place.

"'O Lord,' he continued, 'put it intae the heart of this mon tae speak the truth, the hale truth, and naething but the truth, and gie us grace tae understan' him.'

"Then, with a glance at me, the chairman said, 'I've been a traveller meself!'"

*Fenimore Martin*

### UP TO HIM

A man who had suddenly become very rich went to live in New York and began to spend money with a lavish hand. He decided that his name needed some advertising, so he visited a genealogist.

"I suppose," he said, "if I pay you enough you can trace my family back to Adam."

"My dear sir," replied the genealogist, "if you're willing to put up the money, we can prove by evolution that your family existed before Adam."

*J. J. O'Connell*

### GOOD ADVICE

*By Harold Melbourne*

A fool's advice is better than

A knave's, for it is clear,

Whatever we may think of it,

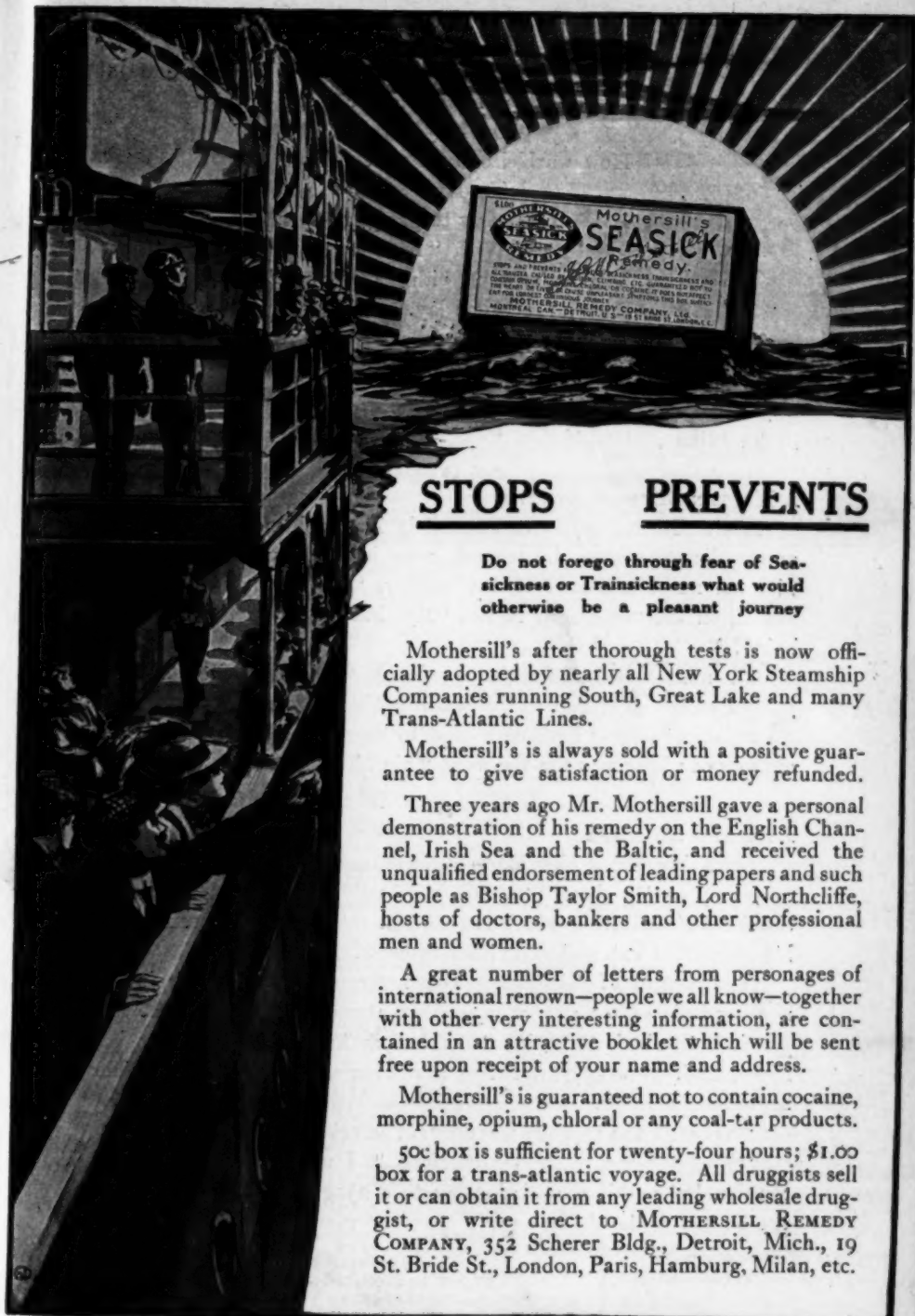
It is at least sincere!

### HAROLD'S CHOICE

Harold, aged three, had been sent upstairs by his mother to take a nap. Being in rather a lively mood and not desirous of sleep, Harold amused himself by shouting, singing, and jumping around. His mother, hearing the racket, sent his five-year-old sister up to tell him that unless he went to sleep at once he could have no dessert for dinner. When his sister informed him, he stopped, thought for a minute, and said, "Sister, go down and ask cook what kin' of 'sert we's going to have for dinner."

*R. Y. Smith*





The illustration depicts the deck of a ship, with several passengers visible. In the foreground, a person is leaning over the railing, looking down. In the background, two other people are standing near a structure. To the right, a large box of 'Mothersill's SEASICK Remedy' is shown floating in the water, with a sunburst effect behind it. The box features the brand name 'Mothersill's' and 'SEASICK Remedy' in large letters, along with smaller text describing its uses and availability.

## STOPS PREVENTS

Do not forego through fear of Seasickness or Trainsickness what would otherwise be a pleasant journey

Mothersill's after thorough tests is now officially adopted by nearly all New York Steamship Companies running South, Great Lake and many Trans-Atlantic Lines.

Mothersill's is always sold with a positive guarantee to give satisfaction or money refunded.

Three years ago Mr. Mothersill gave a personal demonstration of his remedy on the English Channel, Irish Sea and the Baltic, and received the unqualified endorsement of leading papers and such people as Bishop Taylor Smith, Lord Northcliffe, hosts of doctors, bankers and other professional men and women.

A great number of letters from personages of international renown—people we all know—together with other very interesting information, are contained in an attractive booklet which will be sent free upon receipt of your name and address.

Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral or any coal-tar products.

50c box is sufficient for twenty-four hours; \$1.00 box for a trans-atlantic voyage. All druggists sell it or can obtain it from any leading wholesale druggist, or write direct to **MOTHERSILL REMEDY COMPANY, 352 Scherer Bldg., Detroit, Mich., 19 St. Bride St., London, Paris, Hamburg, Milan, etc.**



## Walnuts and Wine

### OH, YOU MAY DAY!

*By Frederick Moson*

What is there fresh a poet can say  
On May?  
How warbleize some novel way  
To-day?  
It's rather early to get gay  
With "hay";  
That chimeth in with "sunlit bay,"—  
June lay.  
But list! Sings now a Maytime fay,—  
Ah, nay,  
'T is but the umpire yelling "Play!"  
Hooray!

### A MODERN MAID OF ATHENS

A little Boston girl with exquisitely long golden curls and quite an angelic appearance in general, came in from an afternoon walk with her nurse and said to her mother, "Oh, Mamma, a strange woman on the street said to me, 'My, but ain't you got beautiful hair'!"

The mother smiled, for the compliment was well merited, but she gasped as the child innocently continued her account:

"I said to her, 'I am *very* glad to have you like my hair, but I am sorry to hear you use the word "ain't"!'."

*E. R. Bickford*

### LOVE AND GRAMMAR

Some time ago a New York business man, who is blessed with an extremely pretty daughter, took his family to England for an indefinite period, during which he was to establish British branches of his mercantile enterprises in this country.

The charms of this young woman wrought much havoc in the rank and file of the men who met her abroad. She was sweet and gracious to all, but her heart, as well as her wit, belonged to her native land. One day her father found her at her desk, knitting her brows over a letter.

"What's the trouble, my dear?" he asked solicitously.

"Father," she responded dolefully, "I must write another declension, but nothing will induce me to conjugate until I get back to the United States."

*Taylor Edwards*

Walnuts and Wine



# \$530 Buys the Material NEEDED TO BUILD THIS HOME!

**Price includes Blue Prints; Architect's Specifications; Full Details; Working Plans and Typewritten Material List**

## OUR HOUSE DESIGN NO. 163

Our Design No. 163 is one of the neatest, most compact and practical houses ever built. It is beauty, symmetry and practicability combined. Much time and expense has been spent in planning this house to the very best advantage in the use of material, plan of rooms, style of construction. It cannot be improved, an ideal city or country home, an investment that will pay for itself. Entire interior including floors furnished in Clear Georgia Pine, up-to-date style and finish. Standard construction throughout. The material we furnish for construction is all BRAND NEW, selected with great care, excellent quality throughout, entirely suitable and in some localities almost too good for the purpose intended.

cannot but help net a handsome income. Six Rooms and Bath, plenty of Closets.

The material we furnish for construction is all BRAND NEW, selected with great care, excellent quality throughout, entirely suitable and in some localities almost too good for the purpose intended.

## We are experts, not only in Building Material cost and values, but in house planning as well

Our Guaranteed Building Proposition insures you ample quantities to complete the job strictly according to plans; prompt shipment, safe delivery and a personal follow-up letter from our President to find out whether our promises to you have been kept. Absolute satisfaction in this entire deal is what we offer.

### WE SAVE YOU BIG MONEY ON LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIAL!

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. is the largest concern in the world devoted to the sale of Lumber, Plumbing, Heating Apparatus and Building Material direct to the consumer. No one else can make you an offer like the one shown above. We propose to furnish you everything needed for the construction of this building except Plumbing, Heating and Masonry material. Write for exact details of what we furnish. It will be in accordance with our specifications, which are so clear that there will be no possible misunderstanding.

### HOW WE OPERATE

We purchase at Sheriff's Sales, Receivers' Sales and Manufacturers' Sales, besides owning outright sawmills and lumber yards. Usually when you purchase your building material for the complete home shown above, elsewhere, it will cost you from 50 to 60 per cent more than we ask for it. By our "direct to you" methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits. We can prove this to you.

### WHAT OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF

We have everything needed in Building Material for a building of any sort. Lumber, Sash, Doors, Millwork, Structural Iron, Pipes, Valves and Fittings, Steel and Prepared Roofing. Our stock includes Dry Goods, Clothing, Furniture, Rugs, Groceries, etc., Machinery, Hardware, Wire Fencing — in fact, anything required to build or equip. Everything for the Home, the Office, the Factory or the Field, besides everything to wear or to eat. Send us your carpenter's or contractor's bill for our low estimate. We will prove our ability to save you money. WRITE US TODAY, giving a complete list of everything you need.

### FREE BOOK OF PLANS

We publish a handsome, illustrated book, containing designs of Houses, Cottages, Bungalows, Barns, etc. We can furnish the material complete for any of these designs. This book is mailed free to those who correctly fill in the coupon below. Even if you have no immediate intention of building, we advise that you obtain a copy of our FREE BOOK OF PLANS. It's a valuable book.

### OUR GUARANTEE

This company has a capital stock and surplus of over \$1,000,000.00. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every detail. If you buy any material from us not as represented, we will take it back at our freight expense and return your money. We recognize the virtue of a satisfied customer. We will in every instance "Make Good." Thousands of satisfied customers prove this. We refer you to any bank or banker anywhere. Look us up in the Mercantile Agencies. Ask any Express Company. Write to the publisher of this publication. Our responsibility is unquestioned.

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material, transportation charges prepaid, for the low cost of \$2.00. This is only a deposit, a guarantee of good faith, and the proposition to you is that after receiving these blue prints, specifications and list of material, if you can place an order with us for complete bill of material, we will credit your account in full for the \$2.00 received, or we will allow you to return these plans, specifications, and list of materials to us and we will refund \$1.50, thereby making the total cost to you 50 cents.

## High Grade Bathroom Outfits!



The price of this Bathroom Outfit \$37.50.

Plumbing material direct to you at bargain prices. We have everything needed in Plumbing Material. Our prices mean a saving to you of 30 to 40 per cent.

Here is an illustration of a bathroom outfit we are selling at \$37.50. Your plumber would ask you about \$60.00 for this same outfit. It is only one of many other complete outfits that we are offering at prices ranging from \$25.00 to \$50.00.

Write for Our Free Plumbing Material Catalog No. 1060

## Hot Air Furnaces!

Don't let the contract for your hot air furnace until you get our figures.

We will cut your local dealer's price in half. We can furnish you a complete equipment, including pipes, registers, furnace; everything required at a price not much more than what an ordinary heating stove would cost you. Complete hot air heating plants \$48.00 up.

Get our heating catalog at once. Tells you all about it. Write us today. We guarantee to save you money. We loan you tools. We make you plans. Every heating plant we sell is backed by our guarantee bond.



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We guarantee to save you 50 to 75 per cent on a modern hot water heating plant for your home. We make you complete plans and instructions and help you out every way we possibly can. We loan you tools. Every plant backed by our guarantee bond. We furnish the material; you get the plant installed. Cut out the local dealer's profit and cost the cost in half. Thousands of our plants installed and working perfectly in every part of the country. Write today for our Special Heating Catalog. Tells all about our heating proposition. We can furnish Heating Apparatus for any building, no matter how large. Tell us your needs. Write for Free Special Heating Catalog No. 1060.



## Water Supply Outfits! Modern Air Pressure Water Supply Systems

They are strictly new, first-class and complete in every detail. Even though you live in the country, you can enjoy every city comfort at little expense. Why not investigate this? We are ready to furnish you with all facts free of charge. All material fully guaranteed. We also have a complete stock of Pipe, Valves and Fittings at 40 to 50 per cent saving.

1 1/2 Horse Power Gasoline Engines at \$24.75

THIRTY-FIFTH AND IRON STS., CHICAGO.

## SEND US THIS COUPON.

Chicago House Wrecking Co. 1060

I saw this ad in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

I am interested in.....

NAME.....

Town.....

Co..... State.....

## Walnuts and Wine

### AN EGG MYSTERY

Frederick Haskins, author, globe trotter, and president of the National Press Club, often regales his friends with incidents occurring during his trips through the country in search of "copy."

On one occasion, according to "Freddie," he arrived at a tumble-down Southern tavern, where he was forced to spend the night. Upon arriving at the breakfast table the following morning, he scanned the menu and decided that eggs were the least suspicious article of diet thereon. Accordingly he ordered some.

"Ah would n't jes' recommend de aigs 's mornin', boss," said the colored servitor.

"What 's the matter? Are they spoiled?"

"No, sah; dey ain't spoiled."

"Well, are they cold-storage eggs?"

"No, sah, dey ain't col'-storage aigs, neither."

"Then, what 's the matter with them?" queried the hungry Haskins.

"Well, sah, ef yo' mus' know—we ain't got no aigs 's mornin'," came the unwilling reply.

Haskins ate corn-cakes.

William N. Taft

### PLANTING GARDEN

By M. Madison Lee

"T is time to plant my garden now,  
According to the rules;  
But I am worried as to how  
I 'll find the proper tools.

The presence of the rake upsets  
The modest little violets;  
The hoe doth always lose his head  
When we approach the lily-bed;  
The spade is not allowed to pass  
The gate without an *alias*,  
Because it makes the roses blush  
To hear his *proper* name—oh, tush!

"T is time to plant my garden now,  
According to the rules;  
I 'll go and work it anyhow  
With those improper tools.

# Old Hampshire Bond

[10]



**W**HEN you write to a friend as a friend—when you are *not* trying to sell him something—good taste demands that you eschew the business letterhead.

The question "what other stationery to use" is answered by Old Hampshire Bond Stationery.

*"The Stationery of a Gentleman"*

is a notepaper, with envelopes to match, for private, personal correspondence. It is as different from business stationery as a dinner coat is from a lounge suit.

*Sample packet mailed free.  
Will you ask for it?*

[11]

**T**HE appearance of stationery often tells a very complete story of a firm's ideals and policies.

Think of the men to whom your yesterday's letters were sent.

Aren't they without exception men whom you would like to impress with your good taste and business judgment?

Old Hampshire Bond stands for quality, reliability and service. "Made a little better than seems necessary," it conveys the impression that you are unusually attentive to the requirements of present-day business conditions.



[12]

**Y**OU should see the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It shows a wide selection of letterheads and business forms. One style of printing, lithographing or engraving, on white or one of the fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond, is sure to express exactly the feeling-tone you desire for your stationery.

Write for it under your present letterhead.

*Hampshire Paper Company*

*South Hadley Falls  
Massachusetts*

*The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively. Makers of Old Hampshire Bond, "The Stationery of a Gentleman," and also Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper and Manuscript Covers.*

## Walnuts and Wine

### A WOULD-BE PROGRESSIVE

The president of a local woman's club has a very "progressive" colored sister officiating in her kitchen. The mistress is frequently asked for the loan of books of an educational character, the last call being for a work on parliamentary law.

"Why, what on earth do you want with *that*, Melissa?" asked the mistress.

The maid hesitated, then she said, "You see, it's this way, Miss Lily: I'm president of the Bright Lights in our church, and when we take a vote I always tell them, 'All in favor say aye, contraries please say the same,' and somehow or other it don't sound just right."

E. D. Wood

### NOT EXACTLY WHAT WAS INTENDED

He was a budding author, and his wife, determined that his train of thought should not be trammelled by domestic worries, said to the new maid, "Now, Jane, if you want anything, always come to me. Never go to Mr. Bookmaker unless I am out."

A few days later there was a knock at Mr. Bookmaker's study door, and in reply to the usual "Come!" the new maid, fresh and pretty, appeared. "Please, sir," she said, "Mrs. Bookmaker said I was never to disturb you unless she was out."

"Well?" said Mr. Bookmaker inquiringly.

"She's out, sir."

F. H. Mason

### COULD WEEP ANYWHERE

The only photographer in a certain Kansas town not long ago received a call from a tall, cadaverous man, who, after a mournful survey of the studio, observed that the picture man did not appear to possess the necessary properties for the kind of a photograph the cadaverous person wanted.

Upon being pressed to state his wants, the man said:

"I want a picture of myself weeping beside my wife's grave. Could you, here in the shop, fix up a grave for me?"

The photographer responded that he feared he lacked the necessary paraphernalia, adding, in a facetious way, that perhaps it might be arranged to procure the desired picture at the grave itself.

The tall person sighed. "The grave is in Missouri," he said. "It would be too expensive to make the trip there. Couldn't you fix up some kind of a grave here that I could weep on. It is very little trouble for me to weep anywhere."

Edwin Tarrisse



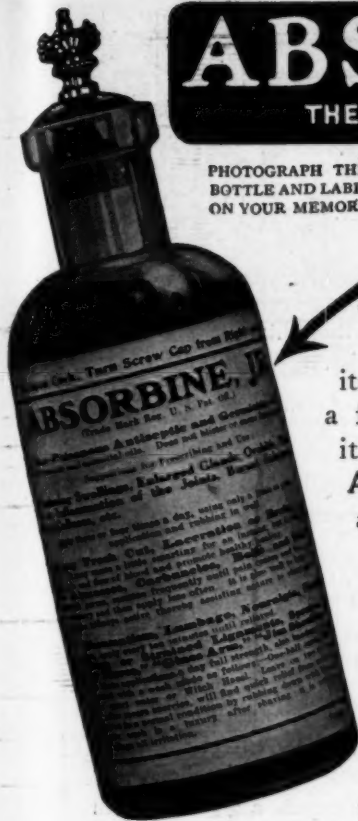
Walnuts and Wine

# ABSORBINE JR.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

PHOTOGRAPH THIS  
BOTTLE AND LABEL  
ON YOUR MEMORY.

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



**Absorbine, Jr.**, is a mild and powerful liniment and in addition is an *antiseptic* and *germicide* of proven value. This makes it a different liniment and *doubles* its efficiency. It is concentrated, requiring only a few drops at an application and retaining its germicidal powers even diluted one part **Absorbine, Jr.**, to 100 parts water. Remarkably effective, yet mild and pleasant to use, as it is purely herbal. Containing no minerals or poisons, it is harmless to the most sensitive tissues. **Absorbine, Jr.**, has a pleasing odor and does not stain or leave a greasy residue.

## Prescribe and use Absorbine, Jr.

In every instance where a quick, safe and powerful germicide is required—this does not mean simply for throat affections, but for *cuts, bruises, lacerations, sores, ulcers*, etc., where **Absorbine, Jr.**, not only makes the part aseptically clean, but promotes a rapid and healthy healing.

To reduce inflammatory conditions anywhere—*sprains, strains, wrenches, painful, swollen veins or glands*.  
To reduce bursal enlargements and infiltrations—*wens, weeping sinews*, etc.  
To *allay pain* anywhere—its anodyne effect is prompt and permanent.  
To spray into the throat if sore or infected—a 10% or 20% solution of **Absorbine, Jr.**, will soothe and heal and destroy all bacteria.  
In fact, wherever an effective germicidal liniment is indicated.

**Reprint from Laboratory Report made November 15, 1911, by A. R. Pyne, M.B., Dominion Analyst, 134 Carlton Street, Toronto, on Absorbine, Jr.**

Test 1 was conducted with a 25% aqueous solution of Absorbine, Jr. There was no growth of the *Bacillus Diphtheriae* or *Bacillus Coli* on the sterile agar plates from one up to fifteen minutes, and nine minutes' exposure was germicidal to the *Staphylococcus*.

Test 2 was conducted in the same way with a 15% solution. There was no growth on the agar plates from the *Bacillus Diphtheriae* or the *Bacillus Coli*, fourteen minutes proving sufficient for the death of the *Staphylococcus*.

Test 3 was similarly conducted, using a 10% solution. Three minutes' exposure to this solution was germicidal to the *Bacillus Coli*, and seven minutes' exposure destroyed the *Bacillus Diphtheriae*.

## It Kills Germs

"Evidence," a forty-eight page booklet, gives positive, clear-cut, emphatic evidence of what **Absorbine, Jr.**, has done and will do. This booklet together with detailed laboratory reports, is free for the asking. Send for them to-day.

**Absorbine, Jr.**, is sold by leading druggists at \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle or sent direct, all charges paid.

## A Liberal Trial Bottle

will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist to-day.

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Enclosed find 10c. in stamps, for which send me postpaid TRIAL BOTTLE of **Absorbine, Jr.**, pamphlet Evidence and laboratory reports.

Name.....  
Address .....

6  
L.I.P.P.



## Walnuts and Wine

### A PLEASING MISS

*By Stuart W. Knight*

I saw a pleasing miss to-day;  
I gazed in breathless glee.  
To-day I saw a miss that I  
Had always longed to see.

A mad excitement shook my frame  
On seeing this neat miss;  
I felt a mighty thrill, and thought  
I'd surely burst with bliss.

My frenzied joy could not be quelled;  
My happiness would out;  
Small wonder I should wave my hands  
And sing and dance and shout.

I saw a pleasing miss to-day,  
That set my heart aflame;  
I saw the slugger miss the ball,  
And the home team won the game.

### THE CLEVER OSTEOPATH

A certain osteopath was treating a young lady who had very weak ankles and wrists. As she lived in a town quite a distance from his own city, he was forced to leave the city Saturday of each week and go to the town in which the young lady lived, give her the treatment on Sunday, and return to the office on Monday. A friend once asked the osteopath how he had arranged to give the young lady the treatments for her ankles and wrists, when she lived at such a distance, and the osteopath replied, "Oh, I go out and treat her week ends."

*R. Y. Smith*

### AIRY

*She:* "Are n't you sometimes frightened when away up in the air?"

*Aviator:* "Well, I'll admit I sometimes feel a sort of groundless apprehension."

*George Frederick Wilson*

NEVER break your word—unless you can do it when a hyphen will fit in nicely.

*Harold Susman*



## You Should Send \$1.00 For My Home Builders' Plan Book

Containing a varied  
Selection of views of

### Colonial Homes, Bungalows and Cottages

with floor plans showing size of rooms and arrangements. Full descriptions of finish; cost, etc. **The result of years of planning homes.**

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Detailed blue print drawings and specifications prepared from ideas of your own for which service, \$5 deposit is required.



# This is the New Fox No. 24

**Nothing equals this New Fox. It is a typewriter that will meet the approval of the most critical operator. A single demonstration will convince anyone of this. We will make it at our expense if you will give us your permission.**



The New Model No. 24, is a Visible Writer having a carriage to accommodate paper 10½ inches wide—Double Forward Carriage Release—New Patented Removable Ribbon Spools, automatically reversing and oscillating the ribbon—Tabulator—Back Space Key—Two Color Ribbon—Stencil Cutting Device—Card Holder—Interchangeable Carriages and Platens—Indestructible Key Tops—Light Touch—Easy Action—Noiseless—Durable—Sent on Ten Days Free Trial—Sold on Easy Payments.

**Ten Days Free Trial at Our Expense**

Date \_\_\_\_\_ 19 \_\_\_\_\_

**FOX TYPEWRITER CO.,**  
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Dear Sir: Please send me a copy of your catalog and write me your Free Trial offer on a Fox Visible Typewriter:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Business \_\_\_\_\_ H 36

## Walnuts and Wine

### AN EFFECTIVE FABLE

A rather sporty young fellow secured a position with a man who believes in exacting a full day's work from his employees. The new clerk, who prided himself on his cleverness, decided he would like a little time off, so he asked his employer for a vacation of three or four days, in order that he might be treated for a nervous complaint. The employer gave his consent rather sourly.

That afternoon, while the young fellow was present, the proprietor casually told the following story:

"Once upon a time there were two oxen, one a hard working ox, the other a shiftless animal who preferred resting to working.

"One morning the shiftless ox confided to the other that he was going to slip away for a day or two to sample some new pasture-ground.

" 'Don't tell the master I have gone, for I shall return before my absence has been discovered,' he said.

"The other ox assented, and the lazy one departed. Two days later he returned.

" 'Does the master know that I have been away?' he asked.

" 'I believe so,' was the reply.

" 'Did he seem angry?' "

" 'N-n-no, I can't say that he did,' the dutiful ox answered.

" 'But are you quite sure that he did not make any comment?' the other persisted.

" 'Quite sure,' was the positive rejoinder.

" 'If that 's the case,' the other said, 'I may as well go again next week.'

" 'Yes, I suppose you may,' the stay-at-home said quietly. 'By the way, I forgot to mention that I noticed the master in very earnest conversation with the butcher this morning.' "

Before he left that evening, the employee who had asked for a vacation told his employer that he was feeling much better and had decided not to leave.

*W. Dayton Wegfarth*

### A HEARTY WELCOME

When President Taft was on his transcontinental tour, American flags and Taft pictures were in evidence everywhere. Usually the Taft pictures contained a word of welcome under them. Those who heard the President's laugh ring out will not soon forget the Western city which, directly under the barred window of the city lockup, displayed a Taft picture with the legend "Welcome" on it.

*Hugh Morist*

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

# CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Peres Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagni Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

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YE DECEITFUL BALLADIST

By Frederick Mozon

(*He balladeth.*)

Ye solitarie Damselle  
Laye mayking of her moane,  
Her moane laye she a-mayking  
All by herself, alone.

None other soul came thither,  
Wept she in secrecie  
All in her turret chamber,  
Where none myght hap to be.

Yea, in ye stillsome stillness  
That moansome Damselle cried,  
Nor any eye of mortal  
Her wearie woe espied.

In sighful, sadful soblets  
She moanéd her distresse,  
Ay, nurséd she her sorrowe  
In lornliest loneliness.

(*One butteth in.*)

But naye, thou ballad baldhead,  
An thou the truth do speak,  
How knewest of the Damselle  
Lest wentest thou to peek?

THE NUTSHELL

The residents of a certain suburb of Chicago were for a time governed by a passion for giving sweet, poetical names to their "estates." There was one such man who built a handsome villa, calling it "The Nutshell." Thus was the home introduced to his friends, and it became widely known. To the surprise of all, therefore, the name was one day suddenly changed to "Sylvan Nook," and a flood of inquiries soon began to pour in.

"Why have you given your home a new name?" a friend asked. "What was the matter with 'The Nutshell'?"

"I sickened of being joshed about it," said the owner, with a sigh. "There is n't a boy within two miles hereabouts who has n't stopped and rung the door-bell to ask if the colonel was in."

Taylor Edwards





# What School?

There Is Only One Best School for Each Boy Or Girl

THE selection of a school—the *best* school, is an important matter, and as difficult as it is important. The *best* school for one is not the *best* school for another. It is a serious question of requirements and qualifications. Each good school offers special advantages. If students of different temperaments, capabilities and purposes could, with equal advantage, attend the same school, the problem of education would be simplified.

The Educational Aid Society, as one of its activities, maintains a School Information Bureau, which supplies, without charge, catalogues of all schools and reliable information concerning the advantages of various institutions and their comparative cost.

## How to Select the Right School

Write the society, stating your needs and you will receive, free of charge, catalogues of schools meeting your requirements, as you may indicate as follows: Kind of school desired; preference to location (city or state); religious denomination preferred; boarding or day school; expense limit for school year; name of prospective students; age; previous education; course of study desired; purpose in taking the course,—whether to prepare for a profession or only as an accomplishment; when enrollment will be made. Any special requirements should be stated fully. Immediately, upon receipt of this information, catalogues of schools which offer the advantages desired will be forwarded to your address.

If You are Interested in the Selection of a School

## Free Book

describe your wants fully as above suggested and a copy of the *American College & Private School Directory*, a 252-page book, containing information regarding all colleges and private schools in the United States, will be sent you for only 10 cents to cover postage. This book also contains suggestions for those who seek counsel in deciding upon their life work; a plan by which ambitious young men and women of limited means may obtain an education in the school of their choice and an explanation of the way in which the advantages of the best schools may be had at rates, or on terms equally favorable to those of inferior institutions. The price of this book in library binding is \$2.00. It has been adopted by the leading libraries of the country as a reference book, the standard of its kind.

School Information Bureau

**EDUCATIONAL AID SOCIETY**

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## Walnuts and Wine

### PREJUDGED

A jury trial in a Western town had gone along for more than an hour when the trial judge discovered that the panel was shy a juror.

"What does this mean?" he roared. "There are only eleven jurors in the box; where is the twelfth?"

"Please, your Honor," answered one of the eleven, "he has gone away from here on some other business; but he has left his verdict with me."

*R. M. Winans*

### GOOD ADVICE

An Italian who kept a fruit-stand was much annoyed by possible customers who made a practice of handling the fruit and pinching it, thereby leaving it softened and often spoiled. Exasperated beyond endurance, he finally put up a sign which read,

If you mus pincha da fruit—pincha da cocoanut!

*A. M. Barry*

### UNDULY PREJUDICED

An "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company was starting to parade in a small New England town when a big gander, from a farmyard near at hand, waddled to the middle of the street and began to hiss.

One of the double-in-brass actors turned toward the fowl and angrily exclaimed:

"Don't be so dern quick to jump at conclusions. Wait till you see the show."

*K. A. Bisbee*

### RATHER DISCOURAGING

Walt Mason, the Kansas poet, constantly receives bales of manuscripts from amateur writers, imploring his judgment as to the merits of the compositions. The Fat Poet was genuinely alarmed recently by a letter, accompanying an extra large bundle, in which the writer—a woman—said:

I am sending these stories to you, because I sent them to Eugene Ware last summer, and he died the next day.

*R. A. Clymer*

### NO HUMORIST

"What of his sense of humor?"

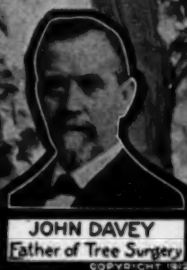
"Well, he has to see a joke twice before he sees it once."

*Richard Kirk*

THE apple of many a young man's eye is a peach.

*William J. Burtscher*

# Save the Trees



The government recognized the urgent need of saving the trees on the capitol grounds at Washington, D. C., and employed Davey Experts to give these trees a new lease of life, after it was found they were slowly dying. The Davey Tree Experts Do

for trees what expert surgeons do for human beings—they prolong life. They are trained in the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, founded by John Davey. They carry credentials proving themselves qualified. Demand to see these before you let any man touch your trees. All graduates are employed by the Davey Tree Expert Co. *We Never Let Good Men Go.* Many of your trees may appear sound and yet be slowly dying. They may have weak crotches. The first high wind will blow them over. Loss of property and life may result. Save your trees. Write to-day for our interesting book. Mention the number of trees and their kind. If agreeable to you, we will make an expert examination of your trees without obligation on your part.

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## TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. Liberal sample free.

## Walnuts and Wine

### MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

Secretary of War Dickinson, who is an authority on the lore and manners of the Southern negro, tells this story.

A business man of Nashville was walking along the street one day when he met an old negro whom he had employed at various times, and noticed that the colored man was in bandages from head to foot and was walking with a limp.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the business man.

"Lawd, boss, ain't you heerd de news?" queried the negro.

"No. Tell me about it."

"Well, boss, you see, it was this way: Ah was paintin' a house round hyuh, an' Ah was high up on a scaffold. De scaffold broke an' Ah fell. Lawd, boss, it was tur'ble! Ah broke this hyuh lef' wrist, an' Ah skun my lef' laig up hyuh 'bove de knee, an' down hyuh, jes' 'bove de ankle, Ah broke my laig, an' Ah spec' Ah would hab done kilt mysel' ef it had n't been fo' a pile ob brick what broke my fall some."

A. C. Dixon

### CERTAINLY

By William A. McGarry

The verdant green and the limpid sheen, where wood and water meet;  
The ancient Yew, and only two on the hidden, rustic seat;  
The warbling birds, his tender words, the sound of a kiss or two;  
And the story old has again been told, as I have no doubt you knew.

### BOOSTING BLOOMER

At a bar association meeting in Montreal, one of the legal lights told of a man named Bloomer, who, though no lawyer, was appointed to a government position in a Canadian city, which, technically, must be filled by a lawyer.

The "benchers" of the law society undertook to overcome this difficulty, and one of their number was designated to examine Mr. Bloomer as to his knowledge of the law.

"Now, Mr. Bloomer," said this examiner, "kindly state what you know of the law."

"As a matter of fact," frankly replied the prospective appointee, "I don't know anything whatever about it."

At this point the examiner announced that the inquisition was at an end. He turned in his affidavit as follows:

I have examined Mr. Bloomer as to his knowledge of the law, and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, he has answered all the questions with entire correctness.

E. T.

## 6% For Your Money

¶ That money you are carrying in the bank at three per cent. interest could be earning five or six per cent. for you.

¶ Securities issued by long established bond houses with their own guarantee for the return of principal and interest make ideal investments.

¶ Did you ever stop to consider what the bank does with your money to pay you three per cent.?

# INVESTMENTS

THE READERS' SERVICE DEPARTMENT OF LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE OFFERS ITS SERVICES, WITHOUT CHARGE, TO ALL READERS WHO DESIRE INFORMATION UPON ANY FINANCIAL TOPIC. ALL INQUIRIES WILL BE REGARDED AS CONFIDENTIAL, BUT THE PRIVILEGE IS RESERVED OF PUBLISHING, UNSIGNED, INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS WHICH ARE OF GENERAL INTEREST. THIS MAGAZINE DOES NOT UNDERTAKE TO MAKE SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS INVOLVING CONSIDERABLE EXPENSE; THIS DEPARTMENT, HOWEVER, HAS ACCESS TO ALL THE AVAILABLE CHANNELS OF INFORMATION ON INVESTMENTS AND WILL BE GLAD TO PLACE ITS SERVICES AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

**QUESTION:** I wish to inquire through your Investment Department about the stock of the International Text Book Company of Scranton, Pa.

**ANSWER:** The International Text Book Company was formed in 1890, to do a printing and publishing business, and carry on instruction by mail. It owns the capital stock of Technical Supply Company, for which it paid \$300,000; the \$100,000 stock of the International Correspondence Schools, \$1,500,000 preferred and \$2,775,000 common of the International Educational Publishing Co.; practically all of the stock of the Scranton Correspondence School, and also the Electro-therapeutic & X-Ray Clinic. The plants consist of seven buildings at Scranton, Pa. According to the balance sheet stocks owned constitute about \$2,000,000 of the total assets of \$11,000,000. Real Estate and buildings carried at \$1,062,000; text-books \$1,516,000; furniture and machinery \$339,000; inventory \$374,000; agency establishment \$532,000; accounts receivable \$4,277,000; cash items \$887,000. The capital stock is \$6,000,000 outstanding, par value \$100. The stock pays a dividend of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. quarterly or on the basis of 10 per cent. annually. This stock has had an excellent dividend record.

We regard this stock as a speculative investment. Its future depends upon the future of correspondence instruction. It is unlikely that any concern of this character, if it went into liquidation, would be able to return to its stockholders their entire investment.

**QUESTION:** Please give your opinion of the stock of the Walpole Rubber Company as an investment?

**ANSWER:** It is difficult to pass upon the merits of this stock. The Walpole Rubber Company is a corporation organized as a holding company which owns the business, assets, patents, etc., of six subsidiary companies as follows:

- The Massachusetts Chemical Co.
- Walpole Varnish Works.
- Walpole Shoe Supply Co.
- Walpole Rubber Co., Ltd.
- Pearl Economy Pad Co.
- Union Horse Shoe Pad Co.

Application to the bankers who are offering this stock produced the following information: The company is the largest producer of insulating tape used by electric companies. It also controls the manufacture of "Cat's Paw," rubber heels, and



# Safe 6% Investment

Secured by **Downtown Chicago Building**

**WE** own and offer First Mortgage Bonds in denominations of \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000, secured by the **WESTMINSTER BUILDING**, at the S. W. Cor. Monroe and Dearborn Sts., in the heart of the business section of Chicago.

We recommend these bonds to your favorable consideration because—

1st—Of the attractive character of the security—a new modern office building in the principal banking district of Chicago.

2d—The total issue is \$750,000 and the security is conservatively valued at \$1,600,000—more than twice the amount of the bond issue.

3d—The bonds are unconditionally guaranteed as to principal and interest by men whose net worth is several millions of dollars.

4th—A conservative estimate places the net income from the building at three times the greatest annual interest charge and provides a large surplus for the retirement of the bonds.

5th—The bonds mature serially in two to fifteen years; the margin of security increasing rapidly.

6th—These bonds are readily convertible, as it is and always has been our custom to repurchase securities from our clients, when requested, at par and accrued interest, less the handling charge of 1%.

7th—The bonds are recommended by S. W. STRAUS & CO., Mortgage and Bond Bankers in Chicago for thirty years. During that time no investor has ever lost a single dollar of principal or interest on any security purchased of us.

*Write for Descriptive Circular 123A.*

## S. W. STRAUS & Co.

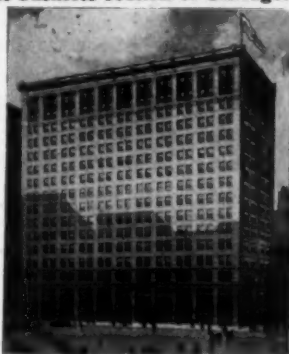
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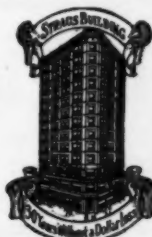
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## How Much Interest Is Your Money Earning

When you read of the will left by some wealthy man, just note how much of all his possessions are listed as cash drawing 3% interest from the bank.

You will generally find most of it made up of Bonds, Real Estate, etc., drawing 5% or 6%. His experience in investments is wider than that of the ordinary bank depositor, therefore he can better pick a good investment.

Quite a number of the country's best Bond Houses are recognizing this situation and are offering Bonds with their own guarantee of 6% interest and return of capital. It is putting the experience of the millionaire right in the lap of the bank depositor.



## Investments

has recently taken up the manufacture of automobile tires and hot water bottles. At Walpole, Massachusetts it is stated that the company has a plant on which has been expended \$475,000 in cash. The gross sales in 1911 are stated to have been \$1,550,500, and the net profits \$274,330, or 17.7 per cent. There is no bonded or mortgage debt upon the company or any of its subsidiaries. The preferred stock which is now offered is said to be a first lien on all the assets of the Walpole Rubber Company and its subsidiary corporations. A letter which accompanies the bankers' circular makes a number of claims concerning the company. Its plant is said to be "the most up-to-date in New England;" its management is efficient in the highest degree. . . . . These are facts, which we have determined from our own investigations and which we believe to be absolutely true.

With every ten shares of the preferred stock two shares of the common stock are offered as a bonus. *And we will guarantee to repurchase the common stock now should you wish to dispose of it at \$50 per share.*"

We are not impressed with the advantages offered by this company as presented in the circular of the bankers and in the accompanying correspondence. A sufficient amount of information is not given to enable the investor to reach a safe conclusion as to the certainty of the dividends to be paid by this company. It is a custom among bankers offering securities or any kind to present information obtained by outside parties, to present a balance sheet, and in general, a much larger amount of information than is produced in this instance. We do not say that the stock of this company will not by its record justify the large claims which they make concerning it. We are not,

however, impressed by the information which has been furnished and it is our opinion that the security is highly speculative. The bankers' guarantee to repurchase two shares of common stock at \$50 per share means, of course, that they will obtain \$95 a share for the preferred, a price at which they would probably be very glad to sell it.

QUESTION: Please give us your information as to the preferred stock of the Baldwin Locomotive Works?

ANSWER: We regard this security very highly. It is one of the best examples of high grade industrial preferred stock. The Baldwin Locomotive Works began business in 1831 and it was carried on as a succession of partnerships for many years, and incorporated in the summer of 1909. In 1911 the new corporation was formed to take over the stock of the old corporation and the capitalization was increased to \$20,000,000 7 per cent. cumulative preferred and \$20,000,000 of common, all of this is outstanding. In the calendar year 1911 the surplus available for dividends on the common stock was equal to 9.2 per cent. For the ten years ending December 31st the net profits averaged \$2,560,188 annually. This estimate includes several periods of prosperity and depression and represents an average return of 5.8 per cent. on the common stock. The company has, in recent years, largely increased its productive capacity and is continuing its policy of expansion. The equipment industry during the past year has been exceedingly depressed and a revival of railway buying on a large scale is looked for. While we regard preferred stocks as a class distinctly inferior to bonds as an investment, the preferred stock of the Baldwin Locomotive Works is, as we said before, one of the best of the class.



The Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Company has been in business seventeen years.

It accepts deposits of money in amounts from \$25 to \$5000—Pays interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per year for every day the money is in its care and allows withdrawals at any time without notice—

It is a significant fact that in the entire history of the company there never has been a single day's delay in the payment of interest or the repayment of principal when demanded—

Money entrusted to this company is invested only in high grade mortgages or improved real estate—These mortgages are deposited in trust with one of the strongest trust companies in Baltimore for the protection of investors—

This gives to investors as nearly absolute security as it is possible for human integrity to devise—

Let us send you the new 5 per cent. Book—telling in detail about this most conservative and profitable form of investment—

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## BONDS HAVING GROWING VALUE

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**DENOMINATION \$1,000**

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**Authorized \$3,000,000 Issued—\$1,085,000**

**Guaranteed both as to Principal and Interest by The Saint Louis Southwestern Railway Company**

These bonds are a direct first lien on a valuable main-line cut-off, between Little Rock and Stuttgart, Arkansas, also covering additional mileage to a total extent of 45 miles. The bonded debt per mile is about \$24,111, representing only net cash construction cost. The country through which the road operates is rich in agricultural, lumber and manufacturing resources, is rapidly increasing in population and produces heavy local freight.

Under the terms of the new \$100,000,000 first terminal and unifying mortgage of the St. Louis Southwestern Railway, no more of these bonds will ever be sold to the public. Thus to all intents and purposes this is virtually a "closed" mortgage. We consider the security first-class in every sense.

**Price—97½ and interest. YIELD—5.15%**

*Further particulars on request*

Conservative investors will be interested in our valuable new book, "The Trend of Investment," which will be sent to any address without obligation or cost.

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## A First Mortgage Railroad Bond

### Netting 6%

This Railroad operates through a wealthy, thickly populated section of Texas forming a needed connection with five trunk lines. Its construction and equipment are thoroughly up-to-date. The stockholders have a large cash investment behind the bonds. The property has demonstrated its ability to readily earn the requirements of these bonds, and its earnings will be greatly increased upon completion of an extension now under construction. The ownership is in the hands of capable, wealthy men who control large profitable industries along the right-of-way. By reason of the ownership and strategical position of the railroad competition is practically eliminated.

**Ask for Circular No. 792 P.**

## Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(Established 1865)

**105 S. La Salle Street, Chicago**

## Investments

**QUESTION:** What is meant by sinking fund bonds?

**ANSWER:** A sinking fund bond is a bond issued under a contract with the trustee of the mortgage providing for the payment into his hands at regular intervals of a certain amount of money which can be used to retire the whole or a large part of the bond issued before maturity. Sinking fund bonds are demanded in the case of companies with so-called "wasting assets," such for example, as lumber companies described elsewhere in this issue. When the operations of the company destroy its property it is necessary to provide out of current receipts for repayment of these bonds. Sinking funds are also usual in all industrial bonds, in the bonds of public service corporations and water power bonds, and in general, in all bonds aside from railway bonds. The reason for the exception of railway bonds is that the railroad is looked upon as a permanent institution and it is not expected that its debts will ever be paid off.

From the standpoint of the investor it is wise to purchase bonds that carry sinking funds. Aside from the improvement in the securities which results from the gradual repayment of the bonds, the operations of the sinking fund materially improve the market, especially for unlisted bonds. These bonds have a very slow market, and the purchases for the sinking fund by the trustee of the mortgage are about all the demands that the investor can count upon with certainty. The operations of the sinking fund do not disturb an investment since the usual method is to buy bonds for the sinking fund in the open market. Only in case these bonds can be obtained below a price usually above the market price, is the method of drawing bonds by lot for repayment resorted to.

**QUESTION:** How can I invest \$750 in a safe way and, at the same time, receive as great a profit, or income, as possible on my investment?

**ANSWER:** This department cannot undertake to give advice as to the profit on an investment. All that the investor should look for is security of principal and income and resulting stability of value. If safety of principal and permanence of income are considered of first importance, the proper investment should be a well secured bond. As has been pointed out in recent issues of this magazine, it is possible to secure 6 per cent. on the purchase of well secured bonds. If a higher yield is desired the preferred stock issues of the standard industrial corporations are available. Such preferred stock as the National Biscuit Company, the International Harvester Company, the American Locomotive and Baldwin Locomotive Works, and the American Car and Foundry Company yield between 6 and 7 per cent. and, while not offering the same security as a bond, can be purchased with very little risk.

**QUESTION:** A friend of mine has put \$1,000 in the stock of the ——— Rubber Company whose plantation is located in southern Mexico. What do you think of his chances for losing his \$1,000?

**ANSWER:** In our opinion his chances of losing his \$1,000 are excellent.

**QUESTION:** Please furnish me the names of six gilt-edge bonds suitable for a woman's investment.

**ANSWER:** Northern Pacific 4s, Atchison General 4s, Norfolk & Western consolidated 4s, Union Pacific first and refunding 4s, Delaware & Hudson first and refunding 4s, Chicago, and Burlington &



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## Investments

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QUESTION: Please give your opinion of the preferred stock of the American Woolen Company.

ANSWER: The American Woolen Company has paid a regular dividend of 7 per cent. on its preferred stock from July 1899 to date. The fiscal year of the Company ended December 31, 1911. The net profits for the year showed a reduction of \$770,000. For 1911 these profits were \$3,225,916. The preferred dividend calls for \$2,800,000, leaving a margin of \$425,916 for the year. In 1909 the profits of the company were \$5,798,059 and in 1910, \$3,995,310. There are many industrial preferred stocks on the list whose earnings are not more irregular than those of the American Woolen Company and whose dividends are protected by a larger margin of surplus earnings. The American Woolen Company is deeply involved in the present agitation for lower duties and it is claimed that a marked reduction in the duties on Schedule K will materially affect these profits. In view of the uncertainty of the tariff agitation it is impossible to recommend this stock as a safe investment.

QUESTION: Can you recommend United States Steel preferred as a safe investment?

ANSWER: We see no reason to doubt that the permanent value of United States Steel preferred. The investigations of the corporation which were made by the Bureau of Corporations showed conclusively that the tangible assets of the company, making no allowance for the advantages connected with its dominance in the trade, are largely in excess of its bonded debt and preferred stock now out-

standing. It is a question whether the corporation has as yet used profits out of earnings to offset the water which was injected into its capitalization at the outset and which is usually estimated at about \$500,000,000, the amount of its common stock. We do not believe that the dissolution of the United States Steel Corporation would be in any way harmful to the holders of the preferred stock if we may judge from the marked advances which have been made in the securities of the American Tobacco Company and the Standard Oil Company. The effects of this dissolution might even be beneficial. There is no prospect of a return to the conditions of demoralizing competitions in the steel trade and separation of the United States Steel Corporation into perhaps a half dozen large and well equipped companies need cause the security holders no uneasiness.

QUESTION: Can you recommend the stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as a safe investment for a woman?

ANSWER: The stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company pays 6 per cent. and sells at 125, yielding 5.2 per cent. There is no safer railroad stock in the world than the stock of this company. It has a record of over sixty years of continuous dividend payment and it has always earned a large surplus over its dividend requirement. Over 20,000 women are stockholders of the Company and most of them have made their investment upon the advice of bankers. It must be remembered that the stock of no company is as good as its bonds, on the other hand, the yield is greater and the stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is more secure than a large number of bonds which are regarded as safe investments.



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Through the rosy mist of morn,  
Or the gold and crimson glory of the sunset's  
dying fires,  
On the tires, tires, tires, tires,  
Tires, tires, tires,  
On the softly rolling circles of the tires.

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motorist desires,  
O! the tires, tires, tires, tires,  
Tires, tires, tires,  
All the world is riding now upon the tires.

## ROAD SIGNALS AND BRAKES

*By Churchill Williams*

Repeated allusion has been made in this department to the need for some form of power-operated signal. It is fair to presume that police regulations of the large cities and the license requirements of a majority of the states will, within a few years, insist that part of every automobile's equipment be some device that will give more distinct far-reaching and significant note of the vehicle's approach than it seems possible to produce with the bulb horn. A considerable proportion of all collisions and accidents in which foot passengers are run down, result from a failure of one party or the other to realize the imminence of the danger;

in other words, instinct does not receive the warning that would automatically have insured safety. Two qualities seem to be essential to an effective automobile signal for use in crowded highways. First abruptness; second, distinctiveness. The beleaguered ear of the city dweller takes little or no heed of any sound which does not strike upon it smartly. It is even less responsive to the note that blends with the sound of the streets.

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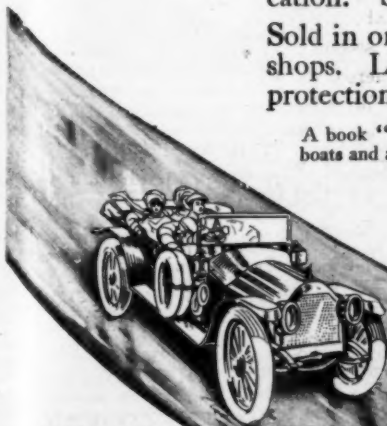
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## Road Signals and Brakes

every man who can afford to own an automobile. These signals divide themselves into three classes: Those operated with a storage battery and producing sound either by the rapid blows of a small hammer upon a diaphragm, by the rotation of a toothed member, or by a revolving blower; those that take the form of a horn or organ pipe and are blown by the exhaust gases; and those that are driven by a friction wheel from the motor and produce sound usually by a blower. The electrical horns are perhaps the most popular and they have the decided advantage of immediate response to the will of the driver irrespective of the speed of the motor. They require the conveyance of a battery and an occasional adjustment of the small moving parts. On the whole, they are exceedingly satisfactory and the neatness and convenience of their fittings commend them to the motorist. The exhaust horns are less expensive to install, and once installed, cost nothing to operate. They also are attached to the car quickly and may be conveniently operated by a plunger or pedal on the floor boards in place of the finger button employed for the electrical horns. They give admirable results when the engine is turning over at fair speed and, even when the car is slowed down, may be sounded loudly by momentarily releasing the clutch so as to allow the motor to speed up. They are somewhat less harsh in note than the electrical horns, some of them indeed being decidedly musical. The horn operated by a flexible shaft and a small wheel driven by friction from the flywheel is also subject, of course, so far as the depth and volume of

its sound are concerned, to the speed of the motor, but its use entails no expense whatever, it is simple, and its cost is moderate. Its note is almost self adjusting to the needs of city or country—a shriek that can readily be heard at a mile's distance coming from it when the car is running fast. Besides these signals, there is now a device on the market which depends for its operation upon pressure on a button by the elbow or hand of the driver and for sheer simplicity this arrangement commends itself.

No other part of the operating mechanism of the automobile is of more definite importance to the owner than the brakes, and yet the average buyer of a car, at the time of making his purchase, is usually content with proof of the efficiency and convenience of these little more conclusive than he obtains from the maker's catalogue and from the statements of the agent. It is almost inconceivable that anyone who contemplates putting from one thousand to five thousand dollars into a conveyance that is to travel the public highways at from ten to forty miles an hour and upon whose obedience to the operator's will several human lives may depend should not deem it worth while to give a quarter of an hour to a searching trial of that part of the mechanism upon which so much depends. But, apparently, this is the fact; and, if it were not that automobile makers very generally are conscientious in their design and in the working out of the brake problem, the number of accidents attributable to a failure of the brakes to accomplish quick stops would be many times greater than it is.

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## Road Signals and Brakes

The proposition set the automobile makers by the brake problem is to work out and install a device that shall be capable of instant and unfailing response to the will of the average man and that, shall utilize every pound of resistance offered by the road surface to the two rear wheels—this friction being relied on to overcome the inertia of a body that weighs from a ton to three tons and that is moving, it may be, at thirty miles an hour. A very little calculation will show that only superior design and the best of materials will furnish results under these circumstances. A very little more reasoning will demonstrate that all that may be expected of the efficient brake is that it shall lock the wheels against turning. Any brake that fails to do this ought not to be approved.

But between the conclusions of theory and the exactions of practice there are often decided differences, and while ability to cause the driving wheels to "slide" is a satisfactory test of the gripping power of the brake mechanism, it is, of itself, by no means satisfactory evidence of the brakes' all round excellence. Independently of the fact that "sliding" the wheels of an automobile means certain and speedy destruction of the tire tread, experience shows that locking the wheels is not the most effective means of bringing the car to a stop. The wheel that is locked readily slips over slight inequalities and transmits to the car by no means all the drag

that the theoretical frictional resistance between it and the road might be expected to develop. On the other hand, if the wheel is momentarily checked by the brake, then is allowed to revolve slowly, and it again is checked, it obtains from its contact with the road a resisting power that is exceedingly effective, and it suffers comparatively little. The important thing for the owner to discover for himself, when trying out a car is the behavior of the brakes and of the car when undergoing a test.

If the car swerves violently or the brakes themselves exhibit a tendency to grab and let go when applied, something is surely wrong with the manner of their application or their adjustment. The operator should not be content until he finds them taking hold gradually, steadily and equally on both wheels, the car showing no tendency to leave the road under the strain. Also no more than a reasonable amount of pressure on the pedal or lever should be required even to lock the wheels. Finally the brakebands should not "drag;" provision should be present for easy adjustment, as required by wear; and there should be convenient and effective means for lubricating all points of the system from end to end, and for protecting the moving parts, from dust and mud. Unless the maker has looked after this matter of lubrication and protection, the brakes, as the new owner will speedily find, will prove noisy, and unsatisfactory.





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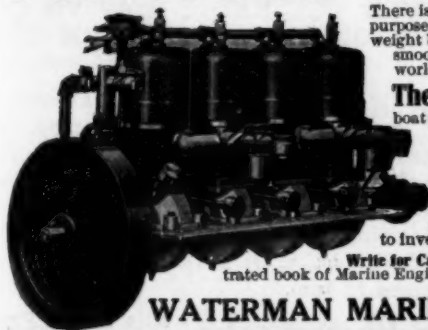
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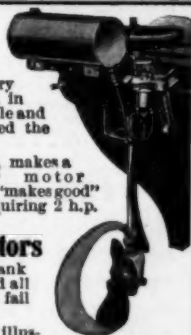
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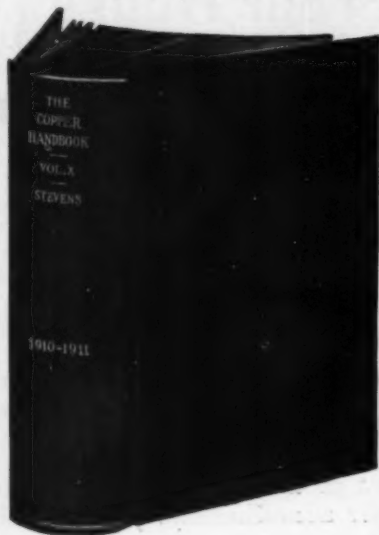
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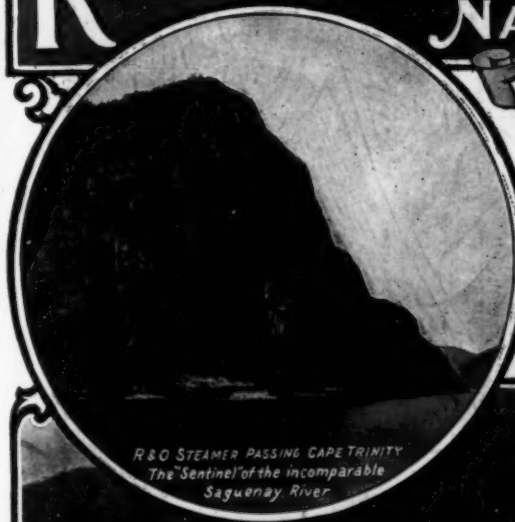
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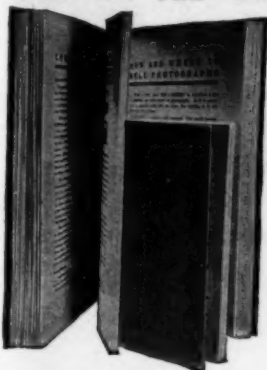


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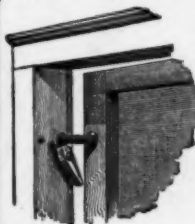
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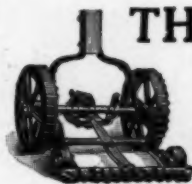
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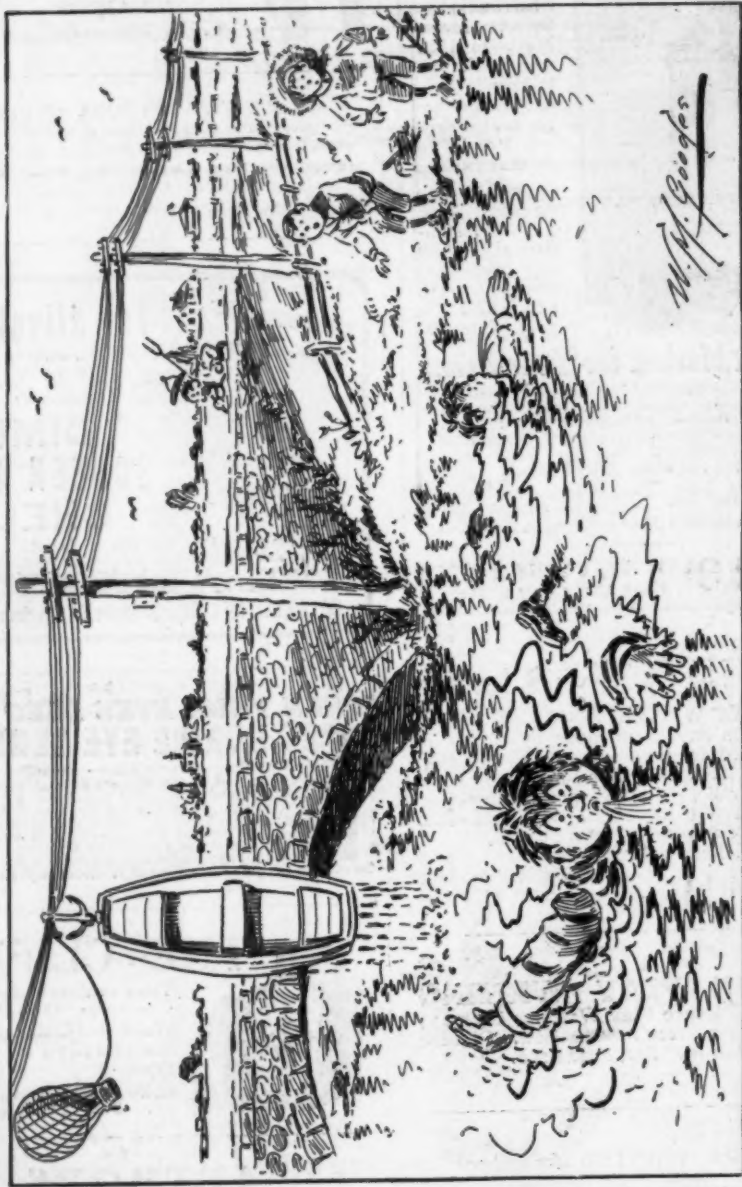
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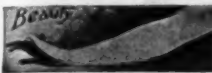
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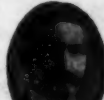
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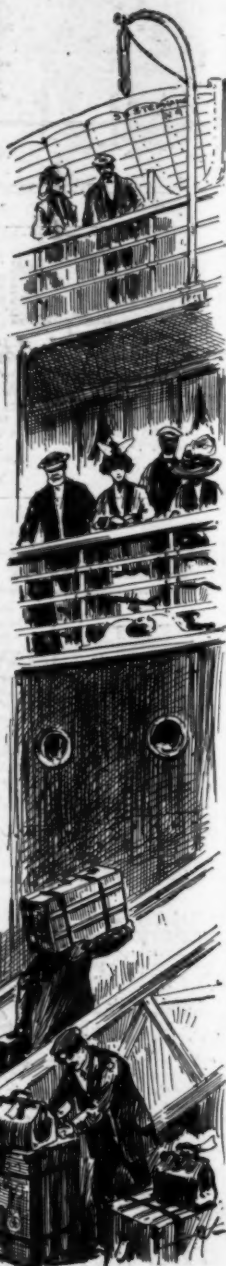
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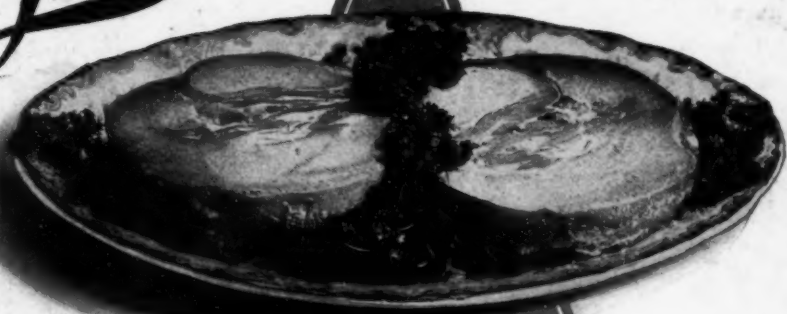


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